#$@&!

THE UNOFFICIAL LLOYD LLEWELLYN COLLECTION

#$@&!

the UNOfficial

LLOYD LLEWELLYN

Collection

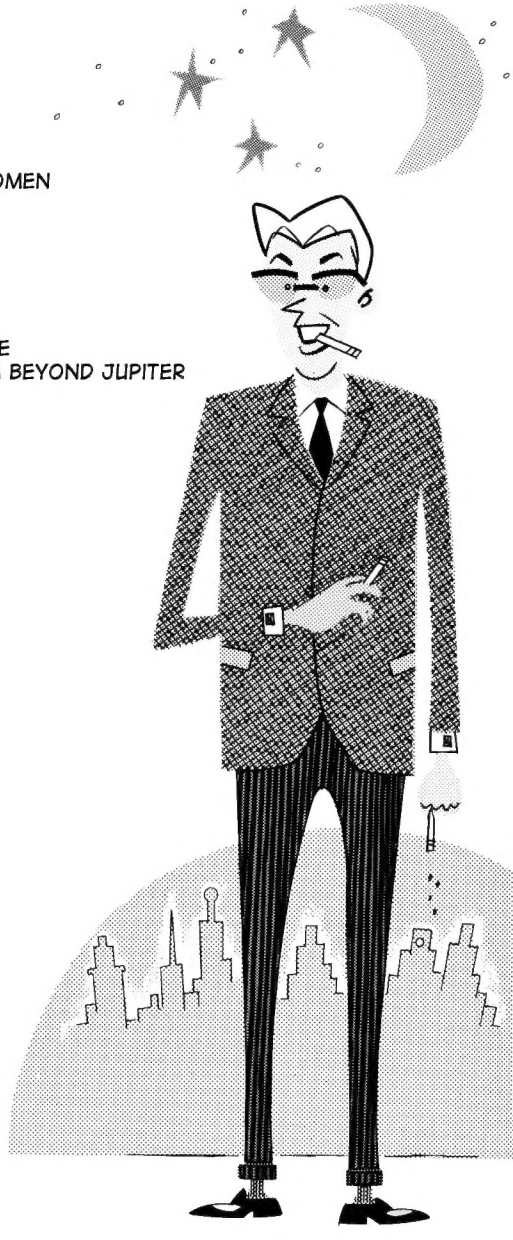
By Daniel Clowes

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

Contents

HOLY GOODNIGHT!
FOR LOSERS ONLY
UNDER THE BIG TOP
MURDER, MARTIANS AND WILD, WILD WOMEN
THE GHOST AND THE GEARJAMMER
HOW'S THAT?
THE LITTLE MAN IN THE INKWELL
LLOYD LLEWELLYN, EGGHEAD
ACCORDING TO HOYLE
THREE BLUE TEARDROPS
MONSTER FROM THE EDGE OF NOWHERE
THE CRAZY HOT-ROD DROP-OUTS FROM BEYOND JUPITER
502
THE GOO
RED HOERRING'S BLUES
WAYFARING STRANGER
THE WORRY BIRD
THE EATNIKS
THE BATTLIN' AMERICAN
MAIDEN JAPAN
UWANNA
HOUND BLOOD
THE NIGHTMARE
ERNIE'S ADVENTURE INTO THE BEYOND
CONCRETE VIXEN
DEMENTIA PRAECOX
WILD NIGHT IN TIGER TOWN
QUEEN OF VENUS
CRAWL, WORM!
THE LAFFIN' SPITTIN' MAN
I HATE YOU DEEPLY
I LOVE YOU TENDERLY
#$@&!

COVERS



LLOOK OUT FOR...

Lloyd Llewellyn

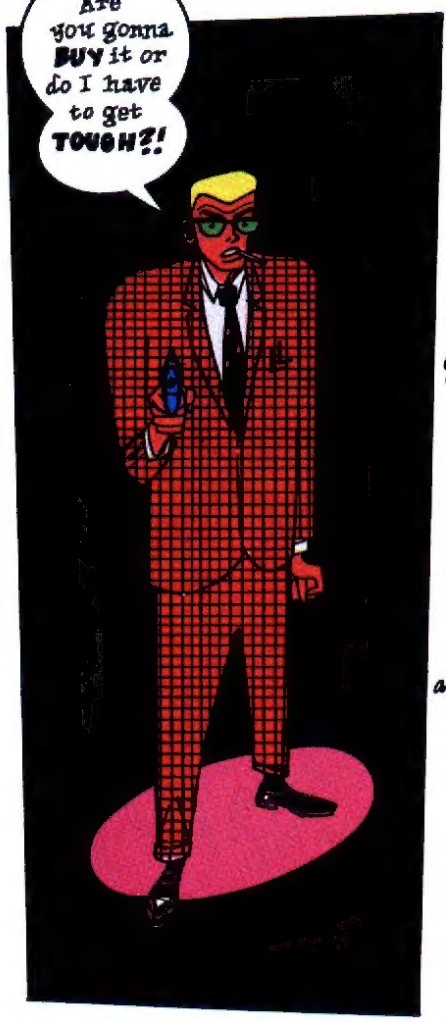
Featuring:

32 ACTION-PACKED PAGES

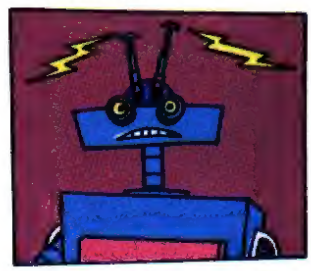
ALIENS...

MURDERERS...

BEATNIKS...



ROBOTS...



SENSELESS VIOLENCE...

and GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS!

© Daniel Clowes '85

☐ I'm hip! *LLOYD LLEWELLYN* looks like just the kind of comic I've been waiting for! Send me the current issue hot off the press! I've enclosed $2.75 ($2.25 plus 50 cents postage and handling)—$3.25 outside the U.S. of A.!

☐ I'm sold! Send me the next six fabulous issues of *Lloyd Llewellyn*. I've enclosed $12.00 (outside U.S., $16.00)—a substantial saving over cover price!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to **Fantagraphics Books**, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301. *But be cool and give us six to eight weeks for delivery—the P.O. ain't what it useta be!*

The coolest comic on the newsstand. (Would we kid ya?)

Every other month from

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

THEY HAVEN'T STOPPED US YET.

HOLY GOODNIGHT!.. IT'S A SUPER-SPECIAL ALL-NEW 8-PAGE BONUS

Lloyd Llewellyn PREVIEW

by Daniel Clowes

Not to worry, ol' pal ... Appears I'm the victim of some sort of PRACTICAL JOKE! And, unless I miss my guess, we'll learn WHY, WHO, WHERE and HOW, IF and WHEN we read the story that lies beyond! ...

Introducing:

Lloyd LLEWELLYN

Nerves of steel, a thirst for adventure and a pocketful of miracles: These are the tools with which this boy plies his trade...

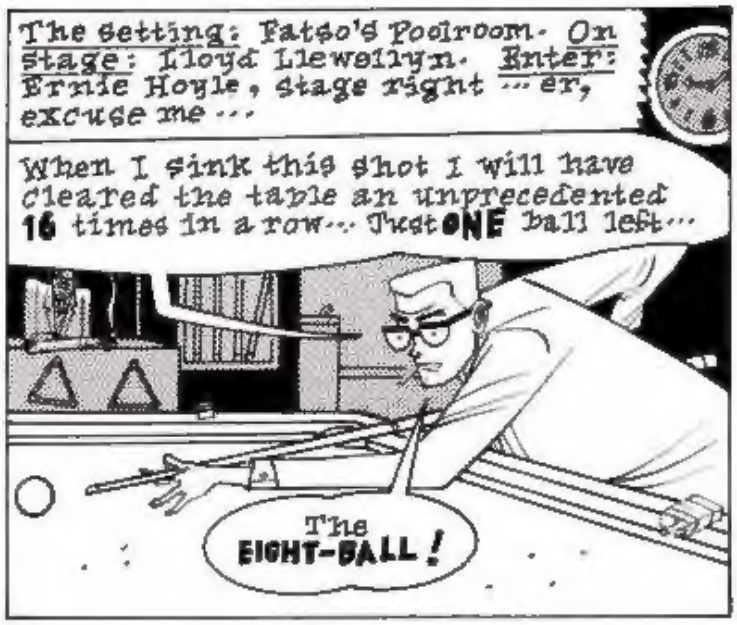
Ernie HOYLE

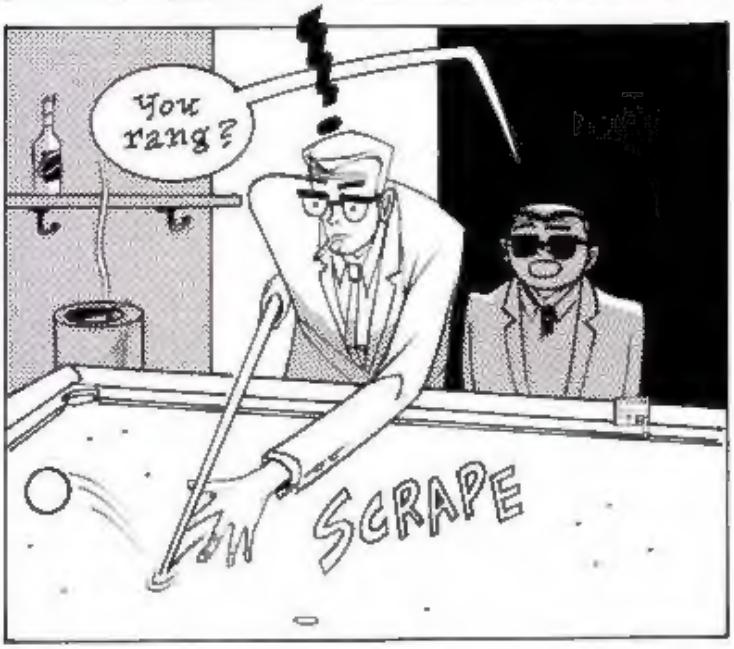
When he isn't busy loitering, ol' Ernie is always there to lend two cents worth of his off beat insight to his buddy.

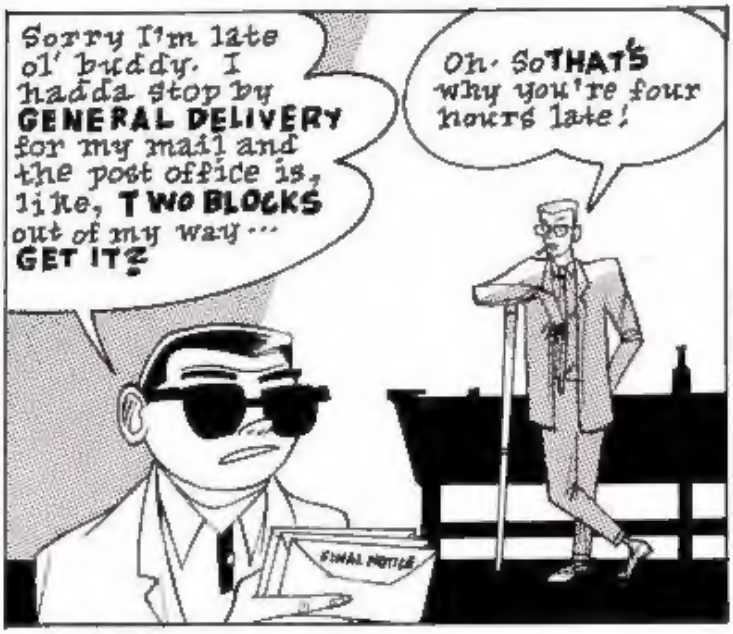
Red HOERRING

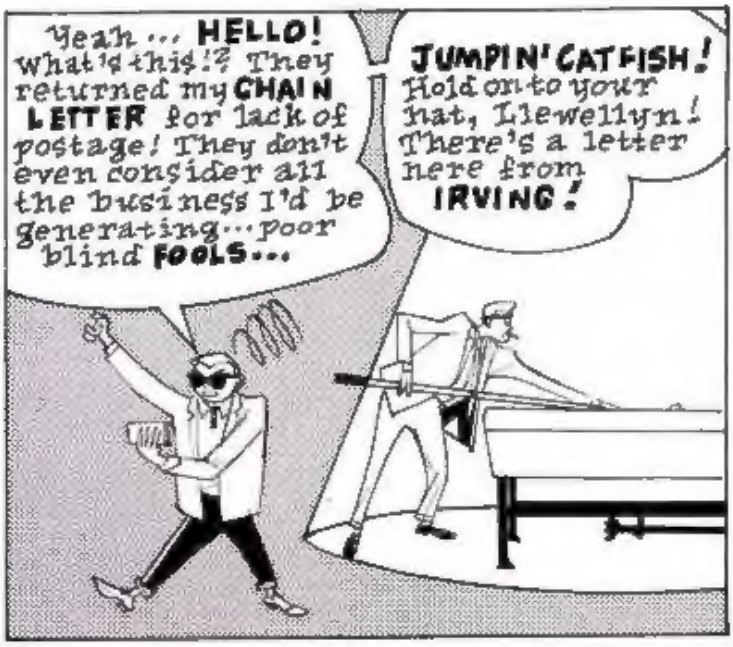
If you're his friend, call him 'Red.' If you're a cop, call him 'Chief.' If you're a criminal, call him TROUBLE!

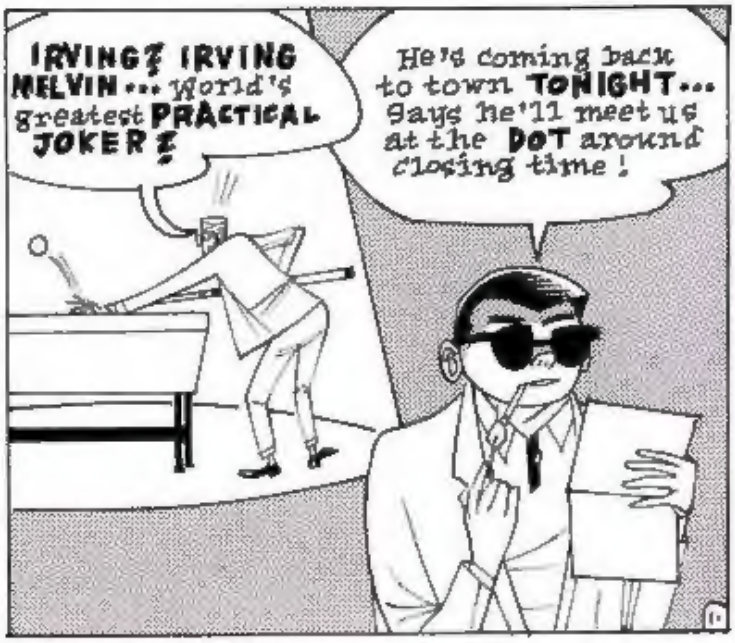
Aloha, Hoyle here... Ernie Hoyle. Y'know... there are a million stories floating around this crummy town. Most of 'em are about love or failure or something. This one is about six pages long. Excuse me while I swallow the lump in my throat and take you with me to that blue, blue day and
"THE LAST TIME I SAW IRVING"
by: Daniel Clowes ©1/05


The setting: Fatso's Poolroom. On stage: Lloyd Llewellyn. Enter: Ernie Hoyle, stage right ... er, excuse me ...
When I sink this shot I will have cleared the table an unprecedented 16 times in a row... Just ONE ball left...
The EIGHT-BALL!


You rang?
SCRAPE


Sorry I'm late ol' buddy. I hadda stop by GENERAL DELIVERY for my mail and the post office is, like, TWO BLOCKS out of my way... GET IT?
Oh. So THAT'S why you're four hours late!
FINAL NOTICE


Yeah... HELLO! What's this!? They returned my CHAIN LETTER for lack of postage! They don't even consider all the business I'd be generating... poor blind FOOLS...
JUMPIN' CATFISH! Hold on to your hat, Llewellyn! There's a letter here from IRVING!


IRVING? IRVING MELVIN... World's greatest PRACTICAL JOKER?
He's coming back to town TONIGHT... Says he'll meet us at the DOT around closing time!

Yeah, Irving **WAS** the world's greatest practical joker. A bona fide **CUT-UP** And, of course, **I** was the world's greatest pool player, although having an off-night...

C'mon Llewellyn One more chance! **DOUBLE** or **NOTHING!**

Double **WHAT?** You've already vowed to be my slave for life...

Anyway... Let's go **SOAK UP** a few beers before Irving shows up!

Yeah, good ol' Irving... Say Llewellyn...d'you remember that **GAG** he pulled on **RED HOERRING** a few years ago?

HA HA HA Which **ONE?**

I was thinking of the time he **DISGUISED** himself as Red and gave the **DISTRICT ATTORNEY** a **HOT FOOT!** Ho Ho!

Ha Ha Ha! Boy did ol' Red catch hell when he got back from his **VACATION!**

Heh Heh... Remember the time that he sent Red a phony invite to a **COSTUME PARTY** and the poor guy showed up at a police department press conference dressed as a **CAVEMAN?!**

HA HA OH NO! HA HA

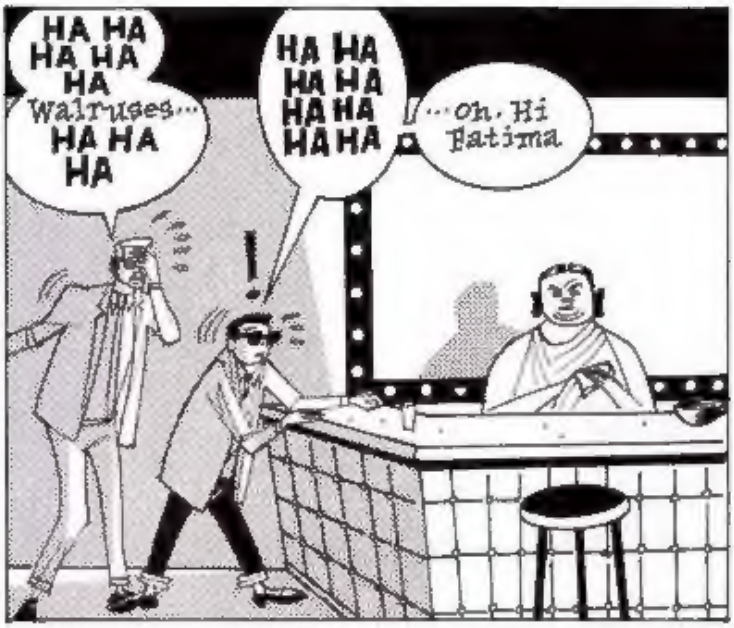
WAHAHA How about that joke he played on Fatima...

HAHAHAHA! ...When he told her she could be a **MODEL** and took those **PIN-UPS** of her in the Osbourne's swimming pool!?!

Yeah, he said he had a friend who could use 'em in his magazine...

HA HA HA HA It **HA HA** turned out that his friend worked for "Wildlife Illustrated Monthly"

...They printed her picture next to an article about **WALRUSES HA HA HA HA**

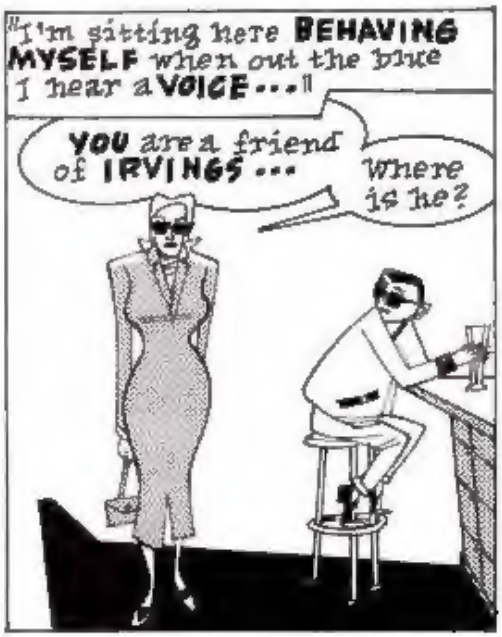

HA HA HA HA HA Walruses... HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
...Oh. Hi Fatima

What's so FUNNY Shorty?
Hi handsome... Usual?
Oh nothing. We were just discussing your modeling career... Heh heh...
Right... keep it warm for me willya ...I've got a PHONE CALL to make!

Listen... Do you want a FAT LIP to go with your FAT HEAD?! If I ever see that Irving Melvin again I'll...
Y'know... I remember the last time I saw Irving...
Big deal.

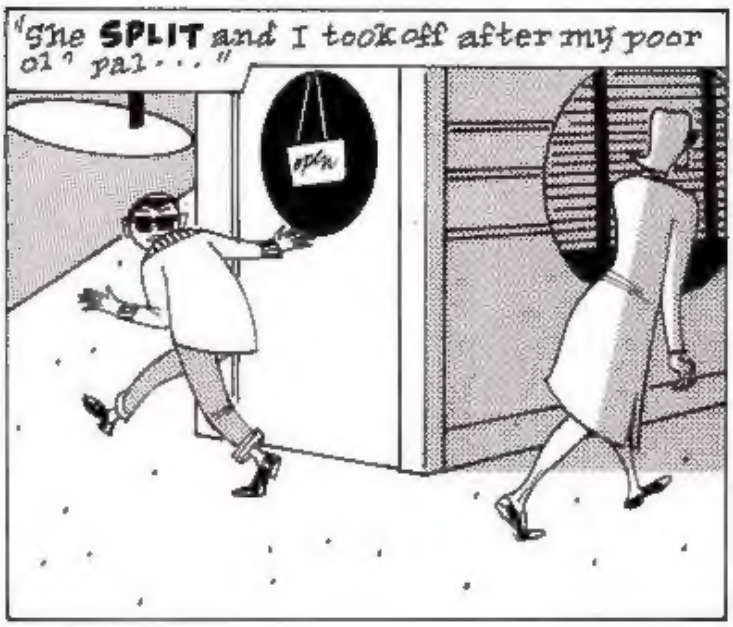
"We were coming back from the track. I'd just won 75 BUCKS on a hot tip... A long shot named DOGBISCUIT..."
$3 BETS
RACETR
3rd Race
DOGBISCUIT ... 25-1
CRAZY ELMER ... 3-1
PEGLEG 10-1

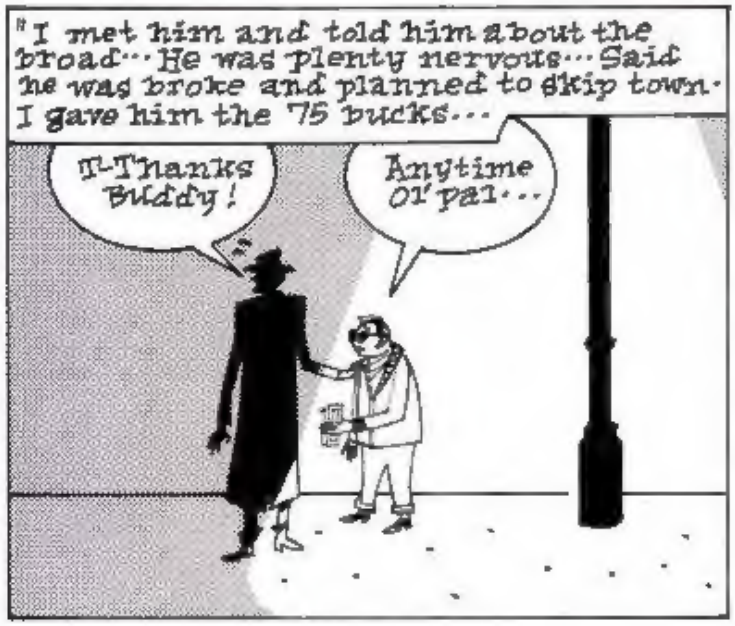
"Ol' Irving was tired so he said good night. I wasn't so I wandered over to this DUMP..."

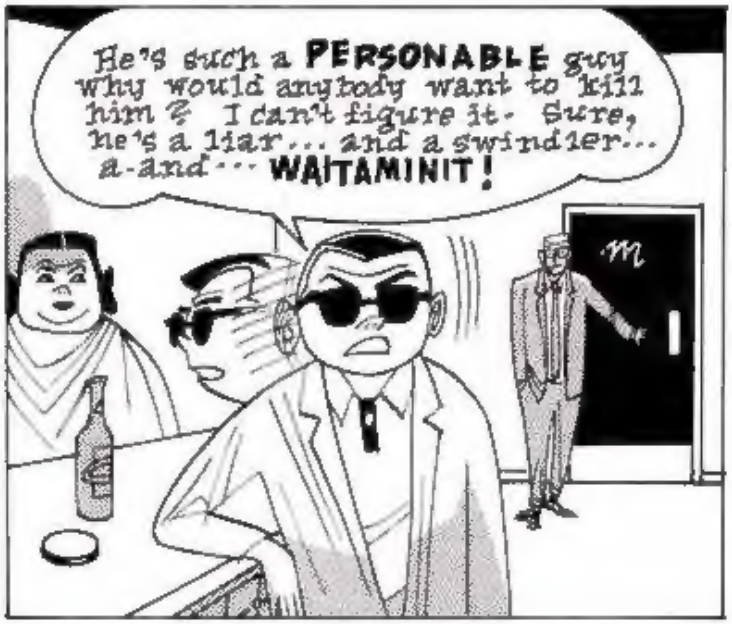

"I'm sitting here BEHAVING MYSELF when out the blue I hear a VOICE..."
YOU are a friend of IRVINGS...
Where is he?

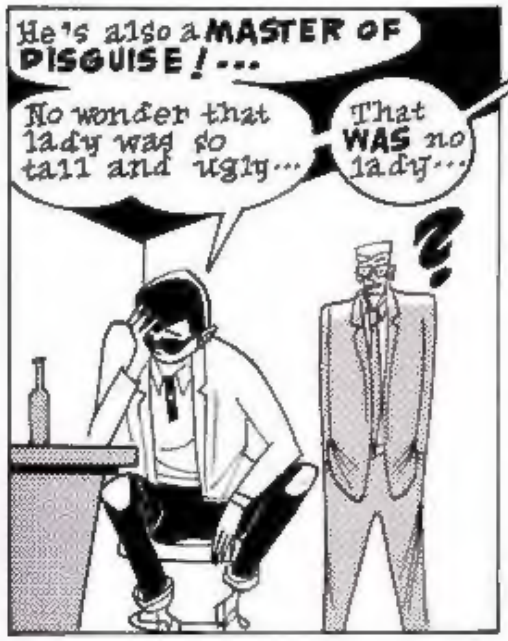
"It was a GIRL... well, SORT-OF a girl..."
I need to know so I can KILL HIM...

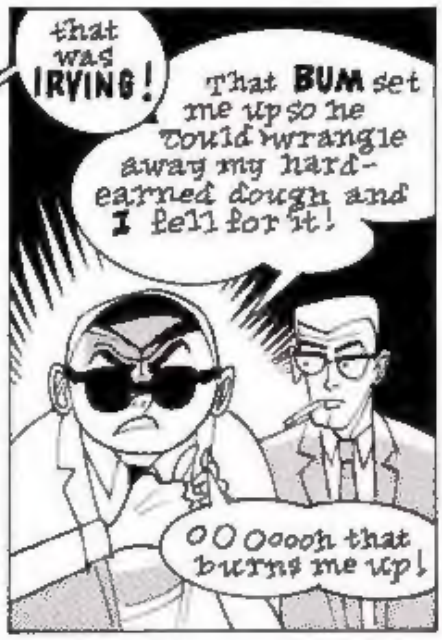
"This chick was a real BRUISER and she was after ol' Irving. My lightning wits went into overdrive in an attempt to throw her off the track...
H-H-H-H-Honest! I dunno! I-Irving who?

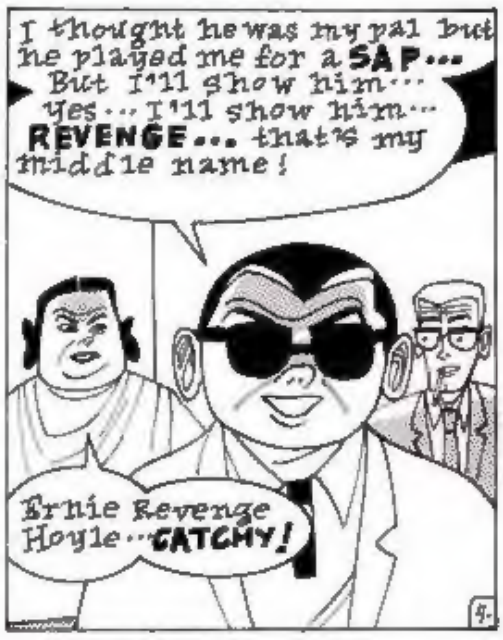

"She SPLIT and I took off after my poor ol' pal..."


"I met him and told him about the broad... He was plenty nervous... Said he was broke and planned to skip town. I gave him the 75 bucks...
T-Thanks Buddy!
Anytime ol' pal...


He's such a PERSONABLE guy why would anybody want to kill him? I can't figure it. Sure, he's a liar... and a swindler... a-and... WAITAMINIT!


He's also a MASTER OF DISGUISE!...
No wonder that lady was so tall and ugly...
That WAS no lady...


that was IRVING!
That BUM set me up so he could wrangle away my hard-earned dough and I fell for it!
OOOoooh that burns me up!

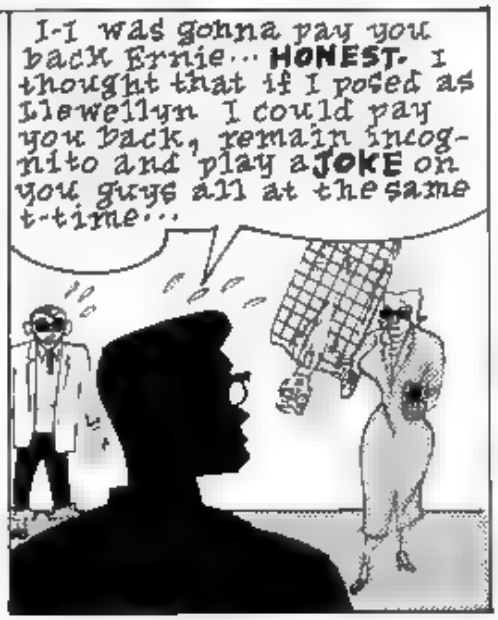

I thought he was my pal but he played me for a SAP... But I'll show him... yes... I'll show him... REVENGE... that's my middle name!
Ernie Revenge Hoyle... CATCHY!

Shortly...
Wotta SET-UP, eh Llewellyn? First this bucket of ICE WATER lands on ol' Irving's head, then he steps on this rope and goes FLYIN'... upside down, no less! Haw haw!
=Chuckle= Not bad...
It's past closing time... Where IS he?
How long are you guys gonna be?! I gotta get my BEAUTY SLEEP!
You could sleep till AUGUST and still be ugly!
One last drink okay? He'll be here soon!
I'll admit I'd like to see this stunt as much as ANYBODY but what if one of my other customers walks in... they're liable to...
At two A.M. on a Tuesday night? Dream on!
Don't worry... We'll take full responsibility if...
CLANG
SCRAPE
SPROING
POP
What the-mmmf!
Hyuk hyuk... lookit him Llewellyn! You'd better tell Fatima to cut him an extra big slice of HUMBLE PIE! Haw haw! ... Just hangin' around, en Irving! Ho ho! ... get it, Llewellyn?
L-L-L-L-Llewellyn?

Hah? I don't get it... TWO Llewellyns?
I'M Llewellyn!
Fat chance ... I'M Llewellyn!

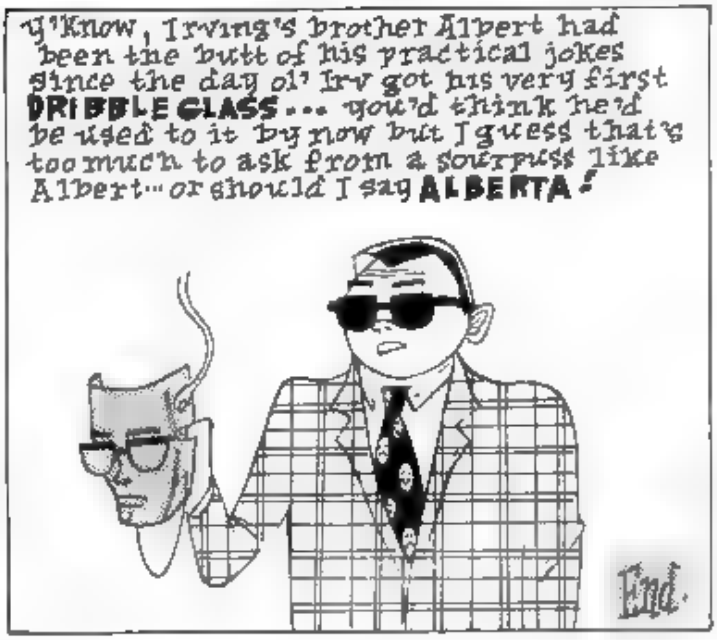
I just don't get it!
He's an IMPOSTER Ernie now LET ME DOWN!
Nonsense Ernie. I'm the REAL-- ulp
Hello, Irving.

You thought you could avoid me in that disguise DIDN'T YOU? Only an IDIOT would be fooled by such a CRUDE masquerade!
I thought it was pretty good!


I-I was gonna pay you back Ernie... HONEST. I thought that if I posed as Llewellyn I could pay you back, remain incognito and play a JOKE on you guys all at the same t-time...

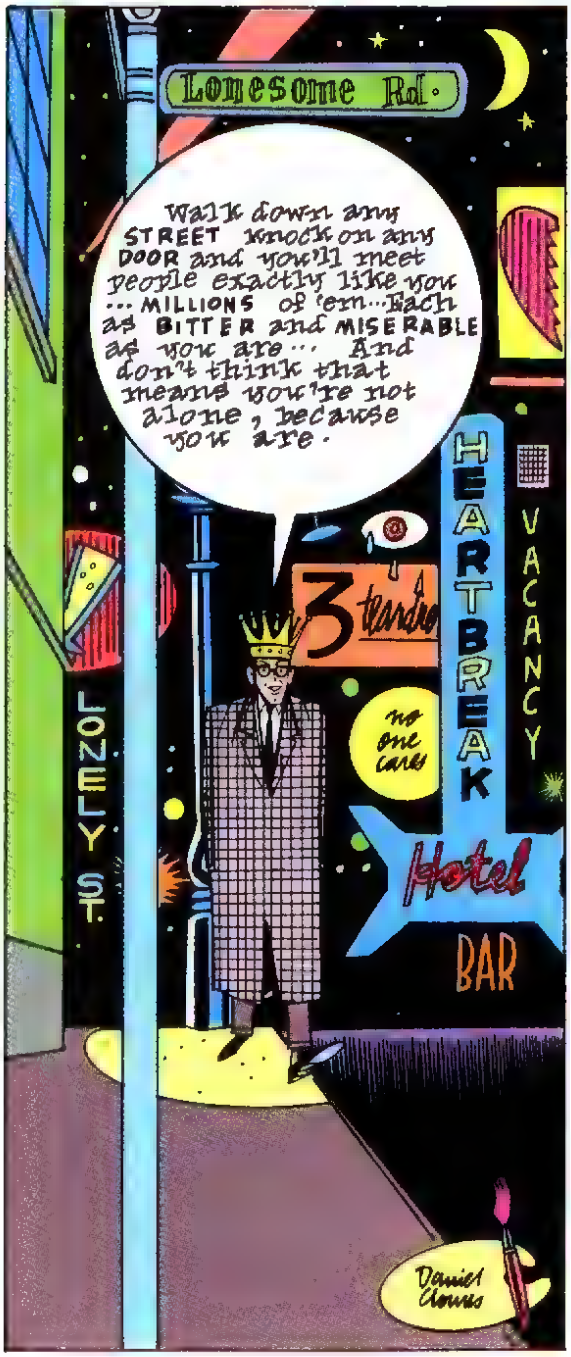
I-I've been on the LAM so long... I-it's been MONTHS since I played a j-joke on anyone...
Speaking of JOKES...

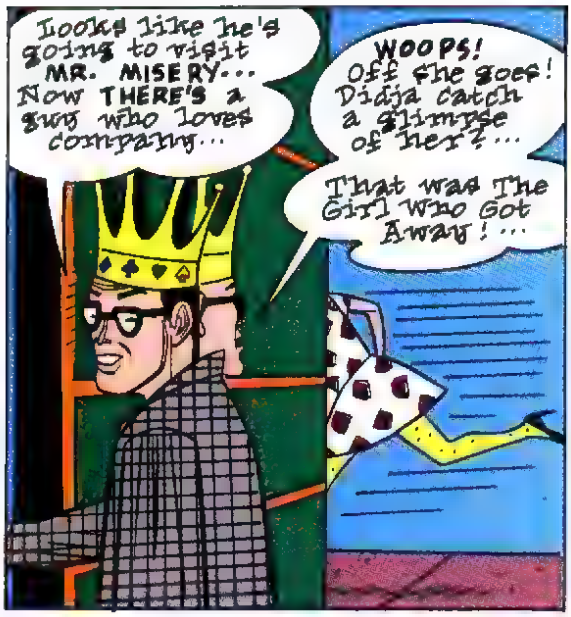
Perhaps you've heard the one about the man who went to the HOSPITAL to have his tonsils removed. It seems his BROTHER the WISEGUY switched his files. Two days later ANOTHER man had his tonsils removed and the first man was given a SEX-CHANGE operation!
H-Ha ha ha I-I'm s-sorry, Albert! Ha Ha

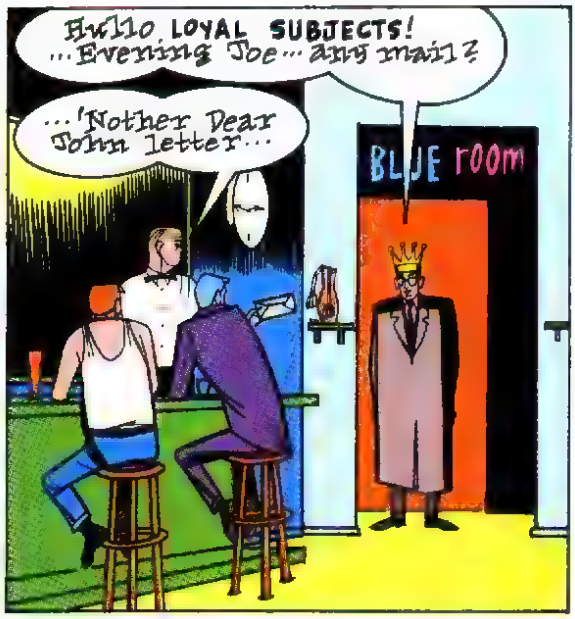

Y'Know, Irving's brother Albert had been the butt of his practical jokes since the day ol' Irv got his very first DRIBBLE GLASS... you'd think he'd be used to it by now but I guess that's too much to ask from a sourpuss like Albert... or should I say ALBERTA!
End.

Welcome to the land on the **BLUE SIDE** of **LONESOME**. I am the **KING** of the **LOSERS**. Those who set sail on the **SEA** of **HEARTBREAK** always wash up here eventually. We've got a valley of **PAIN** and a mountain of **SADNESS** and the sun never shines ... Not exactly a **VACATION PARADISE** but you'll get used to it ... You're one of us now. This is the world of **BROKEN HEARTS** and you're hearing words meant ...

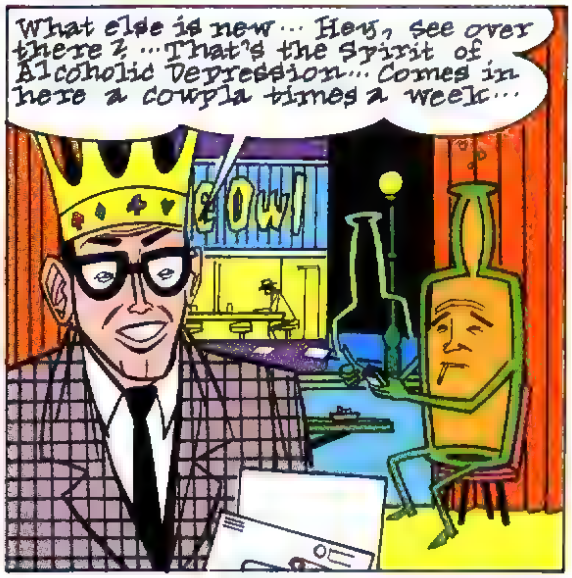
for LOSERS only




Looks like he's going to visit MR. MISERY... Now THERE'S a guy who loves company...
WOOPS! Off the goes! Didja catch a glimpse of her?...
That was The Girl Who Got Away!...


Hello LOYAL SUBJECTS! ...Evening Joe... any mail?
...'Nother Dear John letter...
BLUE room

Mm... How'd you guys do at the track today?
Pfft!
Lost my shirt!


What else is new... Hey, see over there?...That's the Spirit of Alcoholic Depression... Comes in here a cowpla times a week...
OWL

But I guess you've met him before... OLD PALS, right?
NO EXIT

Well...it's been great but I've gotta be going... Time to sit by the phone and wait for The Call that Never Comes...
I'll see you around...

♫ ...No one ever tells you--how it feels to walk alone... ♫

a LLOYD LLEWELLYN adventure

by: Daniel Clowes

UNDER the BIG TOP

HELLO Buddy. Welcome to the GRAND PREMIERE of the PHUNNE BROS. ALL-NEW THREE RING EXTRAVAGANZA! By the way... Tryouts for the Freakshow were YESTERDAY!

PHUNNE BROS. CIRCUS

Featuring REX FRYE and MR. STRONG

The Phunne Bros. circus has been around FOREVER, it seems like. Their star attraction, MR. STRONG was the hottest thing on SAWDUST...

That is, until a RINKY-DINK outfit called the Bigg bros. circus hired a young ringmaster named REX FRYE. He got together a group of what he called 'HUMAN ODDITIES.' The public went for it, and Bigg bros. stole the thunder...

But the Phunne bros. haven't given up yet... MR. STRONG is still kicking and somehow they're managed to scrape up the dough to hire Rex Frye away from the Bigg bros.... It's a CUT-THROAT WORLD that lies beyond the hippodrome track...

Yessir! Feats of daring!... Madcap tomfoolery! Cold-blooded murder... THESE THINGS and MORE can be found...

Somewhere in the north bleachers of the BIGTOWN HIPPODROME...

Hold my seat, Ernie... I'm gonna sneak backstage and introduce myself to RAMONA the jungle girl... I GO for PRIMITIVE GALS...

BESIDES... the @#&@ show doesn't start for an HOUR!

FORGET it, Nature boy... I hear she only dates GORILLAS!

NA

Lost in the maze of backlot tents, a confused Llewellyn seeks the assistance of **HAPPY**... one of the circus' lovable **PRANKSTERS**...

SAY!... Could you tell me:

WHAT the **HELL** are you doing in this **RESTRICTED AREA?**

Just because you bought a ticket to this **SO-CALLED** circus doesn't mean you're allowed to **ANNOY** the performers ... How I **LOATHE** your kind... you **MINDLESS, LAUGHING FOOLS!**

This whole @#&@ business makes me want to **VOMIT!**

GOINNNG!

QUIET Happy ...Can I **HELP** you, sir? This area is **OFF-LIMITS** you know...

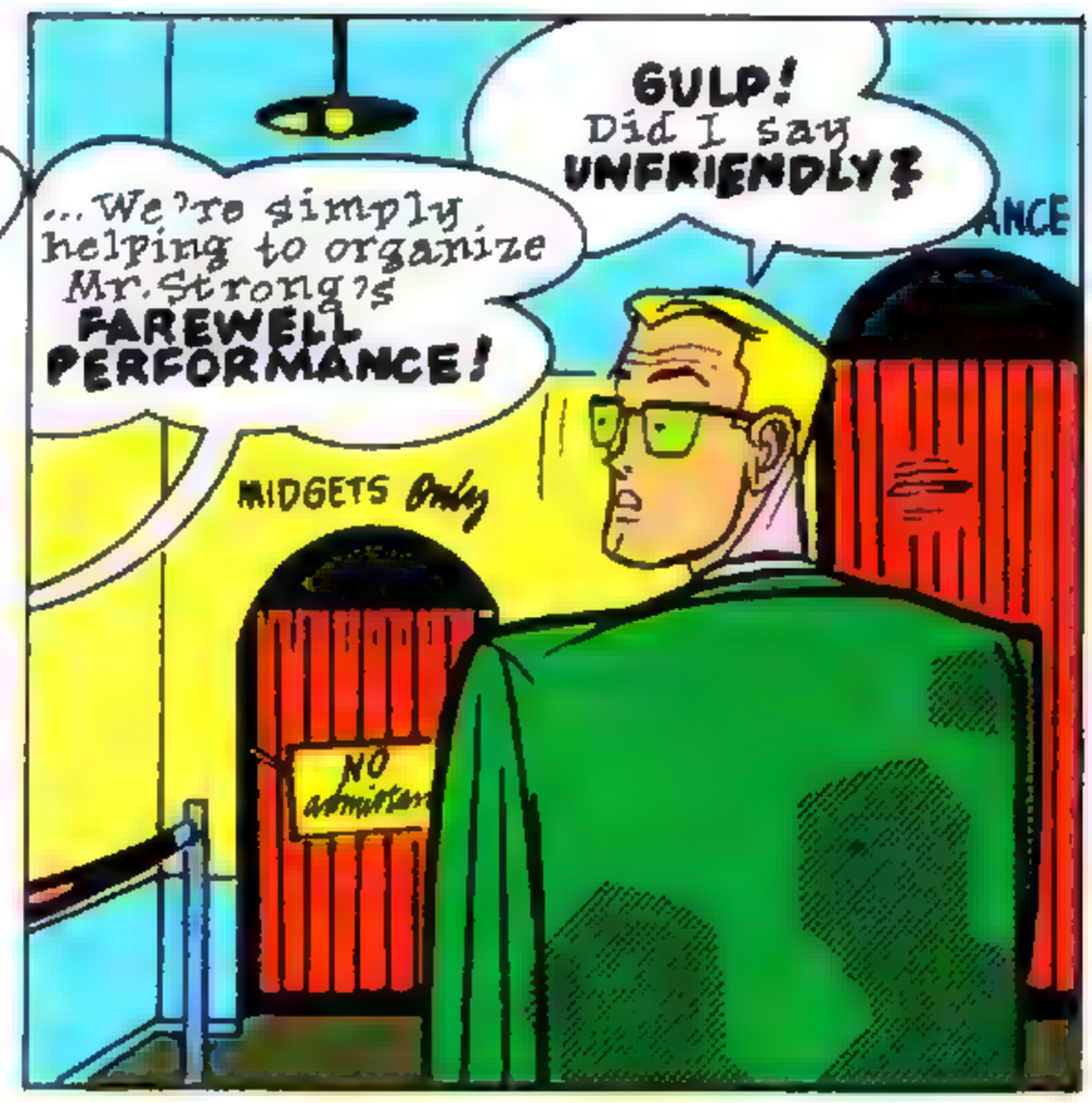
Eh... heh heh... er... I was on my way to the hot dog stand and I must've taken a:

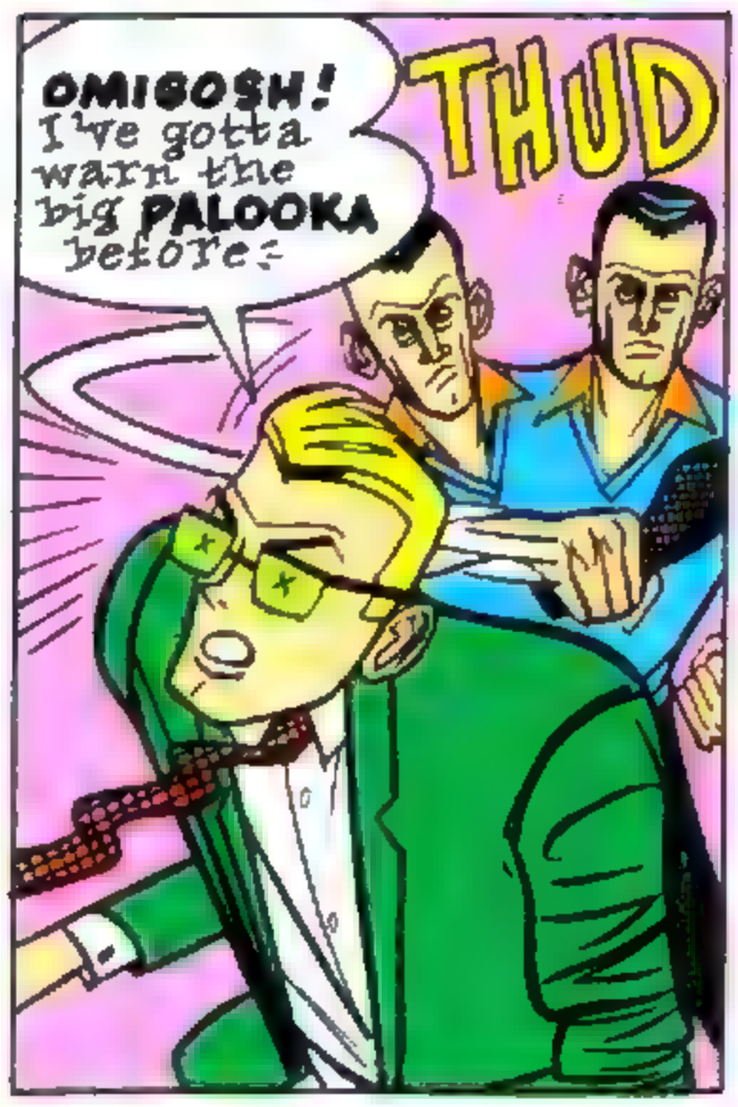
Don't make me hurt 'im Miss Ramona ... He looks like a **NICE FELLA...**

That's **RIGHT!** No need to hurt me... I'll just be going... Sorry to have bothered you... I'll find my way out...

But as soon as he is out of their sight Lloyd makes a discovery...

Boy oh boy... You meet some mighty unfriendly characters here at the:
...Don't think of it THAT way... We're not commiting MURDER ...Not EXACTLY...
SIDESHOW


...We're simply helping to organize Mr. Strong's FAREWELL PERFORMANCE!
GULP! Did I say UNFRIENDLY?
MIDGETS Only
NO admitten


OMIGOSH! I've gotta warn the big PALOOKA before:
THUD

Minutes later, in the office of ringmaster Rex Frye...
GAH! MR. STRONG Where is he? Huh? I gotta FIND him before it's too:
WHOA there ...Slow down... What do you want with Strong? Why were you snooping around in the RESTRICTED ZONE?

Listen to me... I HEARD something ...A plot to MURDER Mr. Strong I think...
Mmm yes... I've heard the same talk... Circus life BREEDS jealousy...It's a VOLCANO of RESENTMENT just waiting to ERUPT... I'm as concerned as you are Mr. -- eh...

Llewellyn.
Private investigator, huh? How'd you like to earn a few BUCKS tonight?
RCUS

How so?
We've got a character down on Clown alley named HAPPY... Frankly, Mr. Llewellyn, he gives me the SHUDDERS!

Soon...
The clowns are in the **MAKE-UP TENT** right now... My chance to **POKE AROUND** in Happy's caravan...
HAPPY'S PLACE

...@#$&! Look's like ol' Happy didn't pay his light bill!
SLAM!
What th--?!
CLICK CLICK
BO

:choke: ...**LOCKED!**
You've been **SET-UP,** Buddy-boy...

Huh? Who?
Frye wanted you out of the way during the show... You're on a **WILD GOOSE CHASE** pal... Hold on... I'll crawl through the window and open the door from the outside...

Boy! Lucky for me I've got a **MIDGET** for a friend!
Oh yeah? Who's that?

Holy **GOODNIGHT!** Y-y-y-y-you're a **DOG!**... How do you explain **THAT!?**
It's meant for **BIGGER MINDS** than ours, Buddy-boy...

D-Does **EVERYBODY** know you can talk?
Of course not... Now **LISTEN...** **ABOUT** the plot to Kill **MR. STRONG**... Ringmaster Frye is behind the whole business... Seems he's still on the **PAYROLL** at Bigg bros. Circus... He's being paid a **FORTUNE** to kill the Phunne bros. main attraction...

B-But how? There must be a **ZILLION** witnesses out there?!
They're premiering a new **CANNON ACT** featuring Mr. Stong... It worked fine in rehearsals but tonight there's going to be a **MALFUNCTION**... Get it? **BOOOM!** No more Mr. Strong....

Of course, Frye doesn't do any of the **DIRTY WORK** himself... He's got some **FRIENDS** in the sideshow and half of **CLOWN ALLEY** in his **HIP POCKET**...

I'd better get to the **BIG TOP** before it's **TOO LATE**... One thing, Fido... If you've kept mum all these years, why talk to **ME?**

I **LIKE** you, Llewellyn... You seem like a **NICE FELLA!**

Whoops... It's **LATER** than you **THINK** Llewellyn...

...I waltz in and save the big **GALOOT** ...What a great way to impress **RAMONA**...

OMIGOSH! I'M TOO LATE!

BOOM!

I-It's a regular **TRAGEDY!** ...The poor, dumb slob never **HURT a FLY**...

:Sob: M-Mister Strong...

W-What's going on? I-I feel different...

GOOD LORD! HE'S ALIVE!

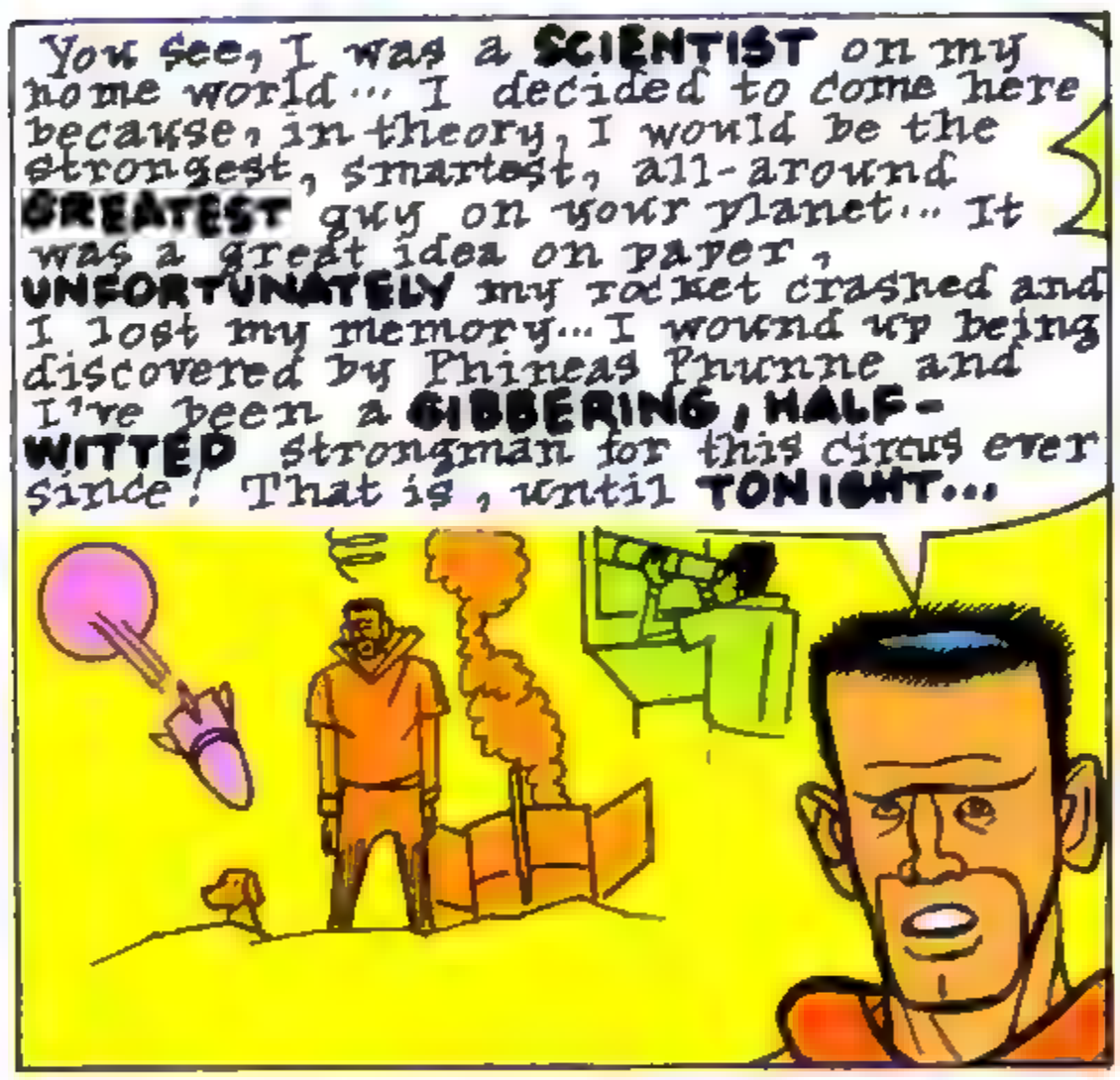
IMPOSSIBLE!

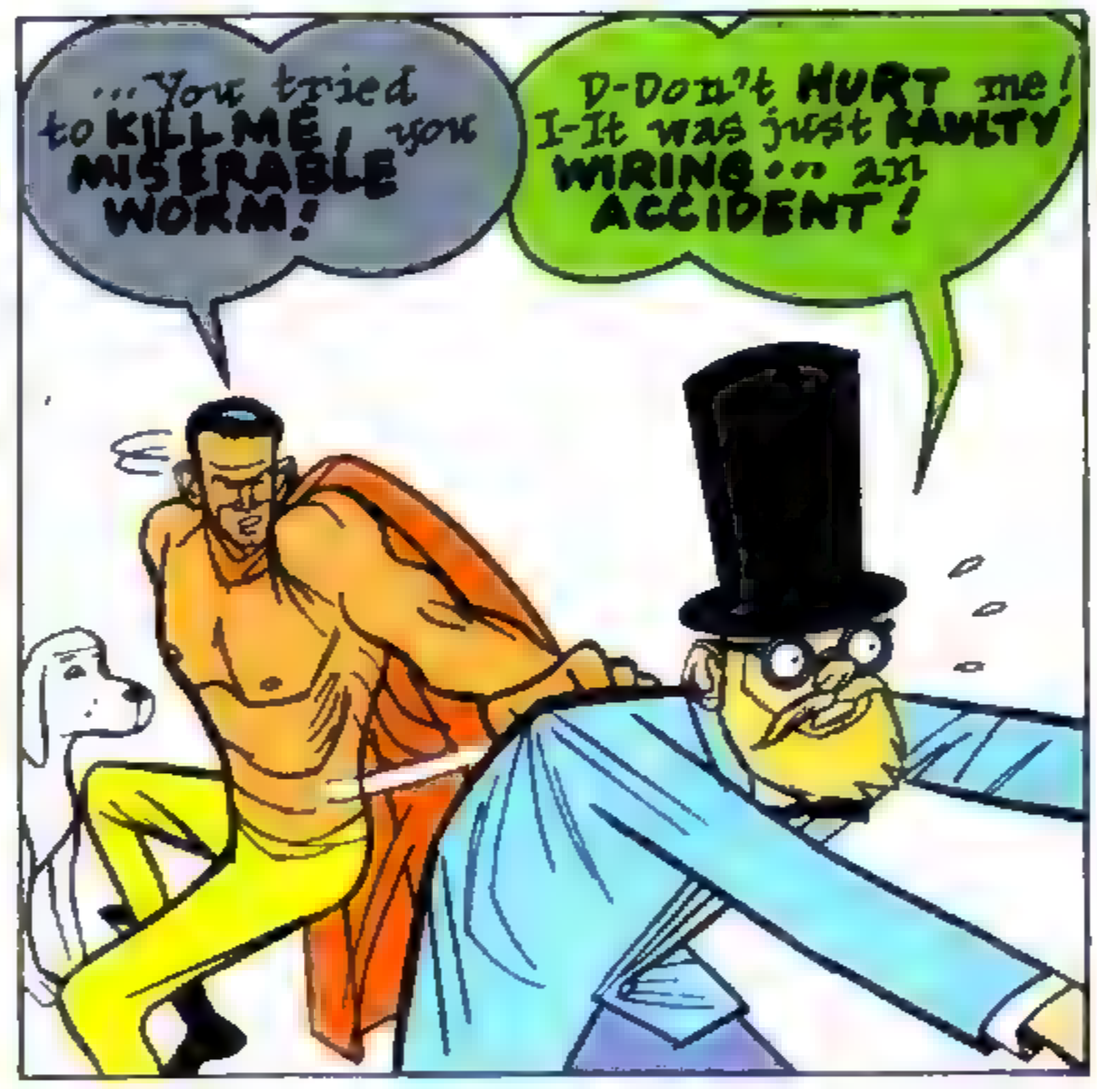
...like I'm waking up from a **DEEP SLEEP!**

HA HA HA! I'M BACK TO MY OLD SELF AGAIN! That explosion shook the **COBWEBS** out of my **MUDDLED HEAD!! I'VE GOT MY MEMORY BACK!!**

Waitaminit! You're talkin' like a regular HUMAN BEING instead of a PEA-BRAINED IDIOT! What's with you, Mr. Strong?
The name isn't Strong, friend... and I'm NOT a regular human being...I am VAAR L'ON, from planet NXJKL... SAY! There's my pal, NXJKL-O!

Eh... NXJKL-O?
Ha Ha... Didn't know that was your name, did you... I brought you with me to this planet when you were just a PUP!
I'll bet this explains why I can talk...


You see, I was a SCIENTIST on my home world... I decided to come here because, in theory, I would be the strongest, smartest, all-around GREATEST guy on your planet... It was a great idea on paper, UNFORTUNATELY my rocket crashed and I lost my memory...I wound up being discovered by Phineas Phunne and I've been a GIBBERING, HALF-WITTED strongman for this circus ever since! That is, until TONIGHT...


...You tried to KILL ME, you MISERABLE WORM!
D-Don't HURT me! I-It was just FAULTY WIRING... an ACCIDENT!

Yeah, SURE... C'mon NXJKL-O... Let's take Mr. Frye on a little vacation to MAGNA VULGA... the MUTANT PRISON PLANET!
I can FLY!

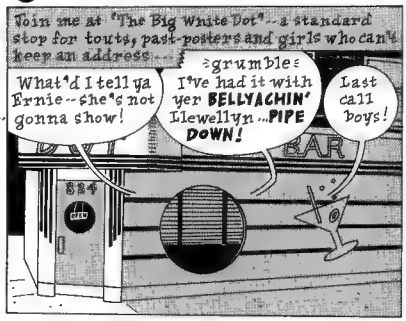
WOW! Wotta show, eh, Llewellyn? How'd they do that flying gimmick... I don't see any wires... hey Llewellyn...? LLEWELLYN??
the end

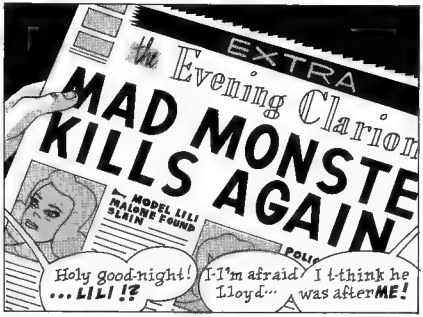
Lloyd Llewellyn

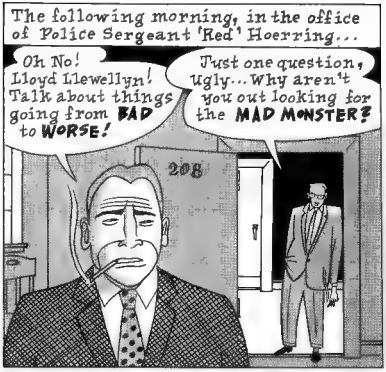
"MURDER, MARTIANS and Wild, Wild Women"

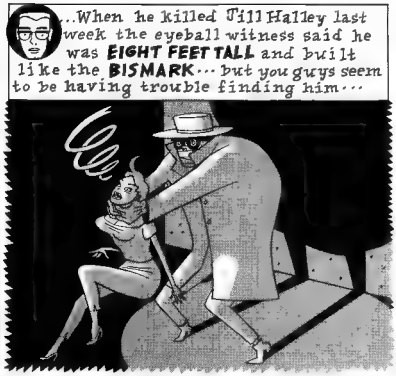
by Daniel Clowes

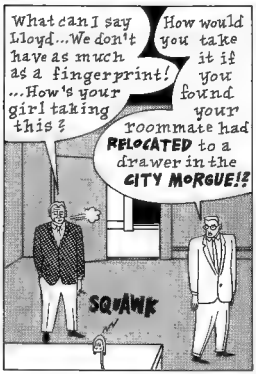
Hello Buddy! Pull up a bench, grit your teeth and get ready for a tale from the weird side of the unusual. After you hear the following story you're probably gonna say I made the whole thing up but as God is my witness every word is true! Honest!

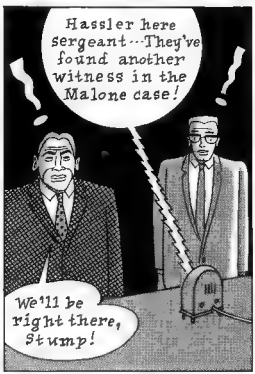


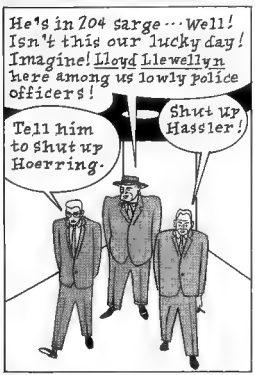



The following morning, in the office of Police Sergeant 'Red' Hoerring...
Oh No! Lloyd Llewellyn! Talk about things going from BAD to WORSE!
Just one question, ugly... Why aren't you out looking for the MAD MONSTER?
208

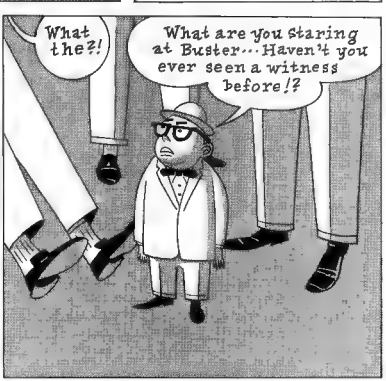

...When he killed Jill Halley last week the eyeball witness said he was EIGHT FEET TALL and built like the BISMARK... but you guys seem to be having trouble finding him...

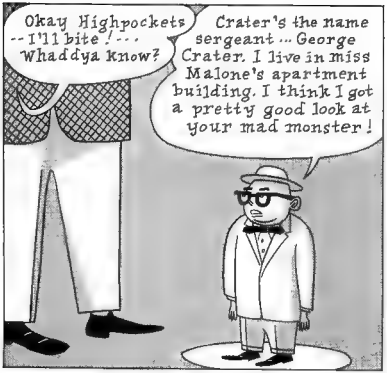

What can I say Lloyd... We don't have as much as a fingerprint! ...How's your girl taking this?
How would you take it if your found your roommate had RELOCATED to a drawer in the CITY MORGUE!?
SQUAWK


Hassler here sergeant... They've found another witness in the Malone case!
We'll be right there, Stump!


He's in 204 sarge... Well! Isn't this our lucky day! Imagine! Lloyd Llewellyn here among us lowly police officers!
Tell him to shut up Hoerring.
Shut up Hassler!

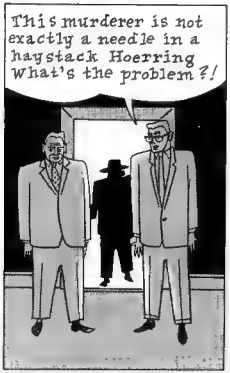
What's going on Hassler... There's no one here!
OUCH!

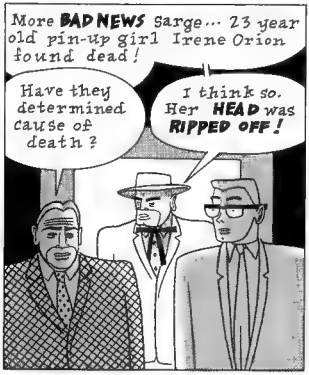

What the?!
What are you staring at Buster... Haven't you ever seen a witness before!?

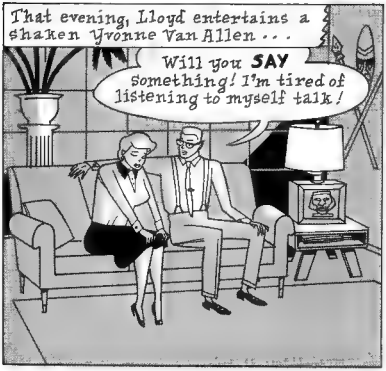

Okay Highpockets --I'll bite!... Whaddya know?
Crater's the name sergeant ... George Crater. I live in miss Malone's apartment building. I think I got a pretty good look at your mad monster!

Briefly, you are looking for a dark-skinned man, possibly mediterranean in origin, with a SILVER HOOK in place of his right hand. I've given the rest of the details to Officer Hassler.

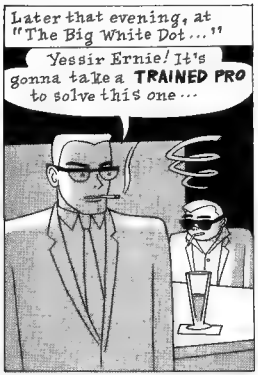
Now, content in the knowledge that I have fulfilled my civic duty, I must leave.

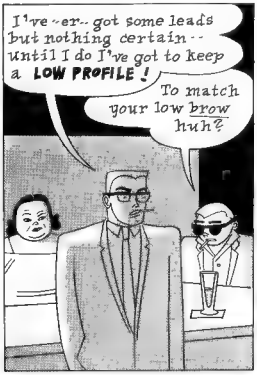

This murderer is not exactly a needle in a haystack Hoerring What's the problem?!


More BAD NEWS Sarge... 23 year old pin-up girl Irene Orion found dead!
Have they determined cause of death?
I think so. Her HEAD was RIPPED OFF!

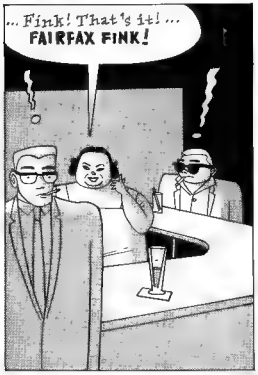

That evening, Lloyd entertains a shaken Yvonne Van Allen ...
Will you SAY something! I'm tired of listening to myself talk!

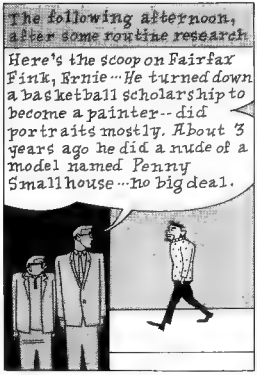
P-Please don't ask me how I know this Lloyd ... but I'M going to be his NEXT VICTIM!


Later that evening, at "The Big White Dot..."
Yessir Ernie! It's gonna take a TRAINED PRO to solve this one...

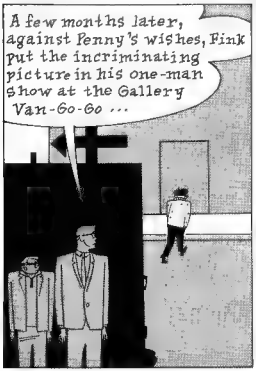

I've -er- got some leads but nothing certain -- until I do I've got to keep a LOW PROFILE!
To match your low brow huh?

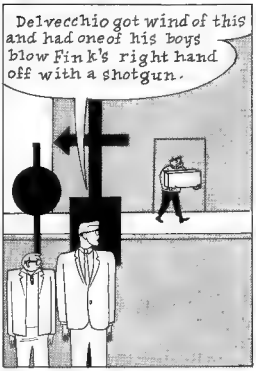
...What about that guy who used to come in here a few years ago. He was an artist... used to hang around with Dr. Wilde and his crowd... He fits your description... what was his name??...

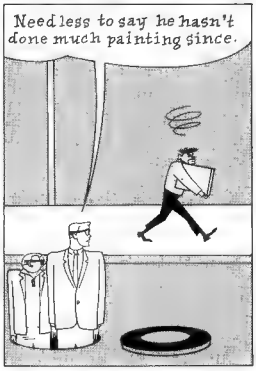

...Fink! That's it!... FAIRFAX FINK!


The following afternoon, after some routine research
Here's the scoop on Fairfax Fink, Ernie... He turned down a basketball scholarship to become a painter -- did portraits mostly. About 3 years ago he did a nude of a model named Penny Smallhouse... no big deal.

A couple of years later she gets married to hot-head mobster Orlando Delvecchio...


A few months later, against Penny's wishes, Fink put the incriminating picture in his one-man show at the Gallery Van-Go-Go...


Delvecchio got wind of this and had one of his boys blow Fink's right hand off with a shotgun.


Needless to say he hasn't done much painting since.

Aha! He's entering an APARTMENT BUILDING!
Proof positive that he's a MANIACAL KILLER!

Whew! He would live on the thirteenth floor!
COFF COFF GASP WHEEZE
SLAM!

NO! NO!!

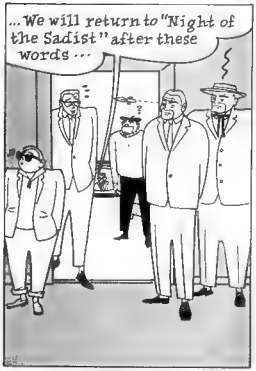
OW! STOP! You're HURTING me!!

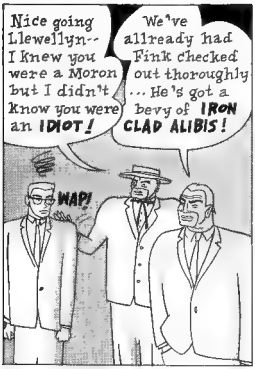
QUICK Ernie! RUN, DON'T WALK to a phone and have Hoerring send some men down here PRONTO!
Consider it DONE!
OUCH!

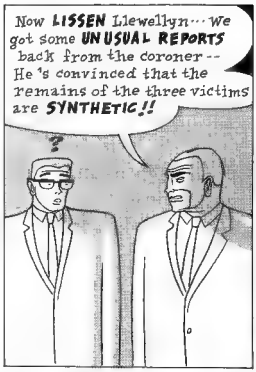
Shortly...
It's ABOUT TIME! ... Now get ready to back me up!
Go ahead... KILL ME!
Hold it a second Llewell!

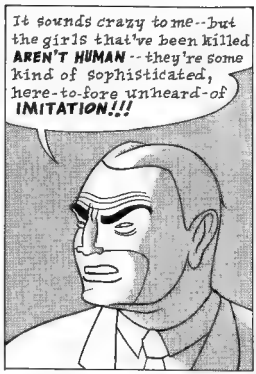
ALLRIGHT Fink... You've had it!! Now G-uhhhn...

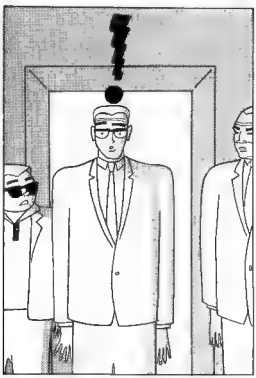
I said KILL ME!
?


...We will return to "Night of the Sadist" after these words...

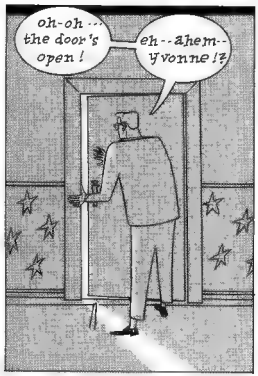

Nice going Llewellyn-- I knew you were a Moron but I didn't know you were an IDIOT!
We've allready had Fink checked out thoroughly ... He's got a bevy of IRON CLAD ALIBIS!
WAP!


Now LISSEN Llewellyn··· We got some UNUSUAL REPORTS back from the coroner -- He's convinced that the remains of the three victims are SYNTHETIC!!
?

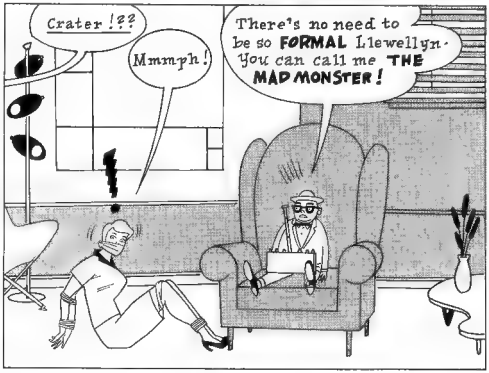

It sounds crazy to me--but the girls that've been killed AREN'T HUMAN -- they're some kind of sophisticated, here-to-fore unheard-of IMITATION!!!

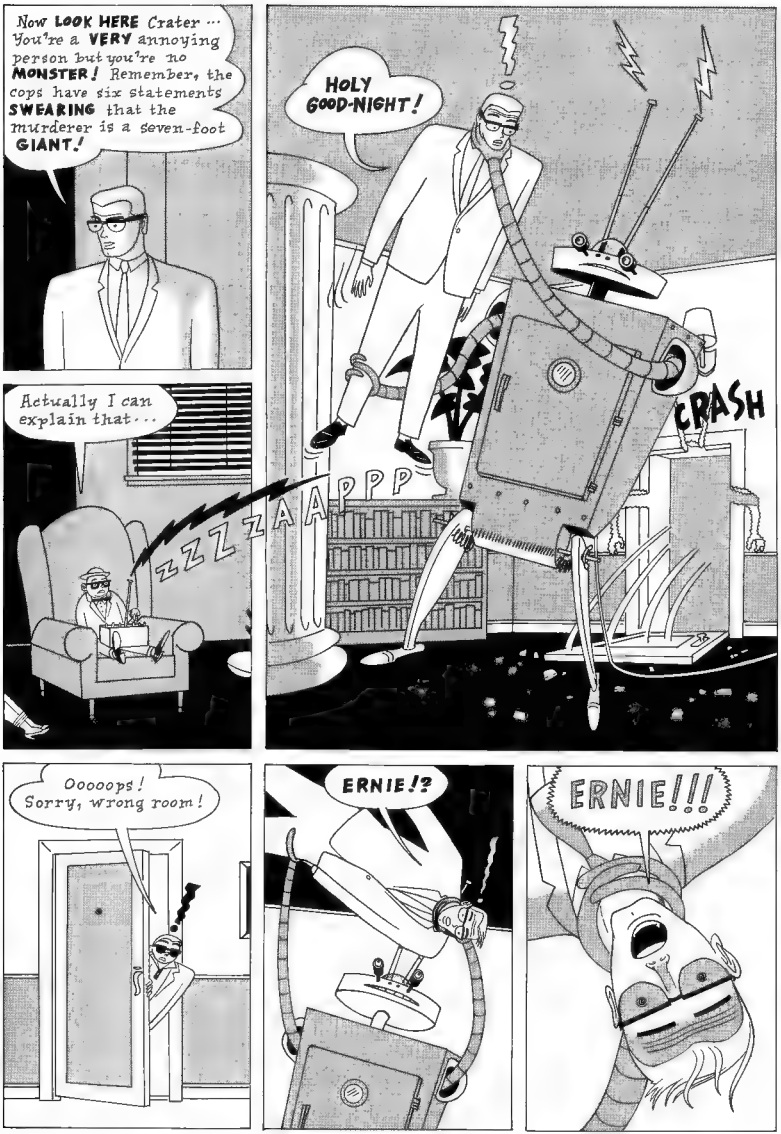


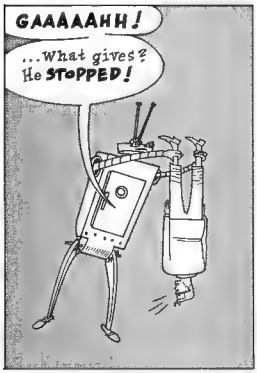
Minutes later...
OSWALD-- Is Miss Van Allen in?!
Yes sir Mr. Llewellyn but she:-
ULP


oh-oh ·· the door's open!
eh--ahem- Yvonne!?

YVO nne?

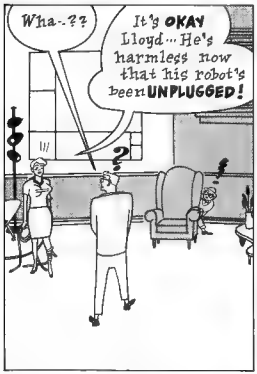

Crater!??
Mmmph!
There's no need to be so FORMAL Llewellyn· You can call me THE MAD MONSTER!


Now LOOK HERE Crater ... You're a VERY annoying person but you're no MONSTER! Remember, the cops have six statements SWEARING that the murderer is a seven-foot GIANT!
HOLY GOOD-NIGHT!
Actually I can explain that...
ZZZZAAPPP
CRASH
Oooooops! Sorry, wrong room!
ERNIE!?
ERNIE!!!


GAAAAAHH!
...What gives? He STOPPED!

I pulled out the plug!

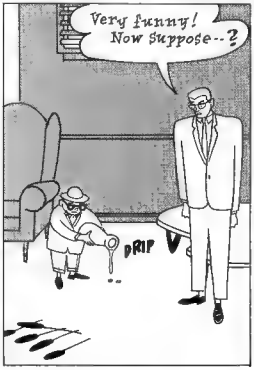
OKAY BUDDY take off your glasses. I never hit a guy with glasses!
Hey!
Don't hurt him!!


Wha--??
It's OKAY Lloyd... He's harmless now that his robot's been UNPLUGGED!
?
?

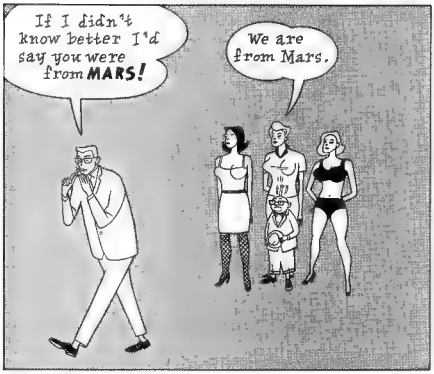
ALLRIGHT shorty... The boys in the coroners lab say that the corpses of the three girls are PHONIES... Suppose you tell me where the REAL corpses are.

There ARE no corpses Llewellyn.
How's that?
LILI!?!
POP!

eh... OKAY... w-what about the other two girls?...
HERE they are.


Very funny! Now suppose--?
DRIP

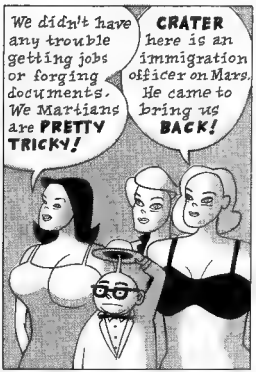
THAT does it! Synthetic corpses! Robots! Dehydrated girls! WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON HERE!?!
POP!
POP!


If I didn't know better I'd say you were from MARS!
We are from Mars.

Ha Ha! Eh... How's that?

"All of us, except for Lili, are from Mars. You see Lloyd, on Mars all the GIRLS look like US and all the fellas are like HIM... REAL SQUARES! A few years ago we began receiving TV broadcasts from Earth. We saw that the guys on Earth weren't like the fellas on Mars... and it seemed like they'd really go for Martian gals like us!"

...So we borrowed my Daddy's intergalactic transport sedan and took off!


We didn't have any trouble getting jobs or forging documents. We Martians are PRETTY TRICKY!
CRATER here is an immigration officer on Mars. He came to bring us BACK!

"Actually this isn't by any means the first time this has happened. Many of Earth's great so-called beauties have been Martians!"

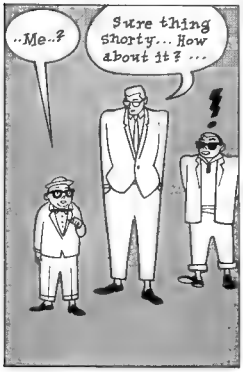
Okay okay... but what about the MAD MONSTER gimmick?!
I needed a way to LEGITIMIZE their disappearance. Martian law requires it. The whole thing with Miss Malone was a case of mistaken identity-- She's free to go. I'd planned a suicide by hanging for myself but at this point why bother!?

I've really made a SHAMBLES of this mission! I'll surely lose my job when we get back! Oh well... c'mon girls!
We're not going!

What do you mean you're not going!?
We like it here and we're STAYING!

B-But if I go back without you...
Who says you have to go back? I mean... you're not such a bad guy for a CREEP!

WHAT? Stay here? But...
LOOK Buddy... you must be pretty tired of these stuck-up MARTIAN gals... What if I fixed you up with a REAL woman...


..Me..?
Sure thing shorty... How about it?...

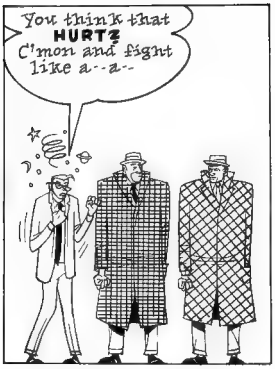
HAW HAW
This time you've really done it! you'll NEVER find a date for that MILKSOP!

Later...
Whaddya think Ernie... Ain't love grand?
GRUMBLE!
the END

A
LLOYD LLEWELLYN
Adventure

"The GHOST and the GEARJAMMER"

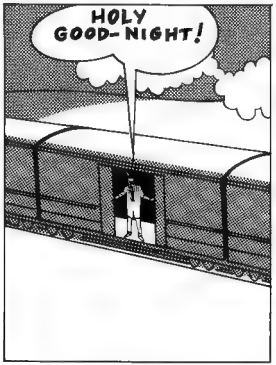
by Daniel Clowes

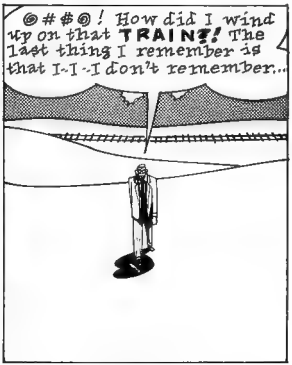

You think that HURTZ C'mon and fight like a--a--

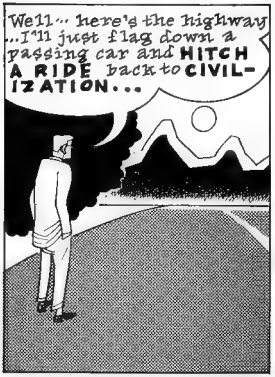
WHUMP!
He's had it!

Okay boys... finish the job...

After what seemed like a good night's sleep I woke up in a STRANGE ROOM. This didn't bother me as much as the fact that the room was MOVING...
GROAN... Where am I?


HOLY GOOD-NIGHT!


@#$@! How did I wind up on that TRAINZ! The last thing I remember is that I-I-I don't remember...


Well... here's the highway ...I'll just flag down a passing car and HITCH A RIDE back to CIVILIZATION...

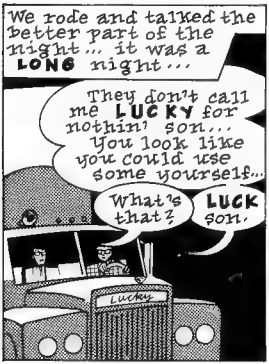
Meanwhile...
What'd you boys do with our FRIENDZ
We put 'im on a westbound freighter ...he's ninety miles from NOWHERE by now!

Sometime later, about eighty-five miles from nowhere...
ZZZZZ

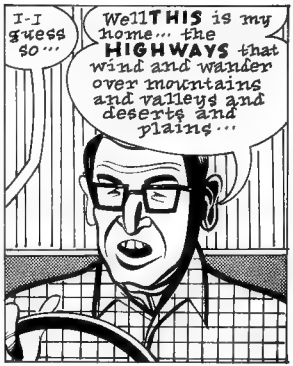
SKREEEEEE
Wha-a-a?
HEY! HEY!
STOP!

Evening son... Can I offer you a LIFT?
THANKS buddy!

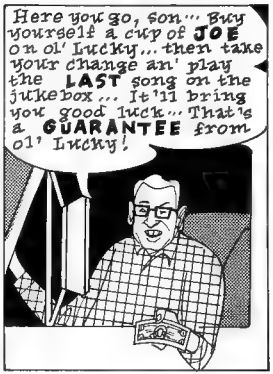
LUCKY'S the name boy... Glad to help!
Llewellyn LLOYD Llewellyn...I OWE you one Lucky!


We rode and talked the better part of the night... it was a LONG night...
They don't call me LUCKY for nothin' son... You look like you could use some yourself...
What's that?
LUCK son.
Lucky

...What's a feller like you doin' here in the middle of NOWHERE anyway?
I-I dunno...
You're a long way from home ain't cha boy?

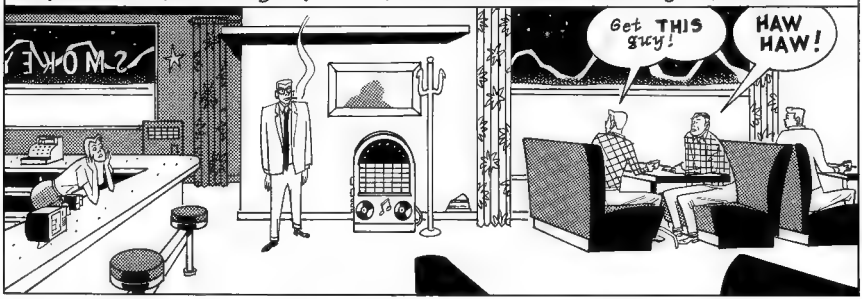

I-I guess so...
Well THIS is my home... the HIGHWAYS that wind and wander over mountains and valleys and deserts and plains...

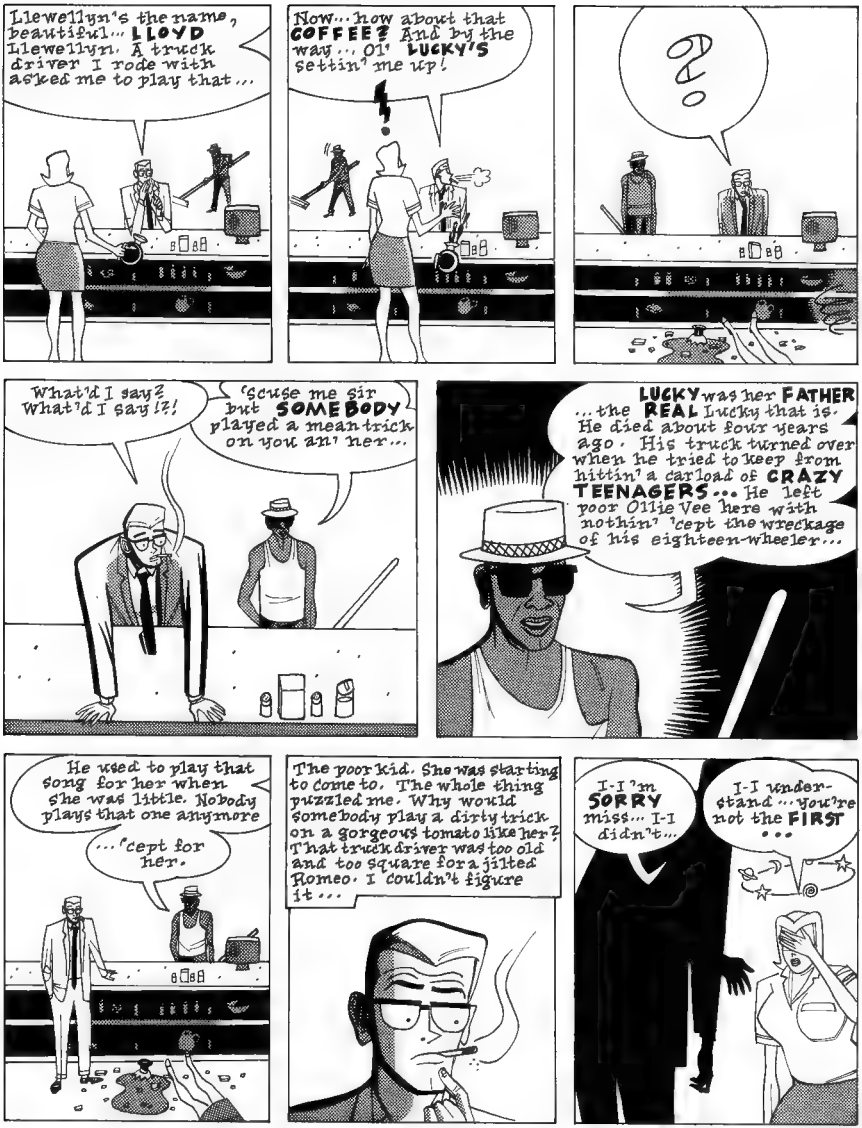
Well son... this is where I turn south... Most likely you can find another ride in THERE...


Here you go, son... Buy yourself a cup of JOE on ol' Lucky... then take your change an' play the LAST song on the jukebox... It'll bring you good luck... That's a GUARANTEE from ol' Lucky!

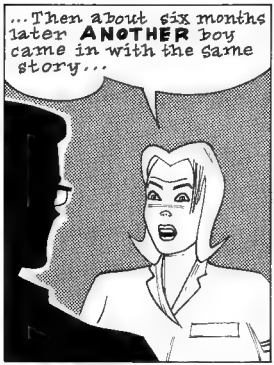
With those heavy words he put'er in gear and roared outta there in NOTHIN' FLAT!
So long, buddy...
SMOKEY'S

The sign outside said "Smokey's Truck Stop." It was about what you'd expect··· a lonely old dive catering to men who make their living behind the wheel. I guess the guys weren't exactly used to seeing a beaten-up city-slicker in an eighty-buck suit come in for a midnight snack!




Llewellyn's the name, beautiful... LLOYD Llewellyn. A truck driver I rode with asked me to play that...
Now... how about that COFFEE? And by the way... Ol' LUCKY'S settin' me up!
?
What'd I say? What'd I say!?!
'Scuse me sir but SOMEBODY played a mean trick on you an' her...
LUCKY was her FATHER ...the REAL Lucky that is. He died about four years ago. His truck turned over when he tried to keep from hittin' a carload of CRAZY TEENAGERS... He left poor Ollie Vee here with nothin' 'cept the wreckage of his eighteen-wheeler...
He used to play that song for her when she was little. Nobody plays that one anymore
...'cept for her.
The poor kid. She was starting to come to. The whole thing puzzled me. Why would somebody play a dirty trick on a gorgeous tomato like her? That truck driver was too old and too square for a jilted Romeo. I couldn't figure it...
I-I 'm SORRY miss... I-I didn't...
I-I understand ...you're not the FIRST ...

How's that?
About two years ago a fella came in an' said that he got a ride from my Paw...


...Then about six months later ANOTHER boy came in with the same story...

You're the third one... B-But none of 'em ever played that SONG before!...

Paw and I didn't have any ENEMIES... Not that I know about anyway...

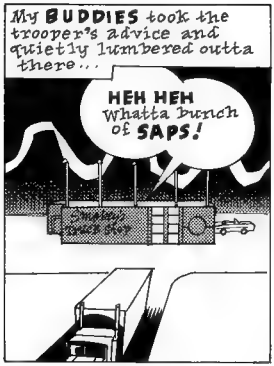
N-No... of course not...

Y-you shouldn't get so CLOSE mr. Llewellyn...
Oh yeah? And why NOT?

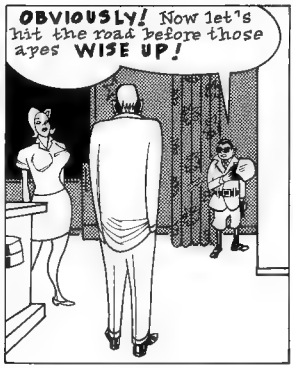
I'LL answer that!

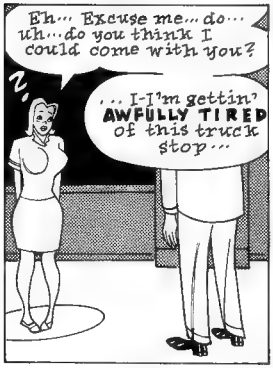
You got some NERVE, mister...makin' time with my GAL... SOMEBODY oughtta teach you some MANNERS!
I'm NOT your GAL, Dooley... Don't you START anything!

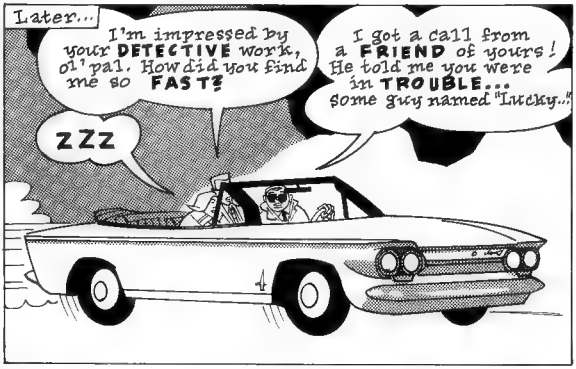
You stay OUTTA this Ollie Vee!
WOOPS! Tough break! You missed!
Missed again!
TSK! Bad move! Now you're off-balance!
CRACK!
I'm SORRY about that Ollie Vee, but the kid was getting on my nerves and... and...
W-What are you S-STARING at ??
Oh.
Things were going GREAT... Three PILTDOWN MEN were set to do a BRONTOSAURUS STOMP on my head and I hadn't even eaten breakfast yet. I closed my eyes. I can't stand the sight of blood...
Hold it! Hold it RIGHT THERE!!
Thanks for DETAINING him, fellows... We've been after this rascal for WEEKS... He's wanted for murder in thirteen states! I suggest you guys take-off before the FEDS get here ... save yourselves a lot of questions... Things could get UGLY around here!


My BUDDIES took the trooper's advice and quietly lumbered outta there...
HEH HEH Whatta bunch of SAPS!

ERNIE ?!

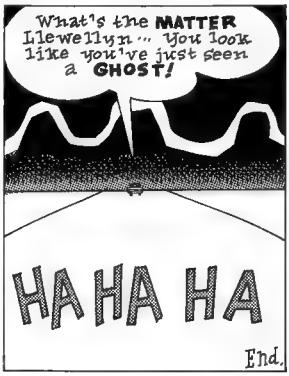

OBVIOUSLY! Now let's hit the road before those apes WISE UP!


Eh... Excuse me... do... uh... do you think I could come with you?
... I-I'm gettin' AWFULLY TIRED of this truck stop...


Later...
I'm impressed by your DETECTIVE work, ol' pal. How did you find me so FAST?
I got a call from a FRIEND of yours! He told me you were in TROUBLE... some guy named "Lucky..."
ZZZ

L-Lucky?
Heh Heh Heh

HA HA HA
!

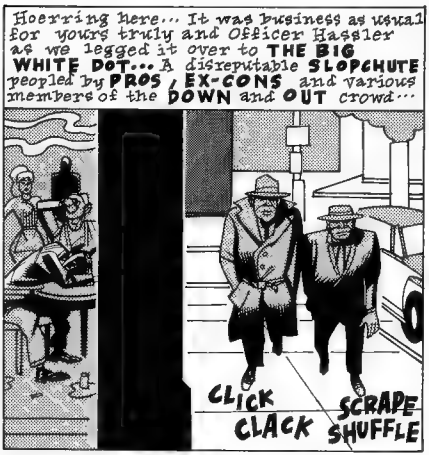

What's the MATTER Llewellyn... You look like you've just seen a GHOST!
HA HA HA
End.

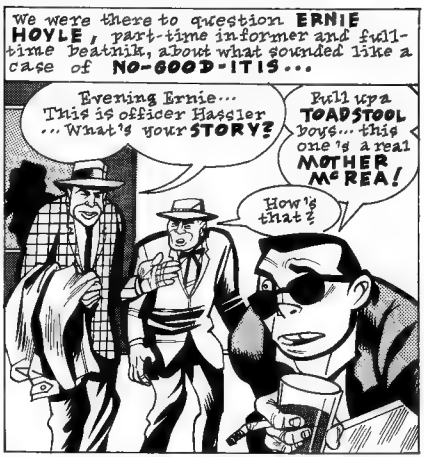
Red Hoerring

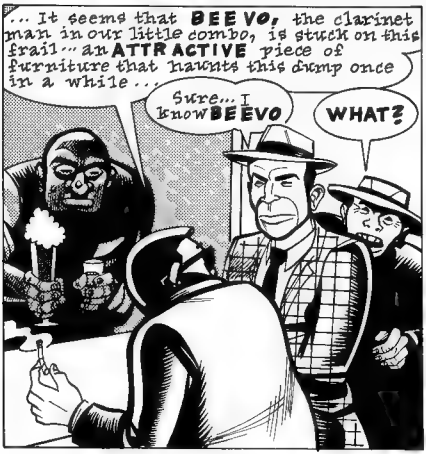
in "...HOW'S THAT?"

Featuring Red's sidekick 'STUMP' HASSLER

Written, inked & lettered by: D. Clowes
Special guest penciller: Mort Todd







He **EYEBALLS** Beevo -- then splits. Later Beevo goes to his car only to find an **ITALIAN FOOTBALL** with his name on it! If the guy knew what he was doing ol' Beev' wouldа been on a one-way ride to **NADAVILLE!**

We'll I'll be... a **BOMB!**

Wait a minute... **WHAT?**

We'll anyway... the old man comes in yesterday and a real **RHUBARB** starts --- Beevo's steamed and busts his **LICORICE STICK** over the guys noodle!

O-w-w-w-w that **HAD** to hurt!

A licorice st-- **WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!**

BASH

The doll wraps her sugar-daddy for mailing and they blow **BUT FAST!** Meanwhile Beevo's taking a **MINT-SAUCE VACATION ...** on the **LAM!**

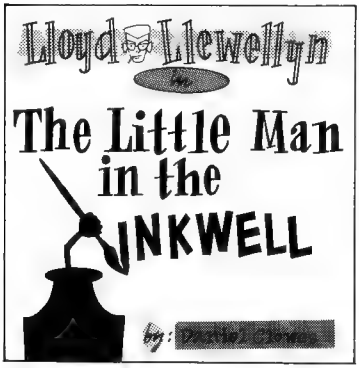
Gotcha Hoyle... we'll see what we can dig up!

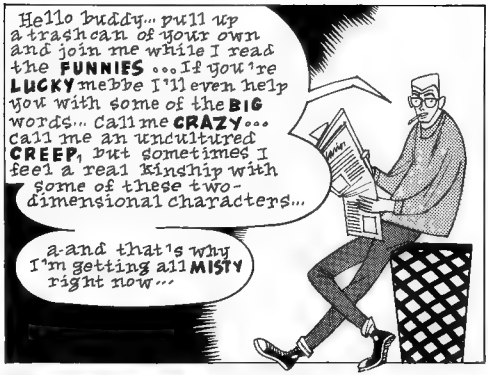
HUH?!

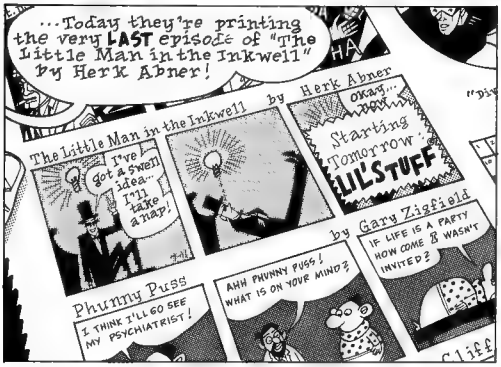
What a yarn that was Stump... I'm going to look up that skirt and see what she knows about this... you do some checking into that **HULLIGAN** friend of hers...

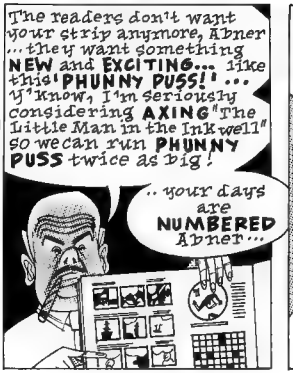
HOW'S THAT?

NEXT: "The **LUSTY** world of **BEEVO BAKEMAN**"

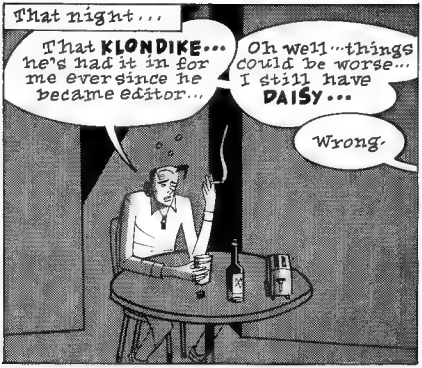


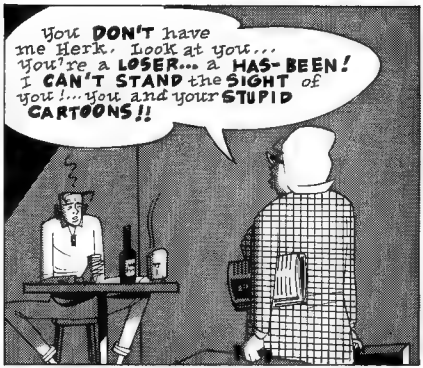


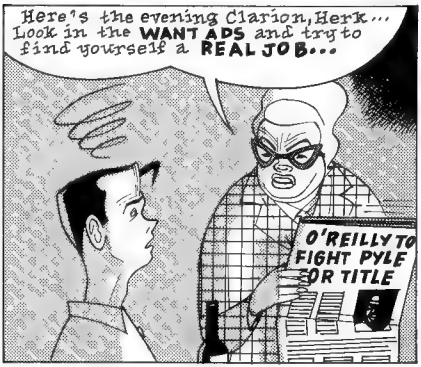


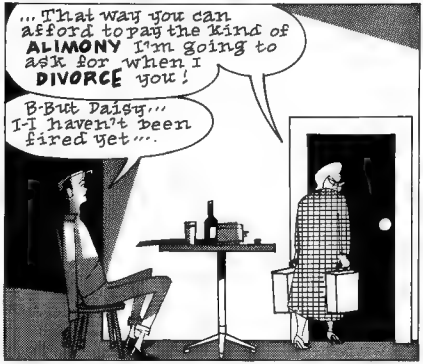


"Phunny Puss created by Charles Schneider"


That night...
That KLONDIKE... he's had it in for me ever since he became editor...
Oh well...things could be worse... I still have DAISY...
Wrong.

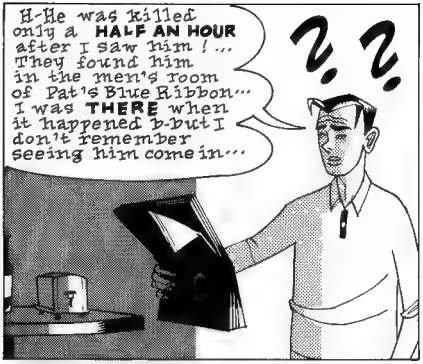

You DON'T have me Herk. Look at you... You're a LOSER... a HAS-BEEN! I CAN'T STAND the SIGHT of you!...you and your STUPID CARTOONS!!

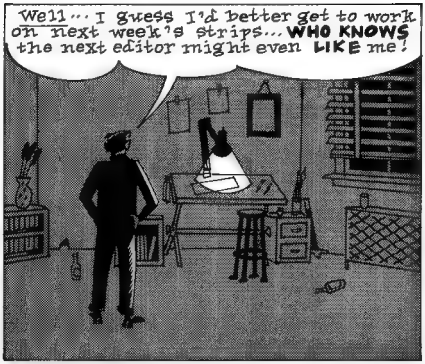

Here's the evening Clarion, Herk... Look in the WANT ADS and try to find yourself a REAL JOB...
O'REILLY TO FIGHT PYLE FOR TITLE

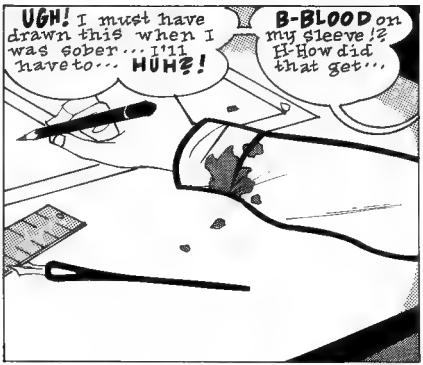

...That way you can afford to pay the kind of ALIMONY I'm going to ask for when I DIVORCE you!
B-But Daisy... I-I haven't been fired yet...

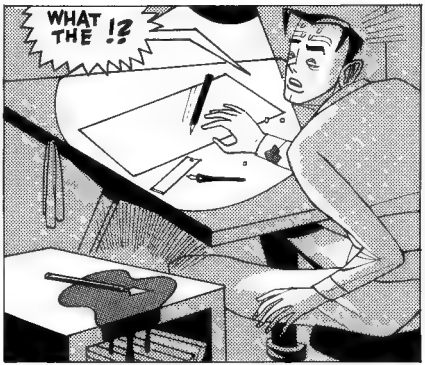
SLAM!
=Sniff= My WIFE...my JOB... What am I gonna DO? ... If only Mr. Klondike would give me some more time... if only... only...

WHAT'S THIS?
No... i-it CAN'T be...
EXTRA
the Evening Clarion
CLARION EDITOR FOUND DEAD
FLOYD EDITOR LOU KLONDIKE MURDERED IN MIDTOWN SHAKEUP
In memoriam

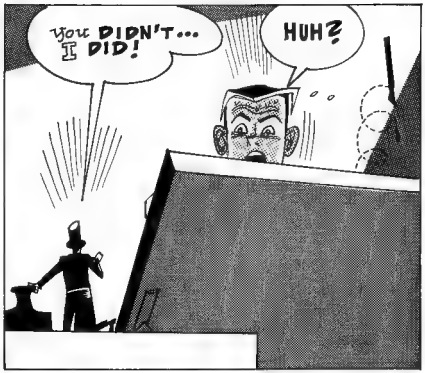

H-He was killed only a HALF AN HOUR after I saw him!... They found him in the men's room of Pat's Blue Ribbon... I was THERE when it happened b-but I don't remember seeing him come in...
?? ?


Well... I guess I'd better get to work on next week's strips... WHO KNOWS the next editor might even LIKE me!

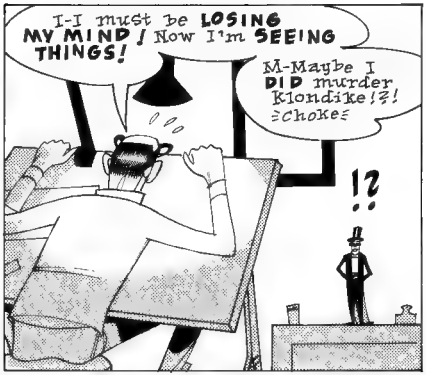

UGH! I must have drawn this when I was sober... I'll have to... HUH?!
B-BLOOD on my sleeve!? H-How did that get...

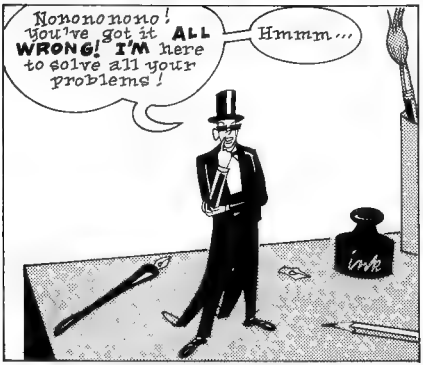

WHAT THE !?

K-Klondike was murdered by multiple knife wounds in his back in the men's room of a bar that I was at all afternoon... NAW... I-I COULDN'T have...

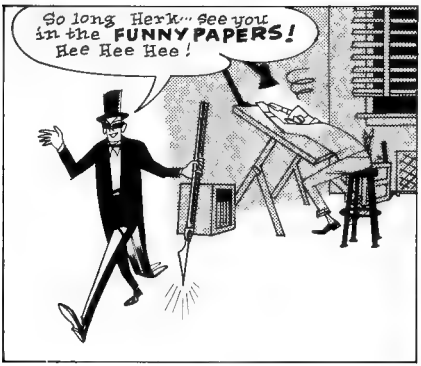

You DIDN'T... I DID!
HUH?

I can't POSSIBLY express what an HONOR it is to meet you sir!
w-w-what? Y-YOU?

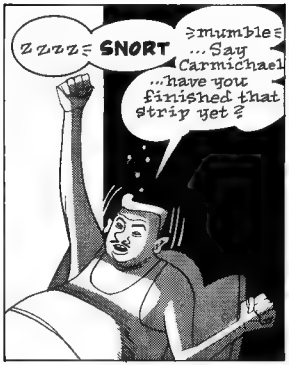

I-I must be LOSING MY MIND! Now I'm SEEING THINGS!
M-Maybe I DID murder Klondike!?! =Choke=
!?


Nononononono! You've got it ALL WRONG! I'M here to solve all your problems!
Hmmm...
ink

LET'S SEE... my next victim is to be "Phunny Puss" creator Gary Zigfield... No time like the present I always say...


So long Herk... see you in the FUNNY PAPERS! Hee Hee Hee!

Meanwhile, at Zigfield's studio, the popular cartoonist is hard at work putting the finishing touches on a Sunday "Phunny Puss" strip...
ZZZZZZZZ

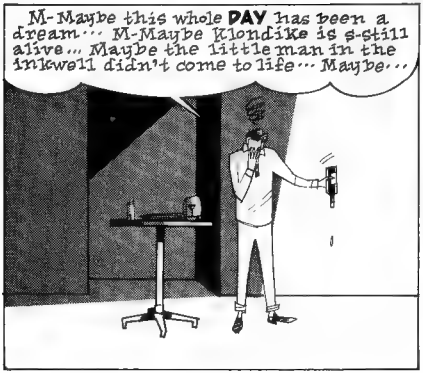

Z ZZZZ SNORT
mumble
...Say Carmichael ...have you finished that strip yet?

...CARMICHAEL?
Grumble ...
Assistants! They're never around when---

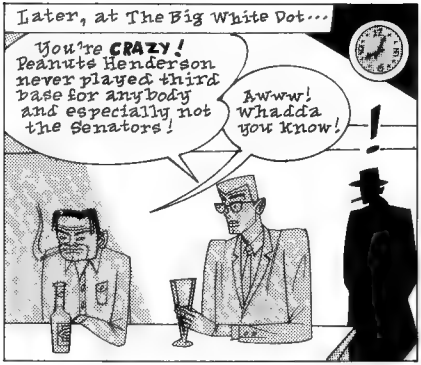
CRASH!
Oops!
?

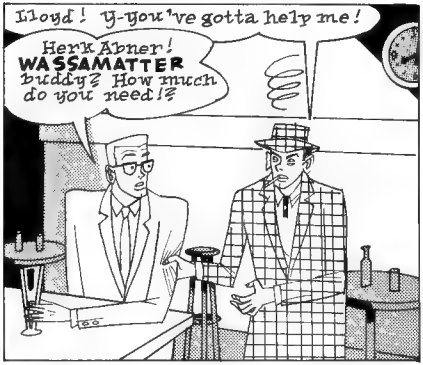
What on earth?...

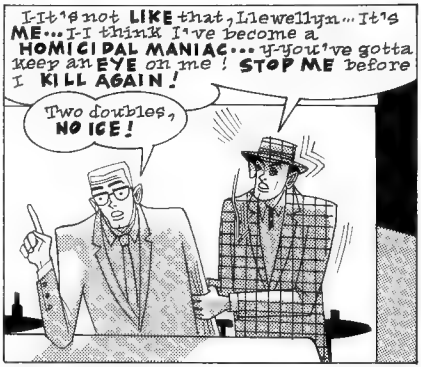
YAAAAAAAAAAAAA
W-W-W-what?...Oh... I was d-dreaming!

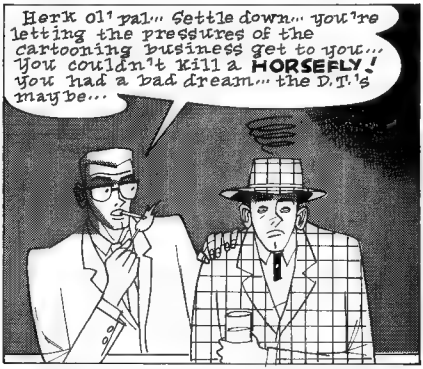

M-Maybe this whole DAY has been a dream... M-Maybe Klondike is s-still alive... Maybe the little man in the inkwell didn't come to life... Maybe...

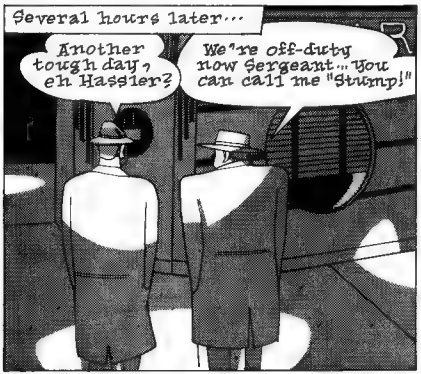
...I gotta get some air!...

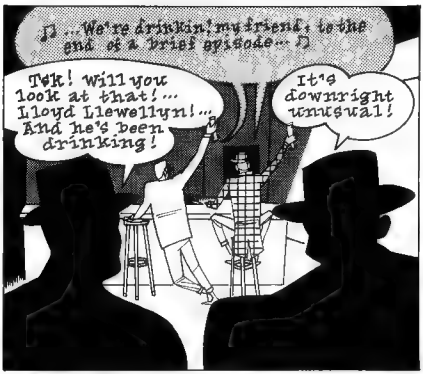

Later, at The Big White Dot...
You're CRAZY! Peanuts Henderson never played third base for anybody and especially not the Senators!
Aw-ww! Whadda you know!
!


Lloyd! Y-you've gotta help me!
Herk Abner! WASSAMATTER buddy? How much do you need!?


I-It's not LIKE that, Llewellyn... It's ME... I-I think I've become a HOMICIDAL MANIAC... y-you've gotta keep an EYE on me! STOP ME before I KILL AGAIN!
Two doubles, NO ICE!

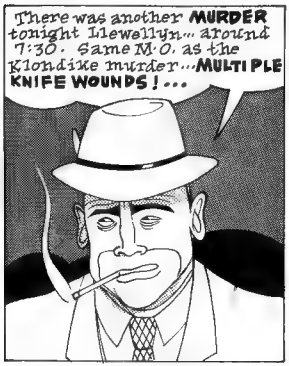

Herk ol' pal... Settle down... you're letting the pressures of the cartooning business get to you... You couldn't kill a HORSEFLY! You had a bad dream... the D.T.'s maybe...


Several hours later...
Another tough day, eh Hassler?
We're off-duty now Sergeant... You can call me "Stump!"

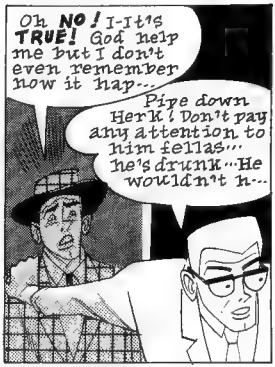

♫ ...We're drinkin' my friend, to the end of a brief episode... ♫
Tsk! Will you look at that!... Lloyd Llewellyn!... And he's been drinking!
It's downright unusual!

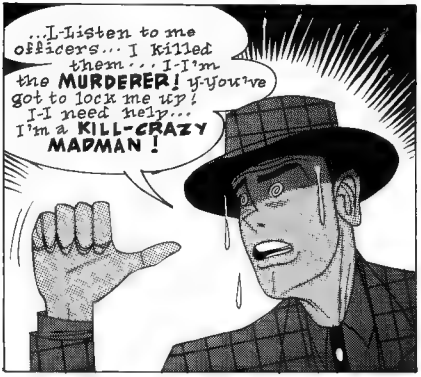
♪♪Make it one for my baby and one more for the ro- ...er hullo Red... Stump...
Evening Mr. Sinatra...

What are you boys doing here? This dump lose it's liquor license or something?
Actually, we came in to have a coupla drinks but maybe you KNOW something...
SARGE! This is Lloyd Llewellyn you're talkin' to!


There was another MURDER tonight Llewellyn... around 7:30. Same M.O. as the Klondike murder...MULTIPLE KNIFE WOUNDS!...

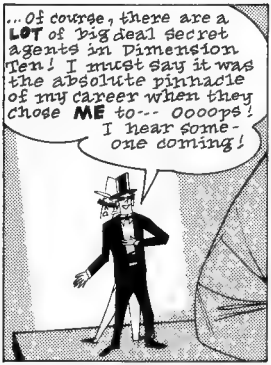
Some cartoonist named... what was it, Hassler?
Zigfield... Gary Zigfield!

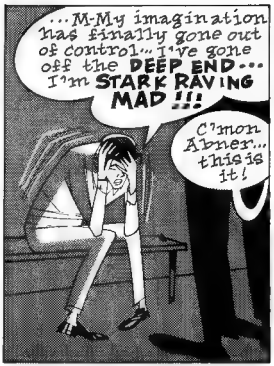

Oh NO! I-It's TRUE! God help me but I don't even remember now it hap-...
Pipe down Herk! Don't pay any attention to him fellas... he's drunk...He wouldn't h-...

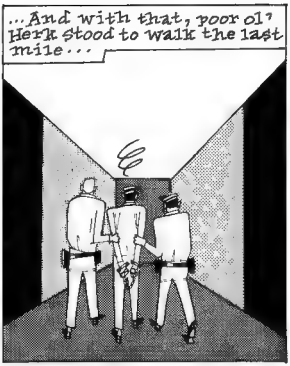

...I-Listen to me officers... I killed them... I-I'm the MURDERER! y-you've got to lock me up! I-I need help... I'm a KILL-CRAZY MADMAN!

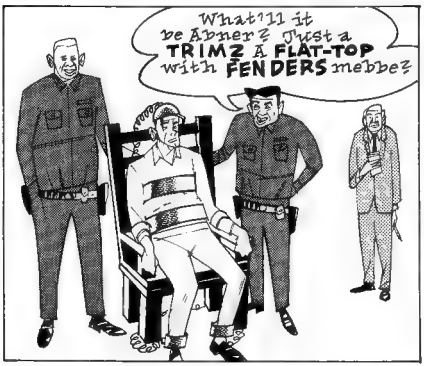
...That was the last time I saw ol' Herk. He went on trial but his lawyer didn't put up much of a fight ... seems they found his PRINTS on the MURDER WEAPON! Ol' Judge Whiteberry sentenced him to THE CHAIR!

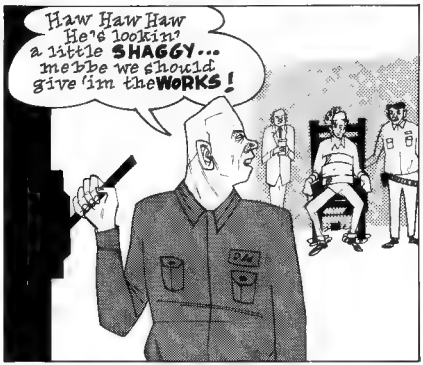
... So poor ol' Herk sat in a lonely DEATH-ROW cell waiting for FATE to make it's FINAL MOVE...
Hmmmph! Some last meal!... Ecccccch!
Oh no!
Hello there Herk!... I see you're in TROUBLE again!
Go away! You're not real! You're just a HORRIBLE FIGMENT of my TWISTED IMAGINATION!
POP!
Don't be ridiculous. I'm Johnny Xpjkxnx from Dimension ten. This is just a COSTUME.
Uh!? ...wuzzat?
...Dimension WHA?...
DIMENSION TEN Herk... That's where I HAIL from! Hee hee hee ... You're a worldwide HERO in Dimension Ten... EVERYBODY there follows your comic strip! It is our greatest source of HAPPINESS and INSPIRATION... I-I ≥sniff≤ I don't know WHAT we'd do if you stopped producing your masterworks... Our whole culture... everything... would FALL to PIECES! When we saw that you were having problems OF COURSE we had to help you! I may not LOOK like much but I'm a big deal SECRET AGENT in Dimension Ten! They made me dress like the little man in the inkwell in your HONOR. I hope you're not OFFENDED, Oh Great One... HEE HEE HEE!
Dimension 10
ROTARY MEETS TUESDAY
ABNERVILLE
POP
KIWANIS
ON THE
TOP


...Of course, there are a LOT of big deal secret agents in Dimension Ten! I must say it was the absolute pinnacle of my career when they chose ME to--- Ooooops! I hear some-one coming!


...M-My imagination has finally gone out of control... I've gone off the DEEP END... I'm STARK RAVING MAD!!!
C'mon Abner... this is it!


...And with that, poor ol' Herk stood to walk the last mile...

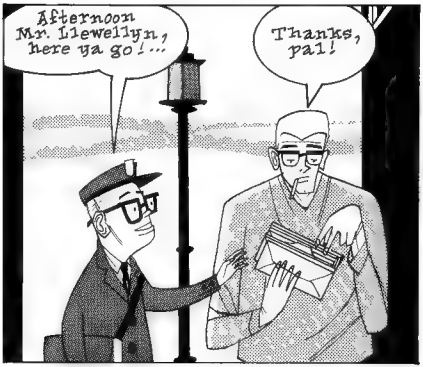

What'll it be Abner? J'ust a TRIMZ A FLAT-TOP with FENDERS mebbe?


Haw Haw Haw He's lookin' a little SHAGGY... mebbe we should give 'im the WORKS!

Even in the HOTSEAT ol' Herk remained cool. Almost TOO cool... According to reports the first jolt didn't do a THING for him. Then, all of a sudden...

WHAT THE? Is this SUPPOSED to happen?!!
O-of COURSE not... H-He DISAPPEARED!
!?

That's it. Plain and simple... Now people have been known to DISINTEGRATE during electrocution but THIS boy didn't even leave behind any ASHES!
Hiya Zippy!


Afternoon Mr. Llewellyn, here ya go!...
Thanks, pal!

Hmm... Occupant... Occupant... ≡groan≡ another chain letter... light bill... Occupant... phone bill... ≡mutter mutter≡

HUH? How 'bout that!

SUNNY
ABNERVILLE
ABNERVILLE PM 11 JUL 1 DIMENSION
CORRECTION DIMENSION TEN

That Herk... what a guy... We thought he was DEAD and here he is safe and sound in ABNERVILLE!... WAITAMINIT... Where the @#!# is ABNERVILLE? A-And how did he get there from DEATH ROW!? A-A-And--WAITAMINIT! D-DIMENSION TEN?! What the *@&#!! is... grumble grumble @##$#!..etc...
Fin

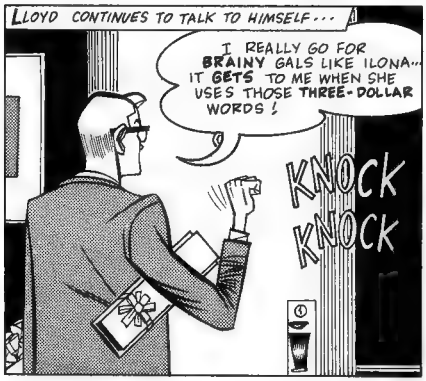
Lloyd Llewellyn

IF HARD-BOILED ADVENTURE IS YOUR BAG, THEN IT'S TIME TO COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL... WE ALL KNOW THAT LLOYD LLEWELLYN COLLECTS TROUBLE LIKE SOME PEOPLE COLLECT STAMPS, BUT IT'S NEVER BEEN LIKE THIS! YOU'LL HOOT! YOU'LL HOWL! YOU'LL ROAR WITH LAUGHTER AT THE NUTTIEST COMEDY OF ERRORS SINCE THE BARD PUT PLUME TO PARCHMENT...

LLOYD LLEWELLYN, EGGHEAD

IF I CAN LEARN TO THROW AROUND SOME OF THIS PHILOSOPHY GARBAGE I'LL HAVE ILONA EATING OUT OF MY HAND!

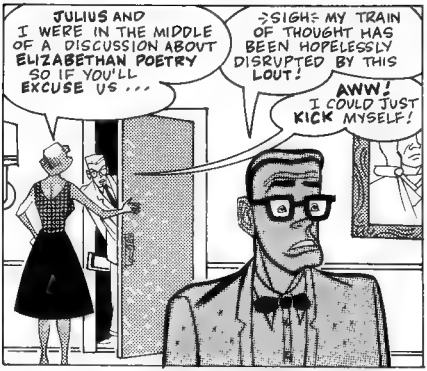
LLEWELLYN DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE'S BECOME A BALD-HEADED, TOP-HEAVY FREAK OF NATURE! HOW DO I BREAK IT TO HIM???



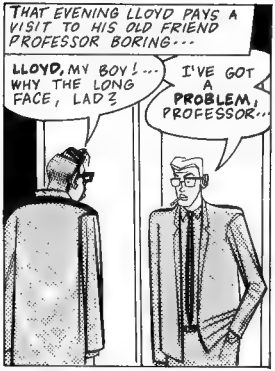
HIYA GORGEOUS! SAAAY... YOU'RE A FELLA!... WHAT IS THIS?!?!
ILONA! WHO IS THIS GENTLEMAN!?
LLOYD!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!?

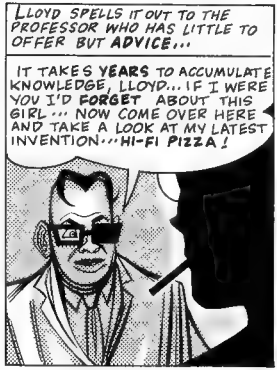
YOU AND I HAD A DATE TONIGHT... WHO'S THIS GUY... A FREELANCE CHAPERON!?
YOU LUMMOX! OUR DATE IS TOMORROW NIGHT!

TOMORROW... NAAH... I'M SURE IT WAS =
I DON'T MAKE MISTAKES!
PERHAPS YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THAT, CHERI... YOU MADE A DATE WITH HIM... N'EST-CE PAS?

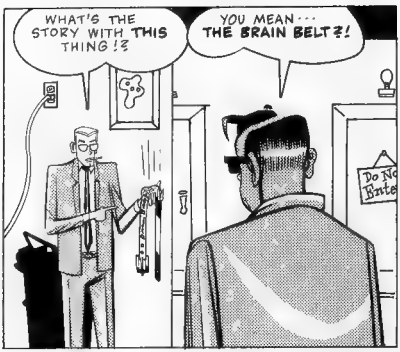

JULIUS AND I WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF A DISCUSSION ABOUT ELIZABETHAN POETRY SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US...
=SIGH= MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT HAS BEEN HOPELESSLY DISRUPTED BY THIS LOUT!
AWW! I COULD JUST KICK MYSELF!

SHORTLY...
=GRUMBLE= ILONA REALLY GOES FOR THAT STUCK-UP, FOUR-EYED FANCY-PANTS... IF I HAD HIS SMARTS SHE'D GO FOR ME...IN A BIG WAY! ...HMM... I WONDER...


THAT EVENING LLOYD PAYS A VISIT TO HIS OLD FRIEND PROFESSOR BORING...
LLOYD, MY BOY!... WHY THE LONG FACE, LAD?
I'VE GOT A PROBLEM, PROFESSOR...


LLOYD SPELLS IT OUT TO THE PROFESSOR WHO HAS LITTLE TO OFFER BUT ADVICE...
IT TAKES YEARS TO ACCUMULATE KNOWLEDGE, LLOYD... IF I WERE YOU I'D FORGET ABOUT THIS GIRL... NOW COME OVER HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT MY LATEST INVENTION... HI-FI PIZZA!

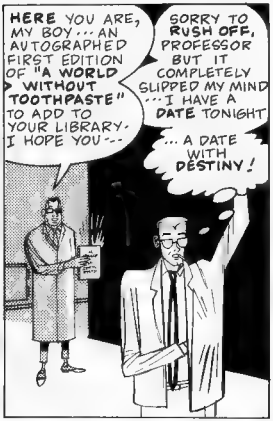
THE PROFESSOR GOES ON TO EXPLAIN SEVERAL OF HIS CURRENT PROJECTS IN SCIENTIFIC DETAIL...
...FISH NEED UNDERWEAR... YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I DO, LLOYD...
YOU BET, PROFESSOR!...
...YOU CRAZY, OLD SON-OF-A= HOLD ON...WHAT'S THIS!?
FAILED INVENTION BIN


WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THIS THING!?
YOU MEAN··· THE BRAIN BELT?!

IT'S NOTHING REALLY··· IT WAS MY INTENTION TO DEVELOP A WAY TO INCREASE HUMAN BRAIN CAPACITY··· I NEVER EVEN GOT AROUND TO TESTING IT ···SOMEHOW IT JUST DIDN'T SEEM VERY IMPORTANT···

SPEAKING OF IMPORTANT··· I HAVEN'T SHOWN YOU MY LATEST BOOK··· DON'T MOVE··· I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

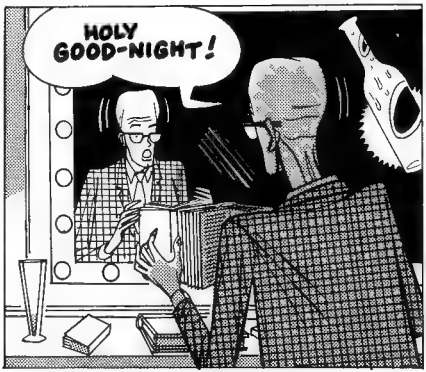
THIS BRAIN BELT JUST MIGHT BE THE ANSWER TO MY PROBLEM· I'M SURE THE PROFESSOR WON'T MIND IF I "BORROW" IT FOR A WHILE···

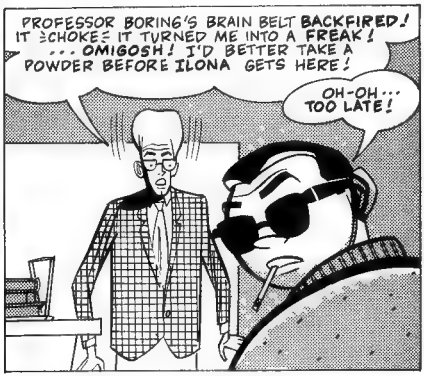

HERE YOU ARE, MY BOY··· AN AUTOGRAPHED FIRST EDITION OF "A WORLD WITHOUT TOOTHPASTE" TO ADD TO YOUR LIBRARY· I HOPE YOU···
SORRY TO RUSH OFF, PROFESSOR BUT IT COMPLETELY SLIPPED MY MIND ···I HAVE A DATE TONIGHT
···A DATE WITH DESTINY!

THAT NIGHT, AFTER READING THE INSTRUCTIONS ENGRAVED ON THE "BRAIN BELT···"
···IT SAYS I HAVE TO WEAR IT FOR EIGHT HOURS TO GET THE FULL EFFECT··· SAAAY! IT LOOKS PRETTY SHARP!
BM-1

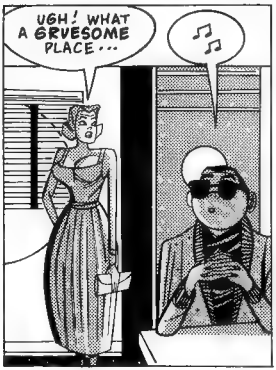
HEH HEH HEH! THIS IS TOO EASY! TONIGHT I'M A LLEWELLYN, TOMORROW I'M AN EINSTEIN!

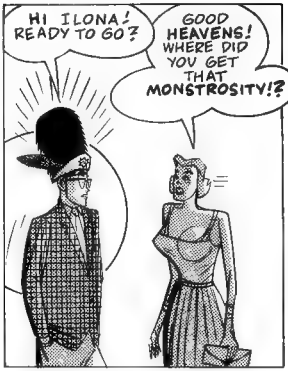
THE NEXT MORNING, A GROGGY LLOYD LLEWELLYN STUMBLES OUT OF BED . . .
HUH!? I DON'T FEEL ANY SMARTER! . . .
OMIGOSH!
THERE'S A CRACK IN THIS MIRROR!
WHAT AM I GONNA DO!? MY DATE IS TONIGHT AND I'M STILL STUPID! BRAIN BELT . . . HAH!
!
LATER, AT THE BIG WHITE DOT, LLEWELLYN DOES SOME LAST-MINUTE CRAMMING FOR HIS DATE . . .
SEE ERNIE . . . I WROTE THE NAMES OF SOME BIG-DEAL PHILOSOPHERS IN THE LINING OF MY TIE . . . CLEVER, EH?
LLEWELLYN! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT CHEATERS NEVER PROSPER!
I NEED ALL THE HELP I CAN GET! ILONA CALLED AND TOLD ME TO MEET HER HERE TONIGHT SO I WOULDN'T "DISTURB" HER AT HOME . . .
SHE'S GOT A THING FOR HIGH-BROWS AND I GUESS I JUST DON'T PACK THE GEAR . . . . . BUT I FIGURE MAYBE IF I . . .
SUFFERIN' SEA MONKEYS! WHAT'S WITH HIS HEAD!?
HEY! PUT YOUR EYES BACK IN THEIR SOCKETS . . WHAT THE @#&% ARE YOU STARING AT?!
EH . . . NOTHING . . . NOTHING, OL' BUDDY . . . Y-YOU LOOK FINE . . . FINE!
H-HE'S TURNED INTO A FREAK!


HOLY GOOD-NIGHT!

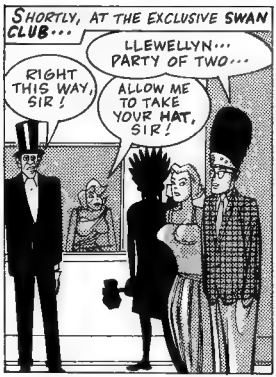

PROFESSOR BORING'S BRAIN BELT BACKFIRED! IT ≋CHOKE≋ IT TURNED ME INTO A FREAK! ...OMIGOSH! I'D BETTER TAKE A POWDER BEFORE ILONA GETS HERE!
OH-OH... TOO LATE!

≋GULP!≋ ILONA! COVER ME, ERNIE... I'M GONNA HIDE IN THE CLOSET!
HEY! WAIT!!


UGH! WHAT A GRUESOME PLACE...
♫ ♫


HI ILONA! READY TO GO?
GOOD HEAVENS! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT MONSTROSITY!?

WHAT? ...THIS HAT? EH...I WORE IT BECAUSE IT--ER--IT REMINDED ME OF SOMETHING THAT DESCARTES MIGHT HAVE WORN! HEH HEH! DON'TCHA THINK?
WHAT?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!


SHORTLY, AT THE EXCLUSIVE SWAN CLUB...
LLEWELLYN... PARTY OF TWO...
RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR!
ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOUR HAT, SIR!

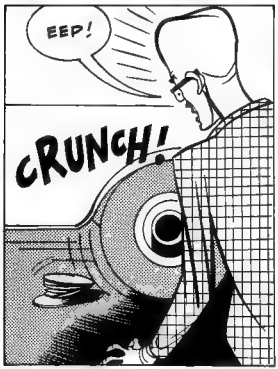
≋GULP≋ EH...YOU GO ON AHEAD TO THE TABLE, ILONA... I-I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU...

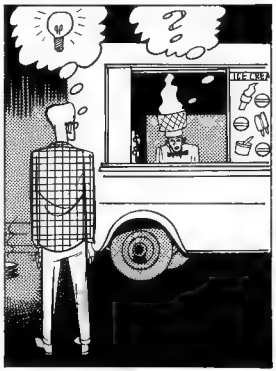
EH··· IT'S COLD IN HERE! I THINK I'LL KEEP IT ON FOR AWHILE!
SO! THERE YOU ARE··· HATNAPPER!
IF I WASN'T SUCH A LADY I KNOCK YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT!
WAIT! I CAN EXPLAIN··· DON'T!
JEHOSEPHAT! YOU'RE A FREAK!
≥GULP≤ WHAT DO I··
PUT IT ON MY BILL AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
SORRY ABOUT THAT, ILONA··· THE HATCHECK GIRL AND I GOT TO TALKING ABOUT ··· ER··· ARISTOTLE AND, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS···
WHY IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU WEARING THAT? DO YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING FUNNY?!
WHAT? THIS?
EXCUSE ME SIR, BUT THE MANAGEMENT REQUESTS THAT YOU RETURN THAT INDIAN HEADDRESS IMMEDIATELY!
OH OH··· THE OL' EGGHEAD'S GONE FROM FRYING PAN TO FIRE···
I'LL TAKE IT FOR YOU, SIR IF YOU'LL JUST··
≥ULP≤ I'M STUCK! ONLY ONE WAY OUT···
WHAT! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! WHAT KIND OF AN ESTABLISHMENT DO YOU RUN HERE!
IMAGINE! A WOODEN INDIAN MEANS MORE TO YOU THAN A LIVING, BREATHING CUSTOMER! C'MON ILONA··· WE'RE LEAVING!
H-HE'S A NUT!
EH, SIR··· IF YOU WOULD JUST··
NOW LOOK HERE, LAUGHING BOY··· YOU CAN TAKE YOUR STUPID INDIAN AND·· YOU'D BETTER WAIT OUTSIDE ILONA··· WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY WASN'T MEANT FOR MIXED COMPANY!

AS SOON AS ILONA GETS OUT OF EARSHOT, LLOYD MAKES A DEAL WITH THE BEWILDERED MAITRE D'...
NO! ...IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIS REAL HEAD...

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE CLUB...
I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE ME HOME RIGHT NOW... YOU'RE A KOOK!
TAKE YOU HOME!? BUT WE HAVEN'T EVEN:- GAAAAAHH!

IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL... IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE MENTALLY UNSTABLE AND, FOR ALL I KNOW, POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS!...I JUST THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU...YOU... LLOYD!?
mister Smoothee
SCREECH!

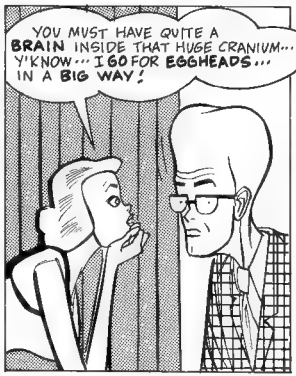

EEP!
CRUNCH!

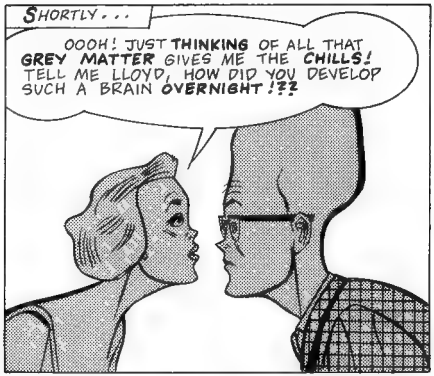

?

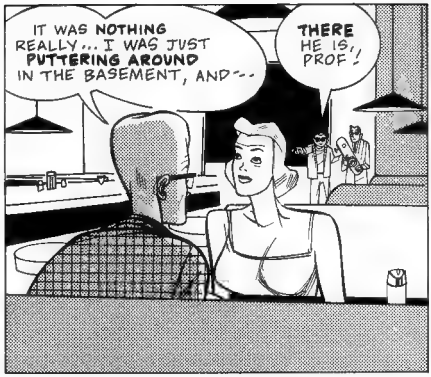
HEY ILONA! WAIT UP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING!?
THAT DOES IT!

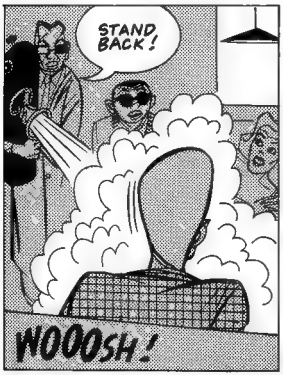
YOU LOST A BET... RIGHT?... IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? WELL I DON'T APPRECIATE BEING MADE A FOOL OF, LLOYD LLEWELLYN, SO:
WAIT ILONA! I-I GUESS I'D BETTER EXPLAIN...

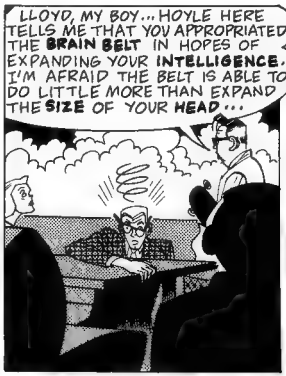
SHORTLY, IN THE REAR DINING ROOM OF THE LOCAL GREASY SPOON...
GOODNESS! THIS CERTAINLY EXPLAINS YOUR IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR!...


YOU MUST HAVE QUITE A BRAIN INSIDE THAT HUGE CRANIUM... Y'KNOW... I GO FOR EGGHEADS... IN A BIG WAY!

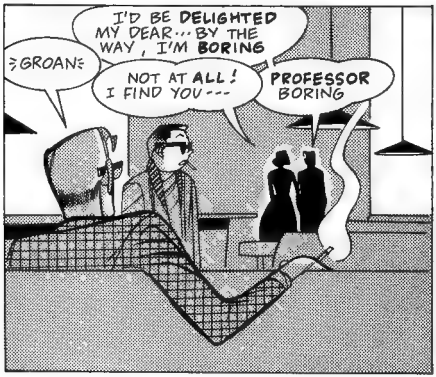

SHORTLY...
OOOH! JUST THINKING OF ALL THAT GREY MATTER GIVES ME THE CHILLS! TELL ME LLOYD, HOW DID YOU DEVELOP SUCH A BRAIN OVERNIGHT!??


IT WAS NOTHING REALLY... I WAS JUST PUTTERING AROUND IN THE BASEMENT, AND...
THERE HE IS, PROF!


STAND BACK!
WOOOSH!


LLOYD, MY BOY... HOYLE HERE TELLS ME THAT YOU APPROPRIATED THE BRAIN BELT IN HOPES OF EXPANDING YOUR INTELLIGENCE... I'M AFRAID THE BELT IS ABLE TO DO LITTLE MORE THAN EXPAND THE SIZE OF YOUR HEAD...

WOW! A REAL MAN!
EXCUSE ME SIR, BUT I'M FASCINATED BY WHAT YOU'RE SAYING AND, AS IT HAPPENS, I'M FREE FOR DINNER TONIGHT...


I'D BE DELIGHTED MY DEAR... BY THE WAY, I'M BORING
GROAN
NOT AT ALL! I FIND YOU---
PROFESSOR BORING

SOME TIME LATER...
THE WAY I SEE IT, LLEWELLYN, YOU GOT EGG-ZACTLY WHAT YOU DESERVED! IN FACT, THE YOLK IS ON YOU! HAW HAW! TAKE MY ADVICE LLEWELLYN, AND KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE UP! HAW HAW HAW HAW!
GROAN!
The End

ALOHA ... Hoyle speaking. Y'know, my pal Llewellyn is whatcha call a TROUBLE MAGNET ... The kinda guy who gets in OVER HIS HEAD once in a while. On those rare occasions when ol' Four-eyes bites off more than he can chew and needs a REAL man to pull his fat out of the fire we play by a DIFFERENT set of rules...
"ACCORDING to HOYLE"
By: Daniel Clowes
I hadn't seen Llewellyn for two weeks so I was the last to find out. The old boy was in TRACTION at St. Vincent's hospital. I got there right before visiting hours ended...
Come on, Dr. Sorehead... Let's KNOCK OFF early and get a coupla drinks...
What's the word on Llewellyn, Doc... it sounds BAD...
EXCUSE ME sir, but are YOU a doctor?!
I just...
If NOT, I suggest you leave the DIAGNOSIS up to QUALIFIED MEDICAL PERSONNEL! We're not interested in the AMATEURISH CONJECTURE of an UNEDUCATED LAYMAN!! COME ON, Dr. Nittpick... we've got SICK PEOPLE to take care of!
I pulled back the curtain. Llewellyn was wrapped for mailing from, like, head to toe...
C-can you hear me, ol' buddy?
.....Ernie.....
Who DID this to you, Llewellyn?
...zzzz...

I'm gonna GET the guy who did this to you, ol' pal, but I need your HELP... WHO WAS IT, buddy... WHO??

.....I-it w-w-w-w-was... R-Ron.....

Who?!
?

...Rondo...hn...

RONDO? WHO?... LLEWELLYN! Rondo

LLEWELLYN!
I'm sorry son, but you'll have to leave... visiting hours are over...

That was it. One word. There were probably a MILLION people in this town named Rondo... Okay, maybe not a million... I walked across the street to Fido's bar. An old buddy of mine did his drinking there. His name was NAPOLEON and he liked to keep his ear to the ground. For a cowpla ROUNDS he'd let just about ANYBODY pick his brain...
See that number over ther, Hoyle...
What about her?
Go buy her a drink.
Any particular reason?
She was Llewellyn's DATE last night!

It seemed too easy but I wasn't gonna complain.... Besides, she was Llewellyn's type... BREATHING!

Another beer, Fido... Evening Ma'am...

...Mmmf...

...Buy you a drink?

BUZZ OFF, SHRIMP!

But I just...

I MEAN IT... NOW!

Okay okay... GEE!

You made a SERIOUS MISTAKE last night, Byra

E-Excuse me?

?

SLAM!

You KNOW what I'm TALKING ABOUT!!

You're good at playing the DUMB BLOND... ain'tcha TRAMP!? I think it's time someone knocked some SENSE into that-

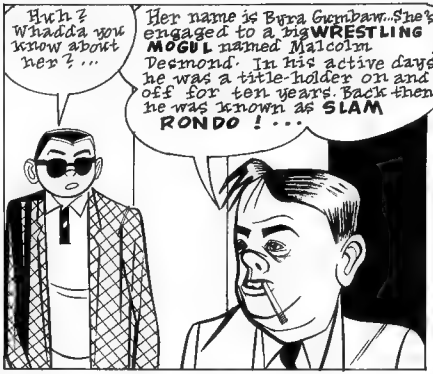
!

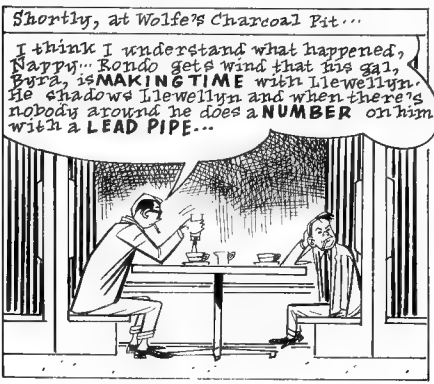
CRACK!

I-I don't know how to thank you... S-She might have KILLED me...

Aw-w... SHUCKS... It was nothin', Ma'am... you don't have to THANK me...

...But since you're OVERCOME with GRATITUDE I'll tell you what... HEY!
Save your breath, Hoyle... She's not about to stick around...


Huh? Whadda you know about her?...
Her name is Byra Gumbaw... She's engaged to a big WRESTLING MOGUL named Malcolm Desmond. In his active days he was a title-holder on and off for ten years. Back then he was known as SLAM RONDO!...


Shortly, at Wolfe's Charcoal Pit...
I think I understand what happened, Nappy... Rondo gets wind that his gal, Byra, is MAKING TIME with Llewellyn. He shadows Llewellyn and when there's nobody around he does a NUMBER on him with a LEAD PIPE...

...But he's not SATISFIED... He decides to teach his gal a lesson, only instead of doing it himself he sends one of his female wrestlers. She does the job and saves her boss a second ADW charge. Whaddya think, Nappy?
Huh?... Sorry Hoyle... I wasn't listening...

It turned out that Malcolm "Slam Rondo" Desmond was in production on a **PICTURE** featuring three of his female wrestlers. "Wrestling Women in the Dungeon of Doom" was strictly a no-budget, weekend deal. I went down to the studio to **NOSE AROUND** while I had the chance...

Hold it, pal... Got some **I.D.?**

GOSH! I must've left my wallet in my... eh... excuse me...

Studi 1A

@#&@! Where am I gonna...

Hi! I'm=

Yeah... yeah... Mummies to the right!

The crew was pretty small. A guy dressed as an ape was helping a werewolf set up the lights. Rondo surrounded himself with **HENCHMEN** and **WRESTLING WOMEN**...

DAVITT! I want to see those rewrites on my desk in **ONE HOUR!**

Hmm... Everybody seems pretty **BUSY**... My chance to **SNOOP AROUND** in Rondo's office...

Malcolm Desmond

Shortly...

Say... What's this...

WOW!

Boys... I'd like to see you in my **OFFICE** for a moment...

GULP!

I didn't dare move a muscle... If I could get out of this office in **ONE PIECE** I'd have enough on Rondo to send him up for a **LONG STRETCH** ... It seemed that he had been **FIXING** wrestling matches and I had my hand wrapped around a letter that all but **SPELLED OUT** the whole operation!

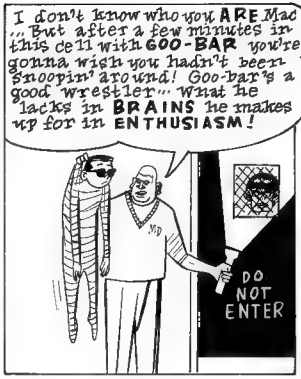
!

Troy... Did you pay off Reinhart's manager like I said? ...I don't want to see Starkey lose that **BOUT!**

Sure, Boss.

...REMEMBER... Not a word of this goes out that door... Understand?!
Yeah, Boss!
Sure...
Anything you say!
Mum's the word!
MD

@#@#&!
MD


I don't know who you ARE Mac ...But after a few minutes in this cell with GOO-BAR you're gonna wish you hadn't been snoopin' around! Goo-bar's a good wrestler... what he lacks in BRAINS he makes up for in ENTHUSIASM!
MD
DO NOT ENTER

BACK Goo-bar... Heh Heh... My only defense is this FLASHLIGHT... He's afraid of it... Heh Heh... too bad you don't have one!
C-Couldn't we discuss this like ADULTS? ..... no, huh?
I've got one slim chance...b-but it calls for the ULTIMATE SACRIFICE!
MD

Fifteen minutes later...
Did you TAKE CARE of the intruder, Goo-bar?

...Goo-bar?
MD

GOO-B-

The following morning...

I DID IT Llewellyn... I FIXED Rondo's WAGON BUT GOOD!

?

His BADGE

Listen Ernie, I don't know what you're talking about... let me tell you what happened... For the last few weeks I've been seeing a lot of this girl who just happens to earn her living as a wrestler... Swell gal but JEALOUS. Anyway... another promoter ... a guy named DESMOND pegs me for her manager and sends his girl BYRA out to SWEET-TALK me... wants my gal to THROW a match. I played along for laughs but I didn't bite... Byra decided she'd better turn on the STEAM...

All of a sudden, my gal Rhonda walks in and sees me a bit too close to this Byra chick. Before I can open my mouth she NAILS me with a HAYMAKER. That's about all I can rem-

EXCUSE ME Llewellyn... Did you say her name was RHONDA?

Yeah... that's right...

Not RondO but RhondA?

You rang?

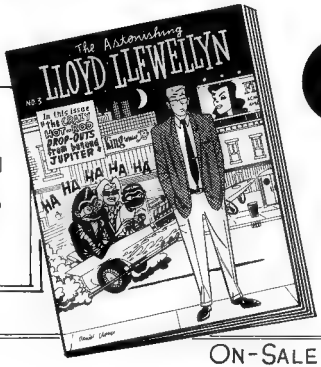
Later...

Ha Ha Ha... Here lies Ernie Hoyle ... Revenge is his middle name!

=Grumble= I'm thinking of having it changed ... to CHUMP!

end

Featuring
An ALL-NEW NOVEL-LENGTH ADVENTURE
3 TIMES the THRILLS!
3 TIMES the FUN!



BUY IT!

ON-SALE in MAY

Three BLUE Teardrops

[Dramatis Personae]

Lloyd Llewellyn
A human dynamo with something to prove.

Floyd Llewellyn
A heartbroken hillbilly with a two-dollar guitar.

Peggy White
A platinum blond with a gold-plated heart.

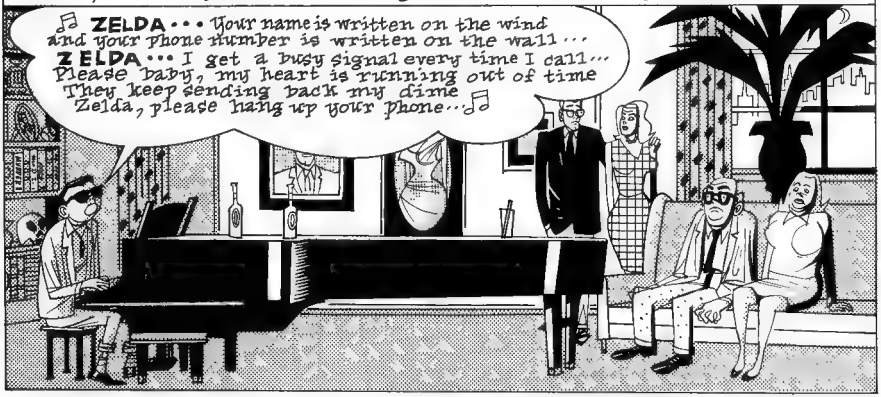
Les Moore
A show-biz tycoon with a chip on his shoulder.

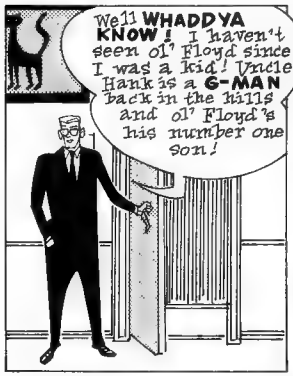
Ethel Montague
A hot, hot number with a cold, cold heart.

Ernie Hoyle
A pain in the neck with a bad haircut

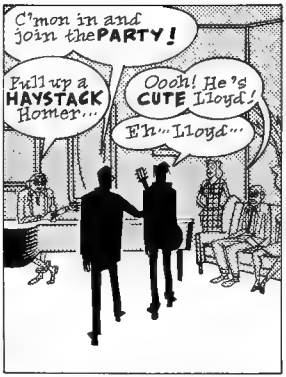
by: Daniel Clowes

Hello buddy. Accept my invitation to a small shindig at chez Llewellyn. Come as you are and come prepared with a set of **EARPLUGS** because, in case you hadn't noticed, Ernie Hoyle is "entertaining" us with one of his **SO-CALLED SONGS.**

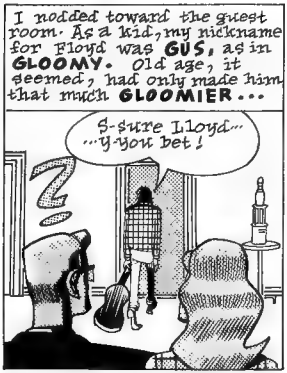



Well WHADDYA KNOW! I haven't seen ol' Floyd since I was a kid! Uncle Hank is a G-MAN back in the hills and ol' Floyd's his number one son!

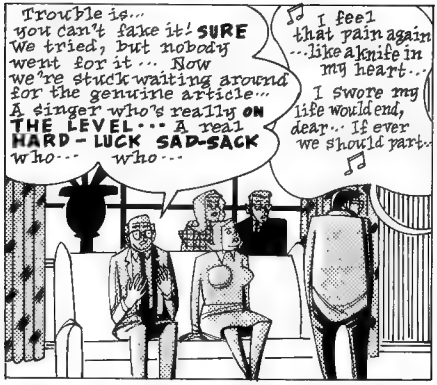
YE GODS! Can this long drink of water be my cousin?!
H'lo Lloyd...


C'mon in and join the PARTY!
Pull up a HAYSTACK Homer...
Oooh! He's CUTE Lloyd!
Eh... Lloyd...

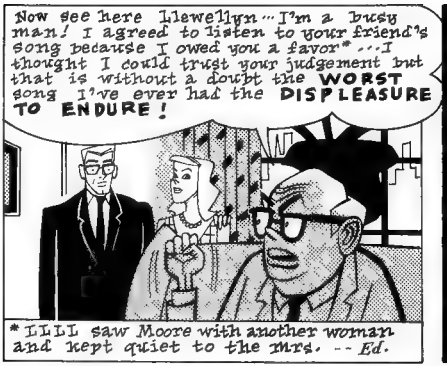
I-I don't mean t'be RUDE or nothin'... I-It's just that I'm awful TIRED an if'n y'don't mind...
Is everything OKAY, Floyd?


I nodded toward the guest room. As a kid, my nickname for Floyd was GUS, as in GLOOMY. Old age, it seemed, had only made him that much GLOOMIER...
S-sure Lloyd... ...y-you bet!

I shrugged it off and spent the next couple of hours listening to old man Moore BELLYACHE about the music business...
The public isn't buying UPBEAT music these days... The latest trend is MISERY Despair... loneliness--- THOSE are things we can MARKET!


Trouble is... you can't fake it! SURE We tried, but nobody went for it... Now we're stuck waiting around for the genuine article... A singer who's really ON THE LEVEL... A real HARD-LUCK SAD-SACK who... who...
♫ I feel that pain again ...like a knife in my heart... I swore my life would end, dear... If ever we should part... ♫

♫ Three blue teardrops fell silent to the floor... I won't live to cry teardrop number four ♫


Now see here Llewellyn... I'm a busy man! I agreed to listen to your friend's song because I owed you a favor* ...I thought I could trust your judgement but that is without a doubt the WORST song I've ever had the DISPLEASURE TO ENDURE!
*LLLL saw Moore with another woman and kept quiet to the Mrs. -- Ed.

I TOLD you he wouldn't go for it, Ernie... You owe me FIVE BUCKS!
We didn't SHAKE on it!

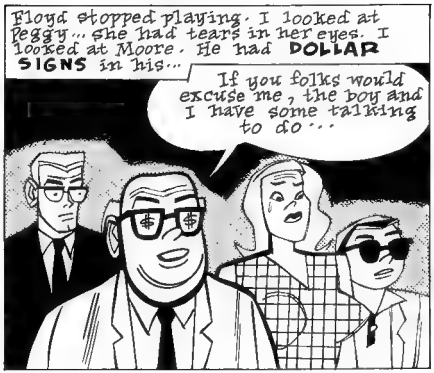
Oh for pete's sake... I-I'm sorry for being such a HOTHEAD Llewellyn... just EDGY I guess... the PRESSURES of the music business getting to me...

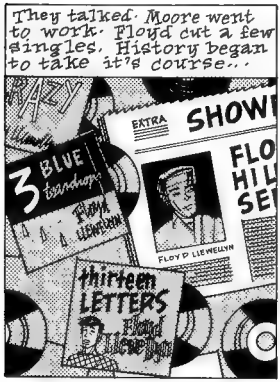
Sales are DOWN... Costs are UP The public is TIRED OF
SQUAWK!
Hold that thought, Moore!

What is it, Elmo?

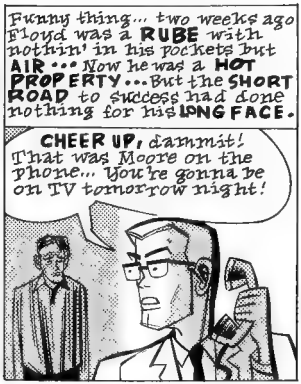
There's a rather SHABBY looking gentleman here to see you sir... Claims to be your cousin Floyd Llewellyn. Shall I have him ARRESTED sir?
Cousin Floyd?!

♫ Three blue t-...

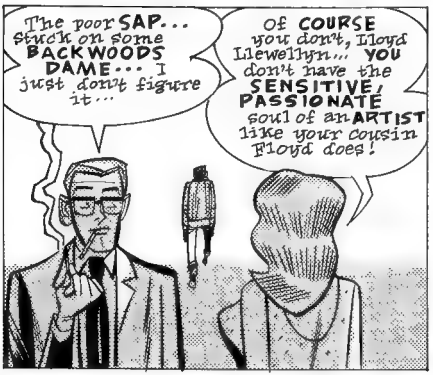

Floyd stopped playing. I looked at Peggy... she had tears in her eyes. I looked at Moore. He had DOLLAR SIGNS in his...
If you folks would excuse me, the boy and I have some talking to do...


They talked. Moore went to work. Floyd cut a few singles. History began to take it's course...
EXTRA
SHOW
3 BLUE
FLOYD LLEWELLYN
thirteen LETTERS
Floyd Llewellyn

Ol' Floyd played all the downtown CLIPJOINTS and really packed 'em in...


Funny thing... two weeks ago Floyd was a RUBE with nothin' in his pockets but AIR... Now he was a HOT PROPERTY... But the SHORT ROAD to success had done nothing for his LONG FACE.
CHEER UP, dammit! That was Moore on the phone... You're gonna be on TV tomorrow night!

I-I 'spect I OUGHTA cheer up... I-I came here to th' city so's I could forget about that TWO-TIMIN' ETHEL ANNE MONTAGUE... B-But her mem'ry still preys upon my mind a-and I guess I ain't NEVER gonna cheer up unless she comes back to me!...


The poor SAP... stuck on some BACKWOODS DAME... I just don't figure it...
Of COURSE you don't, Lloyd Llewellyn... YOU don't have the SENSITIVE, PASSIONATE soul of an ARTIST like your cousin Floyd does!

Tuesday night at 8 PM. Floyd made his national debut on "Lee Shackleford's Variety Hour"--a summer replacement for "The Far Out Ones" that showcased new and unusual talent...

And now, playing his brand new hit "Three Blue Teardrops"... the HILLBILLY SENSATION... FLOYD LLEWELLYN!!

♫

You've made it plain as day
That your love was never true...
You're the cheatin' artist
Who painted my heart blue...

♫

I can't go on alone, dear
I'm much too weak for that
Oh somewhere there's a grave, dear
With a welcome mat...

♫

♫

Three Blue teardrops
Fell silent to the floor
I won't live to cry
Teardrop number four

♫

CLAP CLAP

♫

The next night Floyd played a sell-out date at the Horseshoe Club. Backstage after the show he was farther down in the dumps than ever...

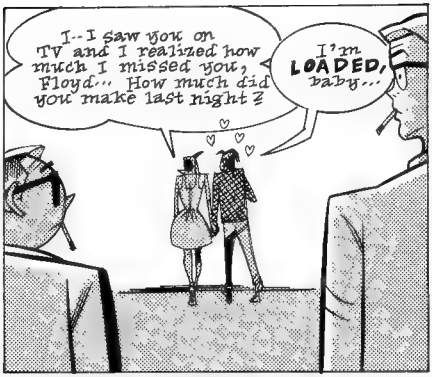
...Whaddya say, Homer?

Thanks just the same, Ernie but I don't want to meet no other gals--a-all I want is my s...

Floyd...DARLIN'!

...Ethel?...

Floyd honey...
Mmmmf Ethel...

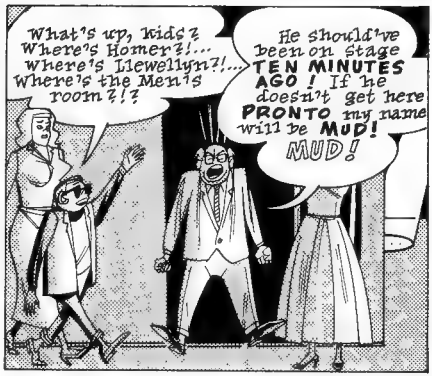

I--I saw you on TV and I realized how much I missed you, Floyd... How much did you make last night?
I'm LOADED, baby...

Later that week, at "the Big White Dot..."
That cousin of mine is TOO MUCH... He missed another session today...seems he had to buy Ethel an ENGAGEMENT RING!
A meatball eh?...Wotta BONEHEAD!

You two are the absolute LIMIT! Floyd is a talented and highly emotional creative genius! How dare YOU of ALL PEOPLE, Ernie Hoyle, call him a "Bonehead?!" ...and as for you, Lloyd Llewellyn...

SAY! It's getting late! I'm supposed to pick up Floyd before his big concert at Weatherbee Hall tonight! You two go on ahead and I'll see you later backstage...

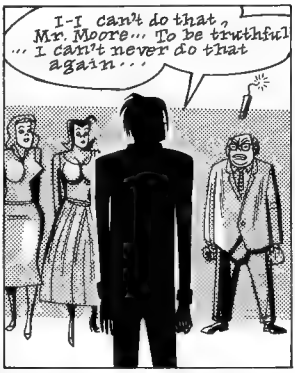
Backstage at Weatherbee Hall, Moore and Ethel Anne are a whole lot and not a little bit miffed at their NO-SHOW hillbilly sensation...
Grrr... When I get my hands on that SCRAWNY HAYSEED I'll...


What's up, kids? Where's Homer?!... Where's Llewellyn?!... Where's the Men's room?!?
He should've been on stage TEN MINUTES AGO! If he doesn't get here PRONTO my name will be MUD!
MUD!

We-e-e-e ll! Look who's here! I guess you decided to arrive fashionably late to our little PARTY ... Well that's just FINE ...

I certainly hope you didn't over-exert yourself! No? Go-o-o-od! good!...

NOW GET OUT ON THAT STAGE YOU POTATO-DIGGER!


I-I can't do that, Mr. Moore... To be truthful ... I can't never do that again...

Now LISSEN HERE, you EIGHT-BALL... Either you get on that stage RIGHT NOW or I'll see to it that you NEVER SING IN PUBLIC AGAIN!!!

That suits me just fine, sir...
Floyd?!?! Y-You're joking ain'tcha, honey ...right? ...joking?

Ethel baby... I sang them songs 'cause I was so sad ...I-It made me feel better when I sang about my troubles... b-but I ain't sad no more honey... y'see? I-I don't NEED to sing no more... Fact is, I CAN'T ...I'm just too durn HAPPY!

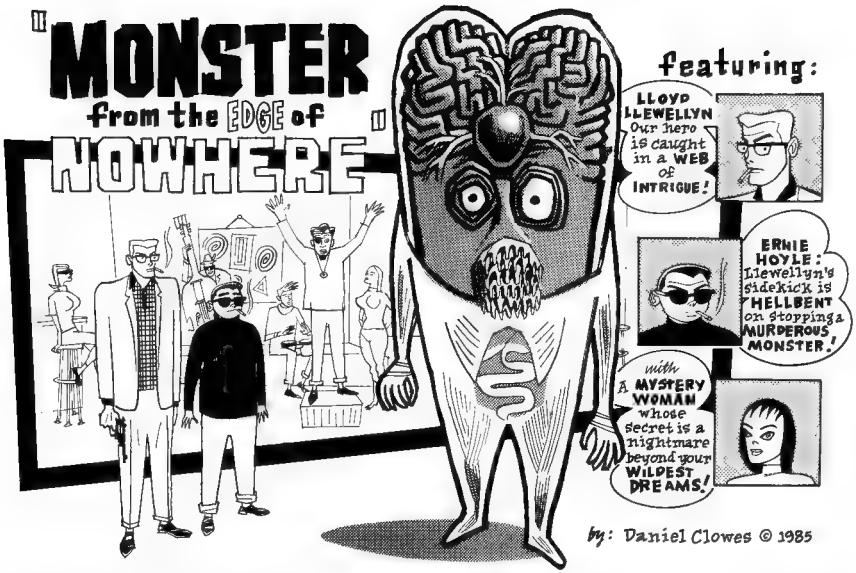
Well you and sweetie-pie here are gonna be laughing all the way to the POOR FARM, sonny boy. As of this moment, you're broke! Understand... B-R-O-K-E!

Why, that's okay Mr. Moore... Ethel and I... we don't need money, we've got LOVE... right Ethel?

...Ethel?...

=choke= ... Ethel? ...
@$@#!!&@! Where the #@#&@ am I gonna find a replacement NOW!? =grumble...=
You poor THING... How could she turn her back on you, the heartless VIXEN ...
Forget about her, Floyd... I-I find you terribly compelling ... I ...
Wait! FLOYD! COME BACK!
♫ Three blue teardrops ... ♫
=Sigh= ... Huh?
Moore! Hold it! If you want to sneak out the back exit, it's back that way!
No need to Llewellyn! Seems I was lucky enough to find a short-notice REPLACEMENT...a new act with a lot of POTENTIAL... Oh, and by the way...
OH NO!
ZELDA♫
...You owe Hoyle five bucks!
END

"MONSTER from the EDGE of NOWHERE"

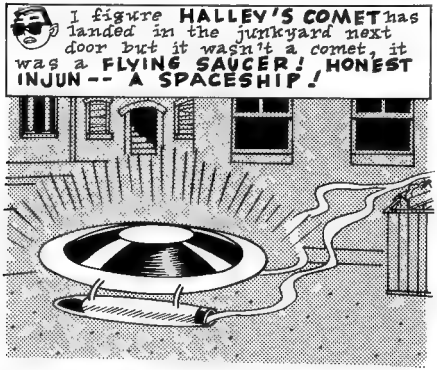


by: Daniel Clowes © 1985

...and he came out of the saucer and he had a HORRIBLE LOOK in his BLOODSHOT EYES and... ... LLEWELLYN!
Okay okay OKAY Ooh! My head!

LISSEN TO ME... I-I woke up about an hour ago and walked over to the window 'cause about this time every night the lady across the way gets, like, UNDRESSED and...

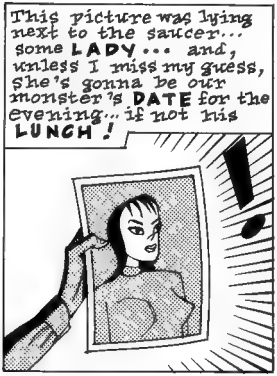
and I noticed this LIGHT in the sky and, all of a sudden, it gets like, BIGGER... REAL FAST... Next thing I know I can't see a THING even with my prescription RAY-BANS on!


I figure HALLEY'S COMET has landed in the junkyard next door but it wasn't a comet, it was a FLYING SAUCER! HONEST INJUN -- A SPACESHIP!

It sat still for awhile, then suddenly the door POPPED OPEN and out came the UGLIEST THING YOU EVER SAW... A MONSTER with BLOODSHOT EYES and a BIG, GIANT BRAIN and... and... and... YECCCCH!

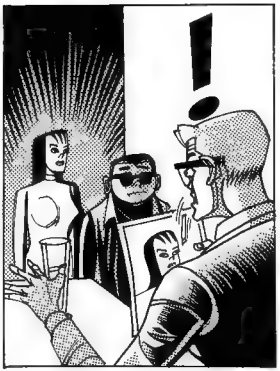
The ol' monster LOOKS AROUND for a minute, then he TAKES OFF like he's goin' on a HOT DATE... Leaves his spaceship RIGHT THERE

I gave him a few minutes and then I went down there to SNOOP AROUND...

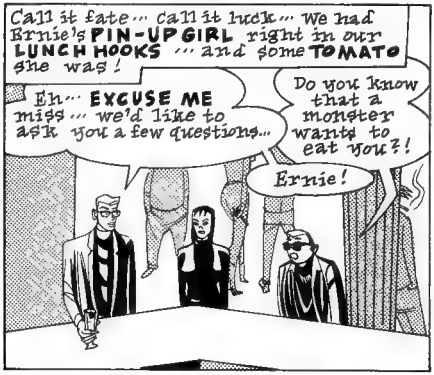

This picture was lying next to the saucer... some LADY... and, unless I miss my guess, she's gonna be our monster's DATE for the evening... if not his LUNCH!

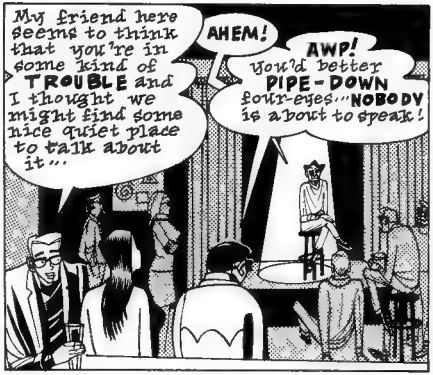
LOOK at her Llewellyn... she's got such an innocent face. We just can't let that monster RIP her LIMB from LIMB or TEAR her HEAD OFF or give her the CHINESE WATER TORTURE or:
Okay Ernie... OKAY... OOOH my head is POUNDING! Where can a guy get a DRINK at this hour?
There's only one joint open this late, but FORGET that... let's get back to the junkyard and look for CLUES!
Eh SURE! But I need a drink if I'm gonna be up all night chasing MONSTERS!
CLICK
Shortly...
HEY! What the @#!@ kind of a dump is this Ernie!?
It's no dump...it's CLUB NOWHERE run by NORMAN NOBODY... He speaks here every night on the subject of NOTHINGNESS!
Club NOWHERE
I was used to humoring Ernie, but he wasn't helping my headache any with his CONSTANT YAMMERING!
Hurry up with that drink, Llewellyn... TIME is of the ESSENCE!
Oh brother...
I wonder what that monster's doing right now ... BRRR...when I think of those BLOODSHOT EYES and that =/\
SHUT UP!
I've HAD IT with you and your STUPID MONSTER! Last week you said you saw a werewolf, it turned out to be a guy with a fur hat and a beard!! ...There are LOTS of people in this town with bloodshot eyes and a WHOLE LOT of them AREN'T MONSTERS!
I'm hurt, Llewellyn... I thought you were my PAL... I thought you had a sense of CHIVALRY... There's a poor, helpless girl out there who...
Okay! OKAY!

Okay... I'll help you Ernie... but what can we do at this hour? We don't have enough to go on... no NAME, no ADDRESS... just a blurry 8 by 10 of a---a--


!

Of a what?
Turn around buddy boy... real slow...
?

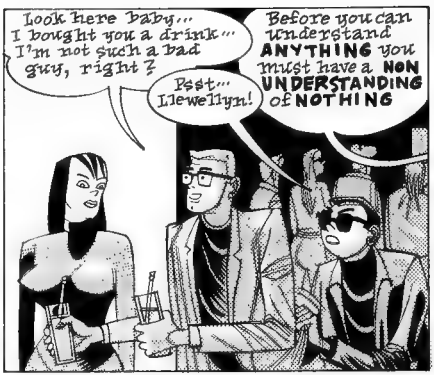

Call it fate... call it luck... We had Ernie's PIN-UP GIRL right in our LUNCH HOOKS ... and some TOMATO she was!
Eh... EXCUSE ME miss... we'd like to ask you a few questions...
Do you know that a monster wants to eat you?!
Ernie!


My friend here seems to think that you're in some kind of TROUBLE and I thought we might find some nice quiet place to talk about it...
AHEM!
AWP!
You'd better PIPE-DOWN four-eyes... NOBODY is about to speak!

It's gettin' kinda NOISY in here... Whadd-ya say we go for a little walk?
Welcome to NOWHERE ...I am NOBODY and NEITHER ARE YOU!

...No one can be NO ONE before they understand the NON-CONCEPT of NOTHINGNESS! However, an understanding of nothing is a betrayal of EVERYTHING IT STANDS FOR!

I had to hand it to Nobody... In a room full of NUTS he was the KING PISTACHIO!
Some words, eh brother Llewellyn!
Grumble: Hey SWEETHEART... how 'bout two... lessee... two "White Zombies"
DRINKS
Devil Bat ... $1.25
White Zombie ... $1.25
Brooklyn Gorilla $4.00


Look here baby... I bought you a drink... I'm not such a bad guy, right?
Psst... Llewellyn!
Before you can understand ANYTHING you must have a NON UNDERSTANDING of NOTHING

GLUG GLUG GLUG
Llewellyn!
Not NOW Ernie... Get lost, huh?!
Learn to lose interest... Remember to FORGET!...

Shortly... outside Club Nowhere...
"Not now, Ernie..." "Get lost, Ernie..." GRRR... I'll show that Llewellyn!!

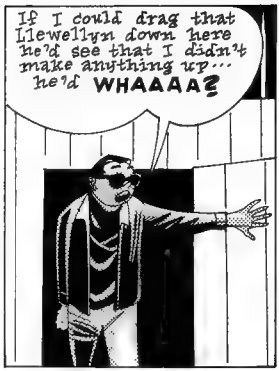
I'll get that monster MYSELF... That'll teach that CRUMMY EXCUSE for a GUMSHOE to treat me like a... a
HEllo! What's this!

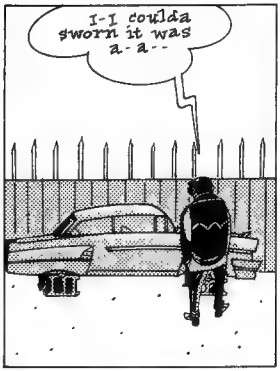
JACKPOT!

Steady, Hoyle old man... N-No-N-Nothing t-to b-be f-f-frightened of...

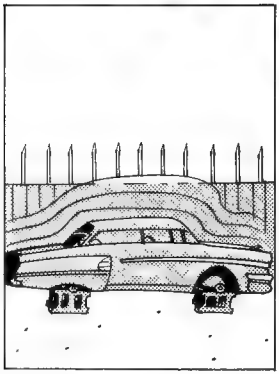
Attention Monster! This is a CITIZEN'S ARREST! Do not attempt to... ULK
Who are you calling a monster ...SHRIMP!

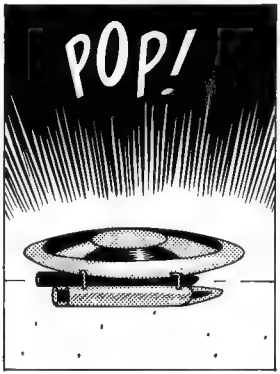
One severe beating later...
I'll take another look at the saucer...maybe I'll see something I, like, MISSED!


If I could drag that Llewellyn down here he'd see that I didn't make anything up... he'd WHAAAA?


I-I coulda sworn it was a-a--

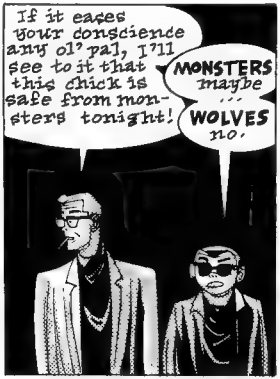
=Grumble=



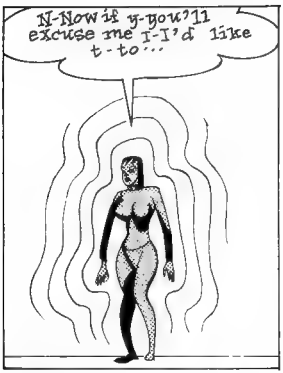

POP!

Back at the Club, your humble protagonist's luck appears to have CHANGED
You sir, are not uninteresting. Your nothingness is SURPRISINGLY PROFOUND!
Er... yeah...
WAITAMINIT

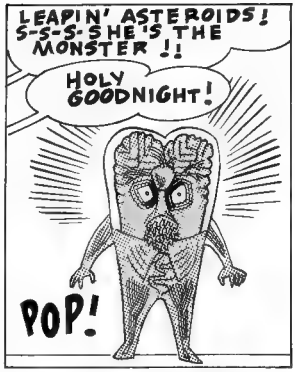
Is that good or bad ?? WAIT... Come back!
Cool your jets, Casanova... She's only goin' to the LADIES ROOM

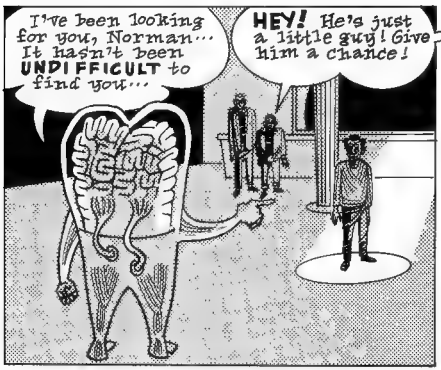

If it eases your conscience any ol' pal, I'll see to it that this chick is safe from monsters tonight!
MONSTERS maybe ...
WOLVES no.

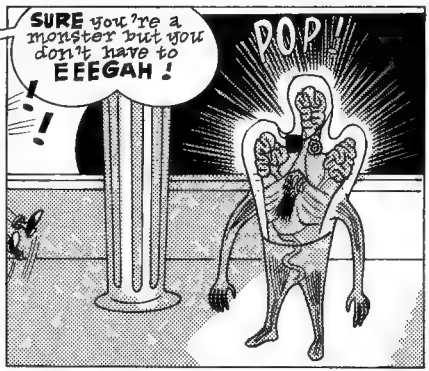
Those drinks have ... AFFECTED me... usually it takes... MUCH LONGER before I... feel this way.
Some swinger, eh pal ?
WINK WINK


N-Now if y-you'll excuse me I-I'd like t-to...

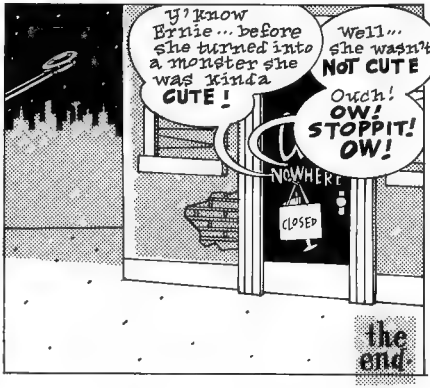
...t-to change into s-something more comfortable...


LEAPIN' ASTEROIDS! S-S-S-SHE'S THE MONSTER !!
HOLY GOODNIGHT!
POP!


I've been looking for you, Norman... It hasn't been UNDIFFICULT to find you...
HEY! He's just a little guy! Give him a chance!


SURE you're a monster but you don't have to EEEGAH!
POP!

Come back with me darling... your NON-THEORIES wasted on these NON-ENTITIES!
=sign= You're NOT WRONG as usual, my dear...


Y'know Brnie... before she turned into a monster she was kinda CUTE!
Well... she wasn't NOT CUTE
Ouch! OW! STOPPIT! OW!
NOWHERE
CLOSED
the end

LLOYD LLEWELLYN

"Welcome to my world. A floating chunk of dirt that I have to share with 4 billion **MANIACS**. It's an **UGLY** world where **VIOLENCE** is the **RULE** rather than the **EXCEPTION**... Sound anything like your world? What? You say that words like "violence" **OFFEND** you? Well the way I see it you've got two choices: Either you can bolt your door and watch the mad parade through your **KEYHOLE** or you can come down off your **HIGH HORSE** and get back in the cage with the rest of us **MONKEYS!** **THAT'S** right... Now lock the door and throw away the key because it doesn't matter which side of the bars you're on anymore. There is a **NEW BREED** and their world makes ours look like a **FUNHOUSE!** Keep your back to the wall and don't drop your guard and you might be lucky. If you think you can play the game by their rules you'd better be as **MEAN** as they are... and as crazy. Or you'll be **DEAD**."

"the CRAZY HOT-ROD DROP-OUTS from beyond JUPITER"

by: Daniel Gillespie Clowes

...It's Thursday night. Young comedian **FRECKLES HECKLEBLATT** plays before a sparse crowd at the Biscayne room. We've waited until Mr. Heckleblatt's routine was all but over before we started. You'll thank us later...

...That reminds me of the frustrated **SECOND-STORY MAN**... Everywhere he went --- **RANCH HOUSES!**

THANK YOU! You've been a **GREAT AUDIENCE... GOOD NIGHT!**

BOO!

BOO!

ZZZ

You **STINK!**

HA HA HA HA

MORE! MORE! HA HA! Those jokes get funnier everytime!

You can take out your **EAR-PLUGS** now, Argie... That creep finally **SHUT** his **TRAP** ...Those alleged jokes of his were about as funny as a **WRENCHED ANKLE!**

What are **YOU... A COMEDY EXPERT?**

No, but your **TAILOR** sure is! What's with you, kid?

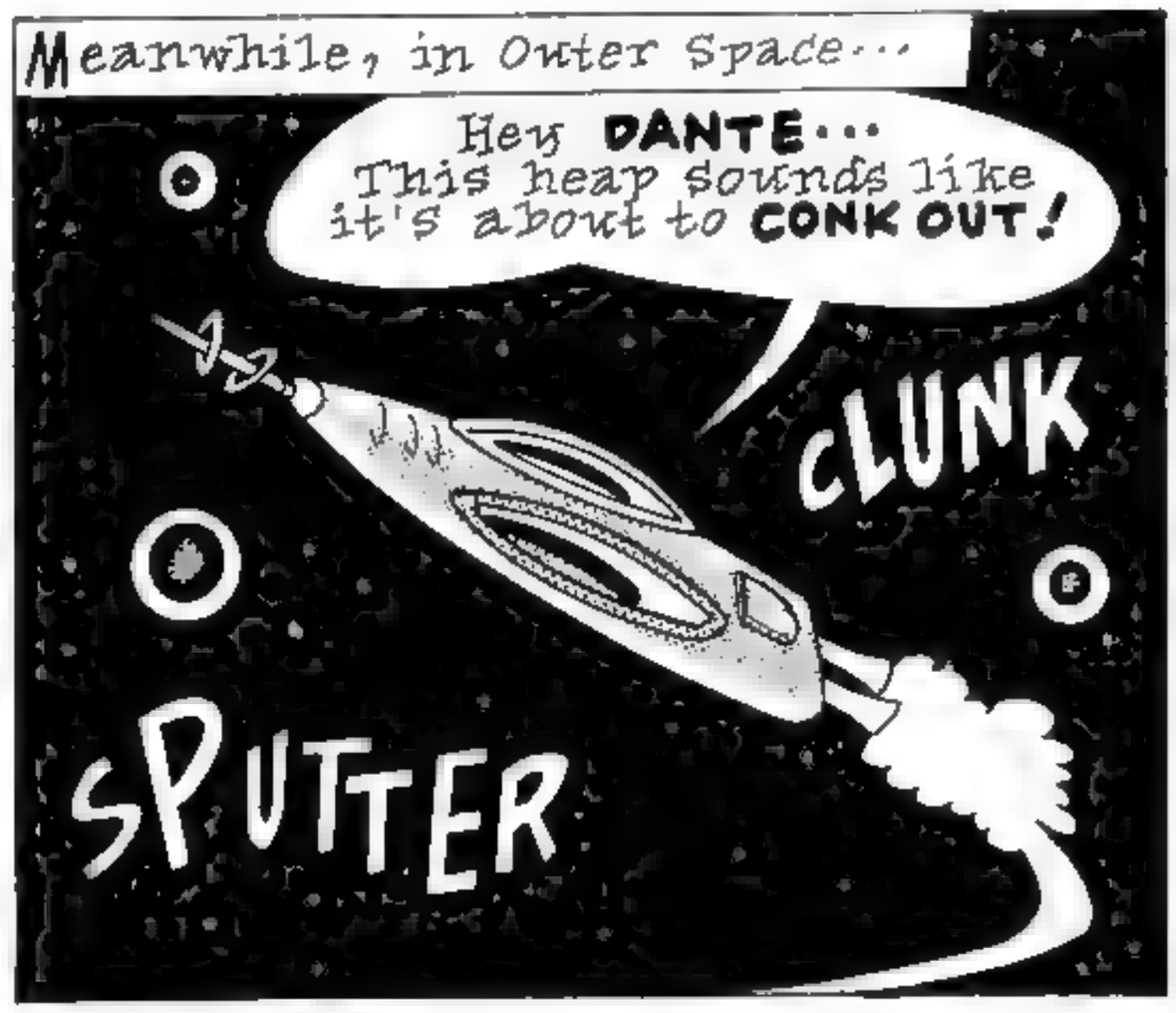
You can't talk to **ME** like that... I'm **JACKIE MAZUMA**...the **RICHEST** boy in the **WORLD!**

Jackie...

FRECKLES! Great show...just great! Hey! tell me that one again -- about the **BURGLAR**--

Here's the **TAG LINE**, Jackie... I'm in trouble... I need another **LOAN**...

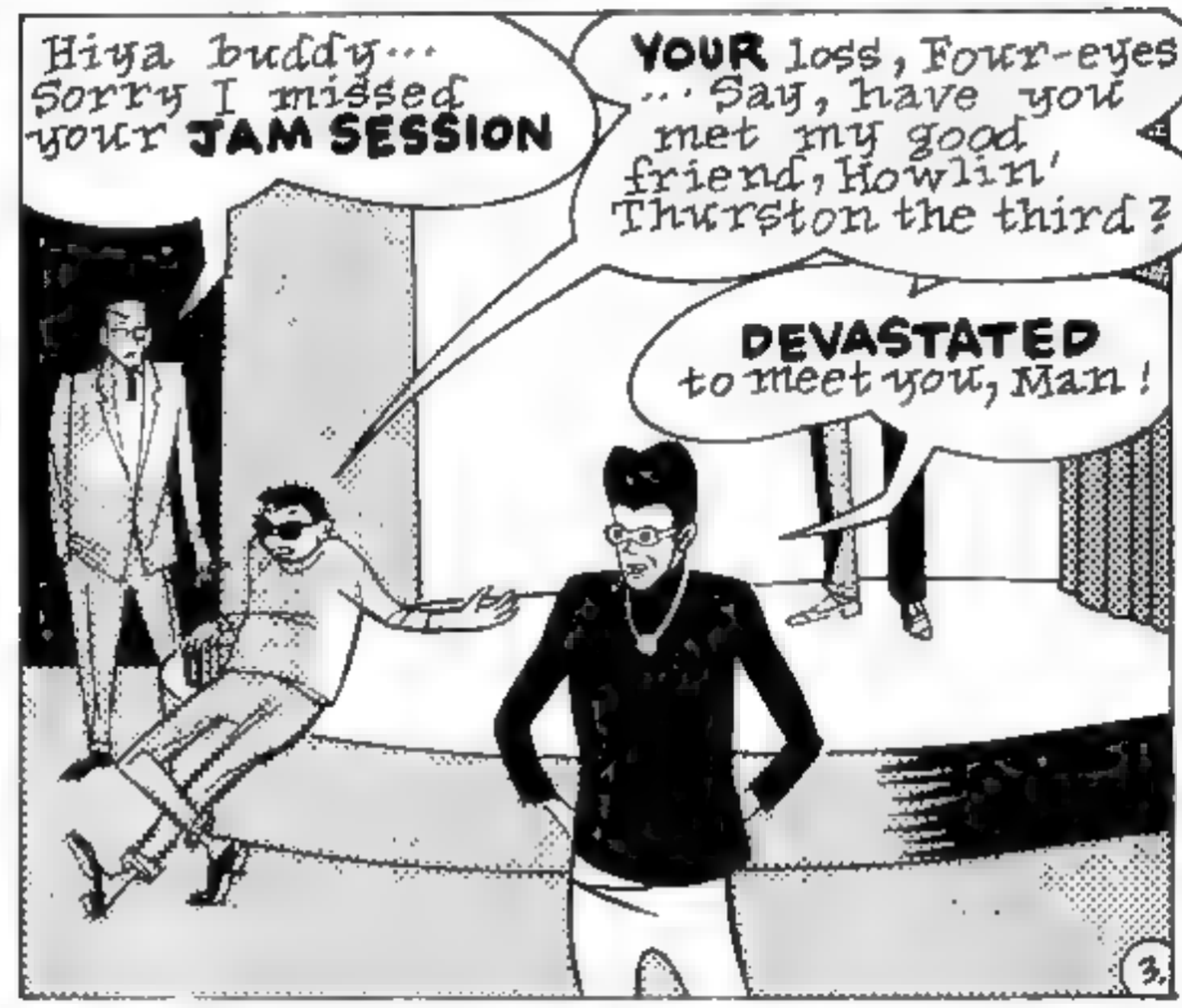
PLEASE Jackie.. You GOTTA--
I HATE to INTERUPT you, Freckles... but I feel it's IMPERATIVE that we have a little CONFAB at this time... IN PRIVATE!
WHAP!


Meanwhile, in Outer Space...
Hey DANTE... This heap sounds like it's about to CONK OUT!
CLUNK
SPUTTER

©#&$! We're almost outta JUICE! We better make a PIT STOP at the next exit!
This joyride was gettin' OLD anyways!
The next planet on this route is Earth... ...Waitaminit! Doesn't HOWLIN' THURSTON the THIRD come from Earth?!
Space Map

WAAAHAHAHA! HOWLIN' THURSTON? He's the GONEST SINGER in the GALAXY!
...A WILD MAN! Put this bomb in HIGH GEAR, Leadfoot! Let's GO-O-O-O!

At that very moment...
..Thanks for letting me sit in with you and your boys, Thurston..
The pleasure has been ALL MINE, Ernest... You play a VICIOUS set of bongos!


Hiya buddy... Sorry I missed your JAM SESSION
YOUR loss, Four-eyes ... Say, have you met my good friend, Howlin' Thurston the third?
DEVASTATED to meet you, Man!

The following evening...

Good evening Ladies and **GERMS** ...I'm Freckles Heckleblatt, Harvard '49 ... Yale nothing! **HA HA HA...**

the Caravan

Tonight! HOWLIN' THURSTON the 3rd LIVE ON STAGE PLUS: FRECKLES HECKLEBLAT

HOTE

HA HA HA

...Yale nothing" ...oh brother...

HA HA Y'know, I feel like doing something **JAZZY** tonight ...like painting **SHORTS** on **STATUES!**

BOOO

GROAN

HA HA HA I suppose you folks have heard about the **ARMY DOG** that got a **TREE** day pass...

Hey buddy, got a light...?

NO, huh? Then how about the beatnik cannibal...

TAP TAP

...He eats **THREE SQUARES** a day!

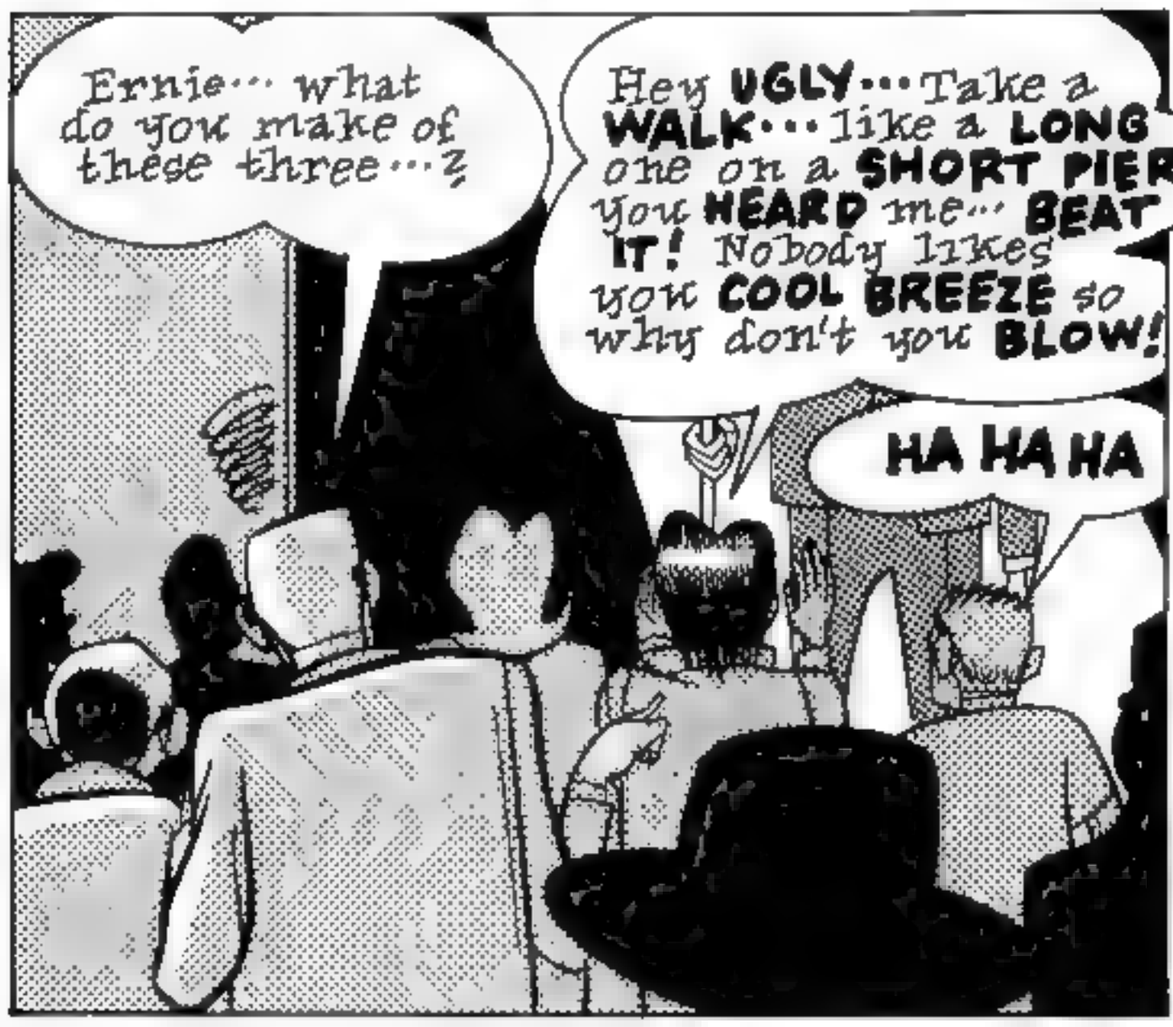
Y'know, a **FUNNY THING** happened to me on the way to the show tonight...

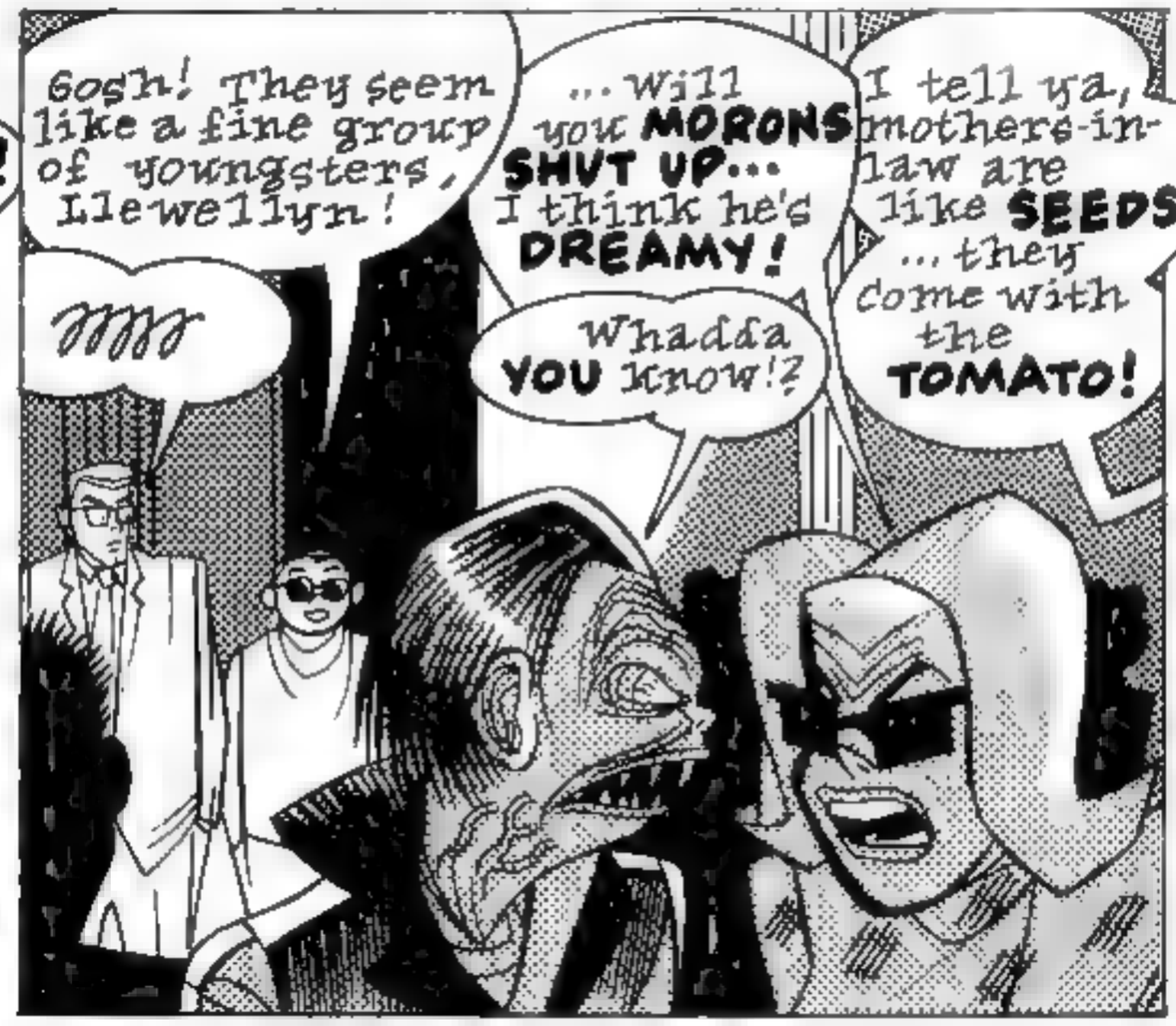
HA HA HA

SSSSSS

G-Gulp!
HA HA HA
...I was driving here in the FOG... I couldn't see a thing...

HIYA Llewellyn!
GAAH!
Glad you made it, buddy... that Thurston's a PAL to give us free passes! Where's the bar?
It turned out my HOOD was open! HA HA!


Ernie... what do you make of these three...?
Hey UGLY... Take a WALK... like a LONG one on a SHORT PIER! You HEARD me... BEAT IT! Nobody likes you COOL BREEZE so why don't you BLOW!
HA HA HA


Gosh! They seem like a fine group of youngsters, Llewellyn!
...Will you MORONS SHUT UP... I think he's DREAMY!
I tell ya, mothers-in-law are like SEEDS ...they come with the TOMATO!
Whadda YOU know!?

...Say Ern, got a match?
...He's a TIGER... I WANT him ...I NEED him ...I GOTTA HAVE HIM...
G'night Miss Calabash, wherever you are... and g'night Christine Jorgenson... WHATever you are!

Sorry Llewellyn
:Groan: It's almost enough to make a guy quit smoking!
Here you go, pal.
BOO
BOO
GOOD RIDDANCE!
BOO

?...
Thanks, friend!
Keep 'em.
AND NOW ladies and gentlemen...The MAN you've ALL BEEN WAITING FOR... THE ONE... THE ONLY... HOWLIN' THURSTON THE THIRD!!

I lit up and listened to Howlin' Thurston howl for a while... Can't say I remember much of it ... WHAT was WITH these three kids anyway... and WHY were they SO BLAMED UGLY!?!
WAAAHH BAY-BEE I'm a LO-O-O-OVE ZOMBIE...
YEAH!

Later that night...
zzzzz
RING RING

..Mglkb?...
LLEWELLYN!? Is that YOU? It's HOERRING!

Huh?... Wuzzat?... Hoerring?
Sober up, Llewellyn ...There's been a MURDER! ... Freckles Heckleblatt was found in an alley behind the Carousel room with a SLUG in his FOREHEAD!

The killer shot him POINT BLANK... ZEROED it in right between his HORNS ...Hoyle tells me you were there tonight Llewellyn ...See anything... you know... SUSPICIOUS?
GULP!

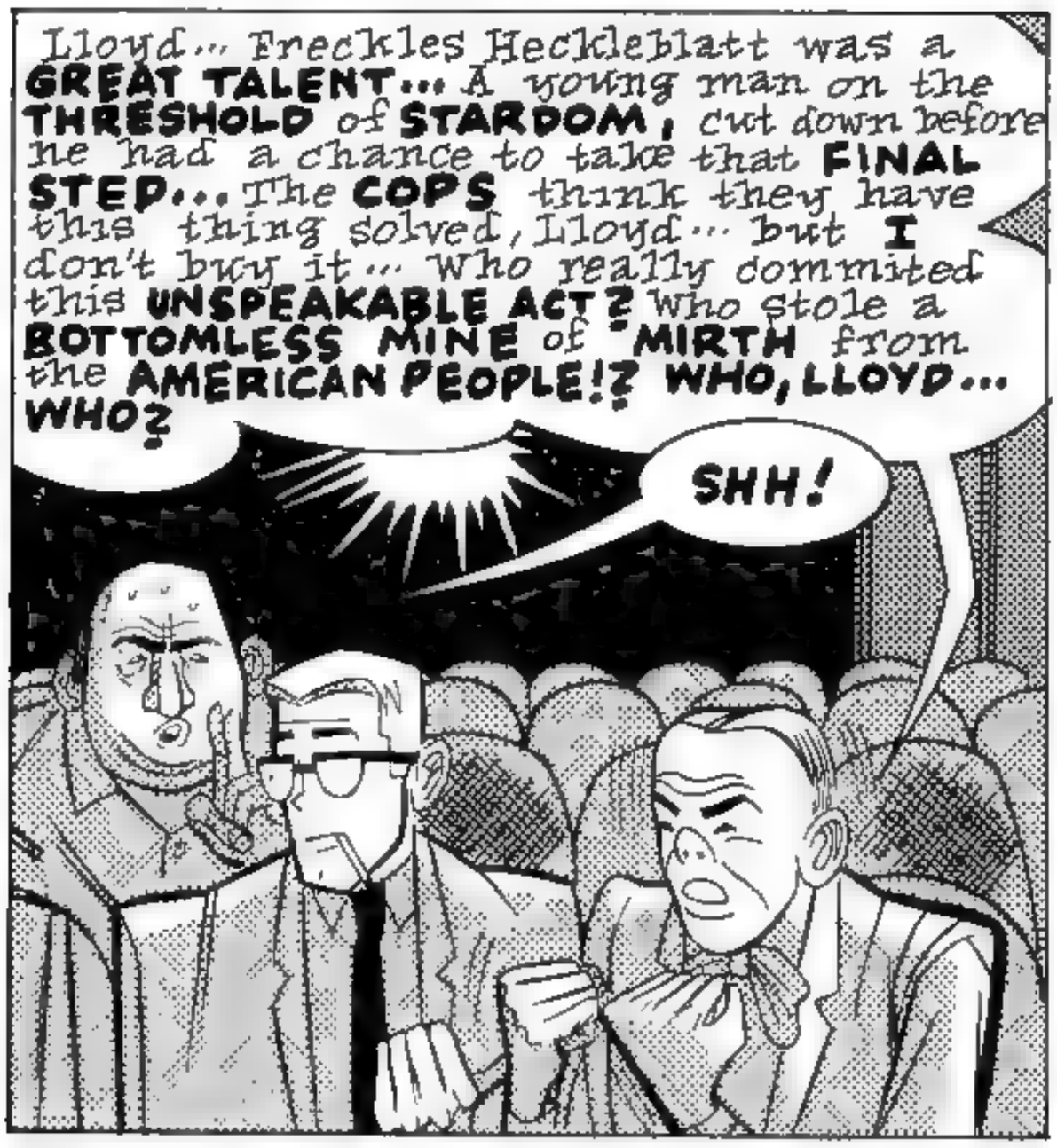
Part 2

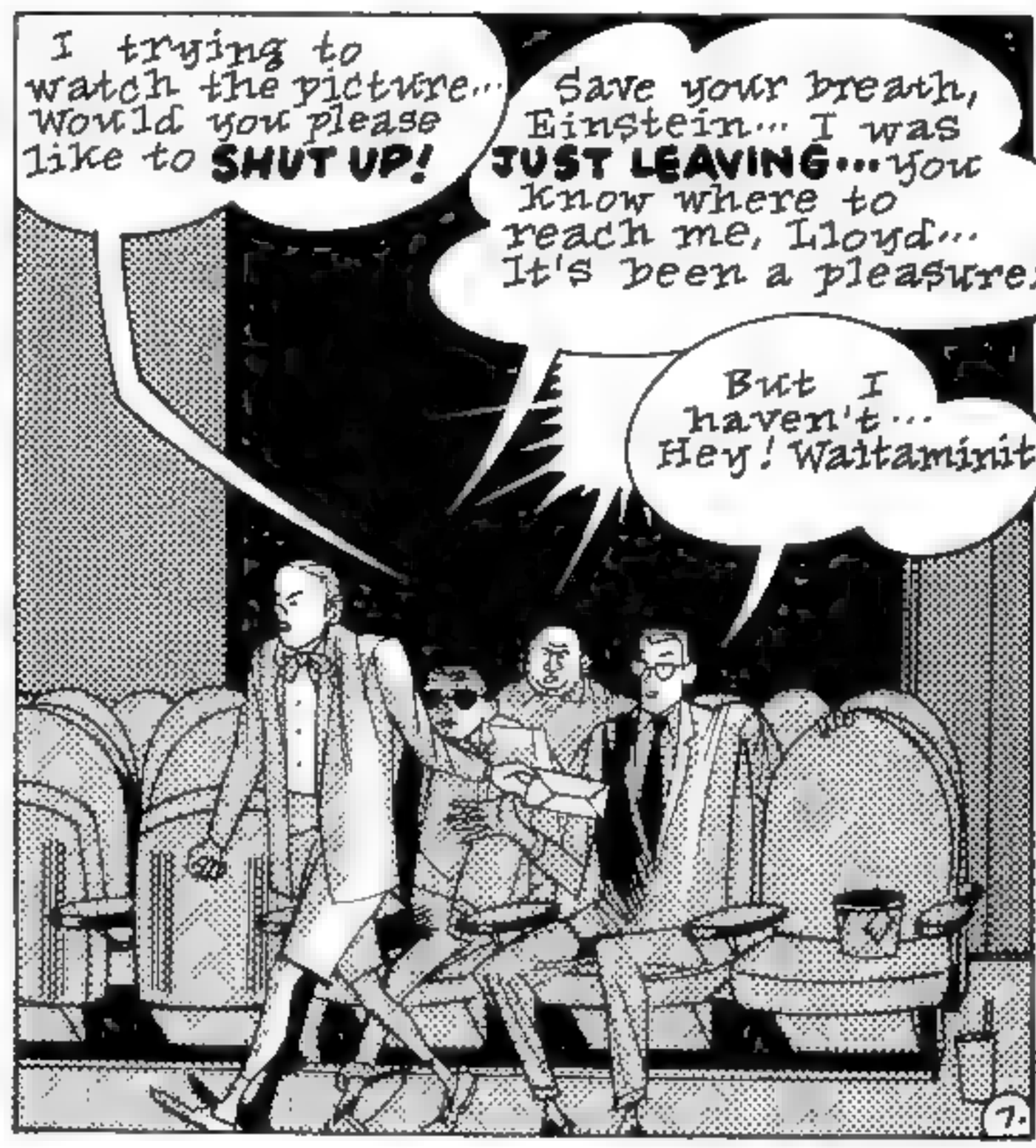
"Murder is a funny thing ...Murder walks an uneven path, violently transforming anything it smacks into on the way. Murder turned a second-rate comedy routine into an epitaph. It turned a no-account comic into a 3-column story on page two...and it turned some no-name gunsel into a weekend big shot. Or a nervous wreck. Or both.

Murder has changed my life a few times. You learn not to fight it... to roll with the blow...to turn it around and make it work for you...

...Yeah...

Murder is a funny thing..."





How do you like that guy, Ernie... What's his **ANGLE?**

LOOK! I **TOLD** you I want to hear you **SHUT UP!**

What do you know about this Jackie Mazuma, Ernie? Like, why does he dress like such a **GOOFBALL,** f'rinstance?!

It's a real funny story... I got the low-down from Mr. Napoleon...

...It seems that Jackie has been **REAL OFFENSIVE** ever since he was a kid. His nanny used to dress him to the nines every day and the other brats poked fun at him. A lot.

Mr. Mazuma didn't get along with lil' Jackie very well and when he died there was a tricky clause in his will that said poor Jackie wouldn't inherit a cent of the family bundle unless he dressed like a **NANCY-BOY**, oversized bow-tie and all, seven days a week... without **FAIL... FOREVER.**

...Naturally, only a **CHUMP** without a **SHRED** of pride would play along with a deal like that...

Naturally, Jackie **DID...**

One more thing, Ernie... What interest does Jackie have in the Heckleblatt case?...

He was Heckleblatt's biggest fan... probably his **ONLY** fan...

...Jackie makes a **CAREER** out of sponsoring various **LAME-O** stage acts ...He was Heckleblatt's manager... If Jackie hadn't been **PAYING OFF** club owners it's doubtful that ol' Freckles would've done much business.

Keep an ear to the wind, ol' pal ...If you need me, I'll be solving a **MURDER!**

Shortly, in the office of police Sgt. 'Red' Hoerring...

Still no word on Nelson... He's a **SLIPPERY CHARACTER,** Boyd

Say no more, Sarge... I'll find him **MYSELF!**

Hi girls...

BEAT it, Llewellyn... We're **BUSY!**

And I love you too, Stumpy... Hiya Red... Gans...

Lloyd! Good to see you, pal...

Boyd Gans was an old friend. They didn't come any tougher. A nice guy with a mean streak like a **FOUR-LANE HIGHWAY** lurking at the end of his boiling point. He was more than a little nuts. He was a **GOOD COP.**

I haven't seen you since that week in **TIJUANA**. What was that gal's name? ... Sue Ellen? ...

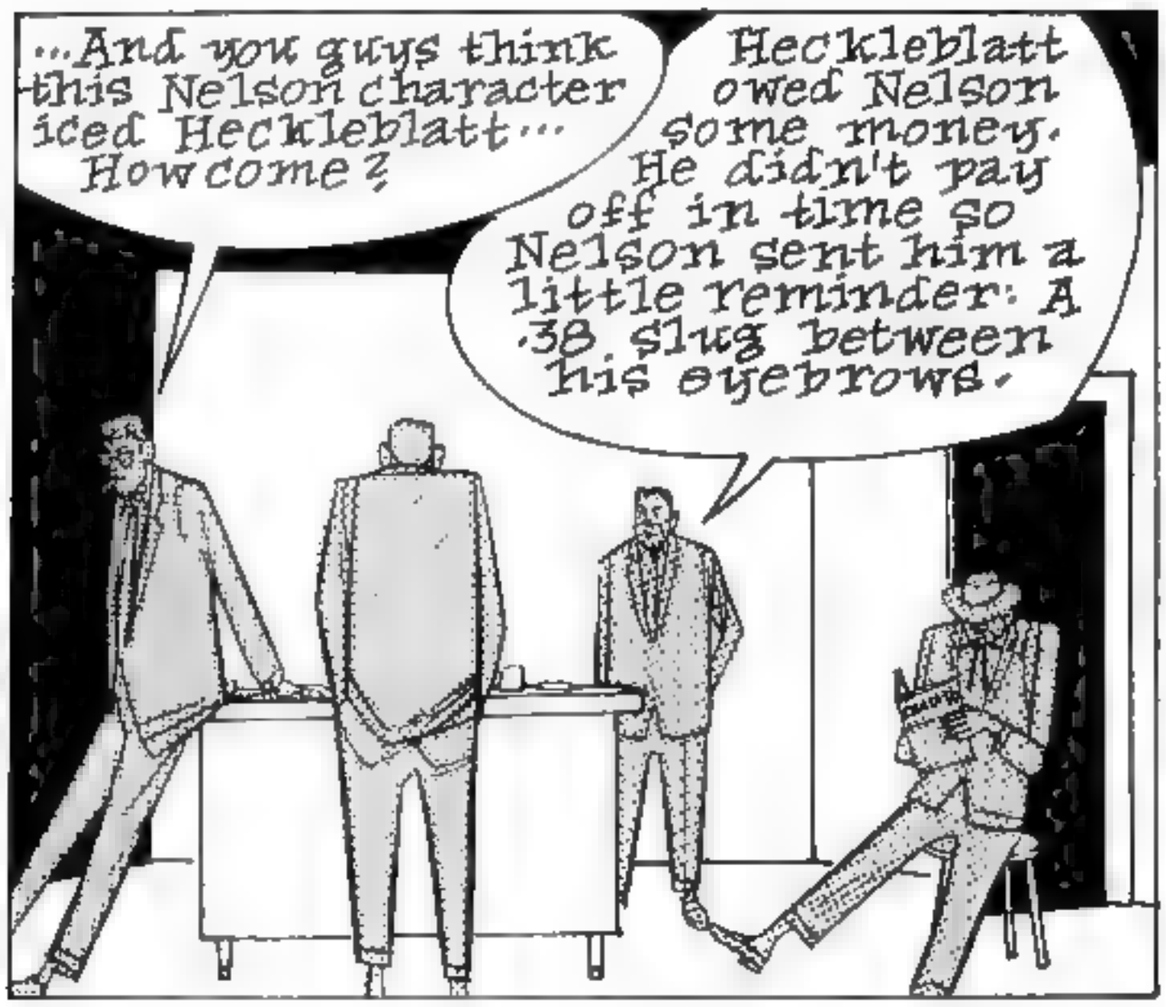
Sue Ellen... We were gonna be married only she couldn't **FACE UP** to being known as 'Sue Ellen Llewellyn' for the rest of her life...

...But that's another story ...Tell me... what do you **CHAMPIONS** of **JUSTICE** have to say about this Heckleblatt caper?

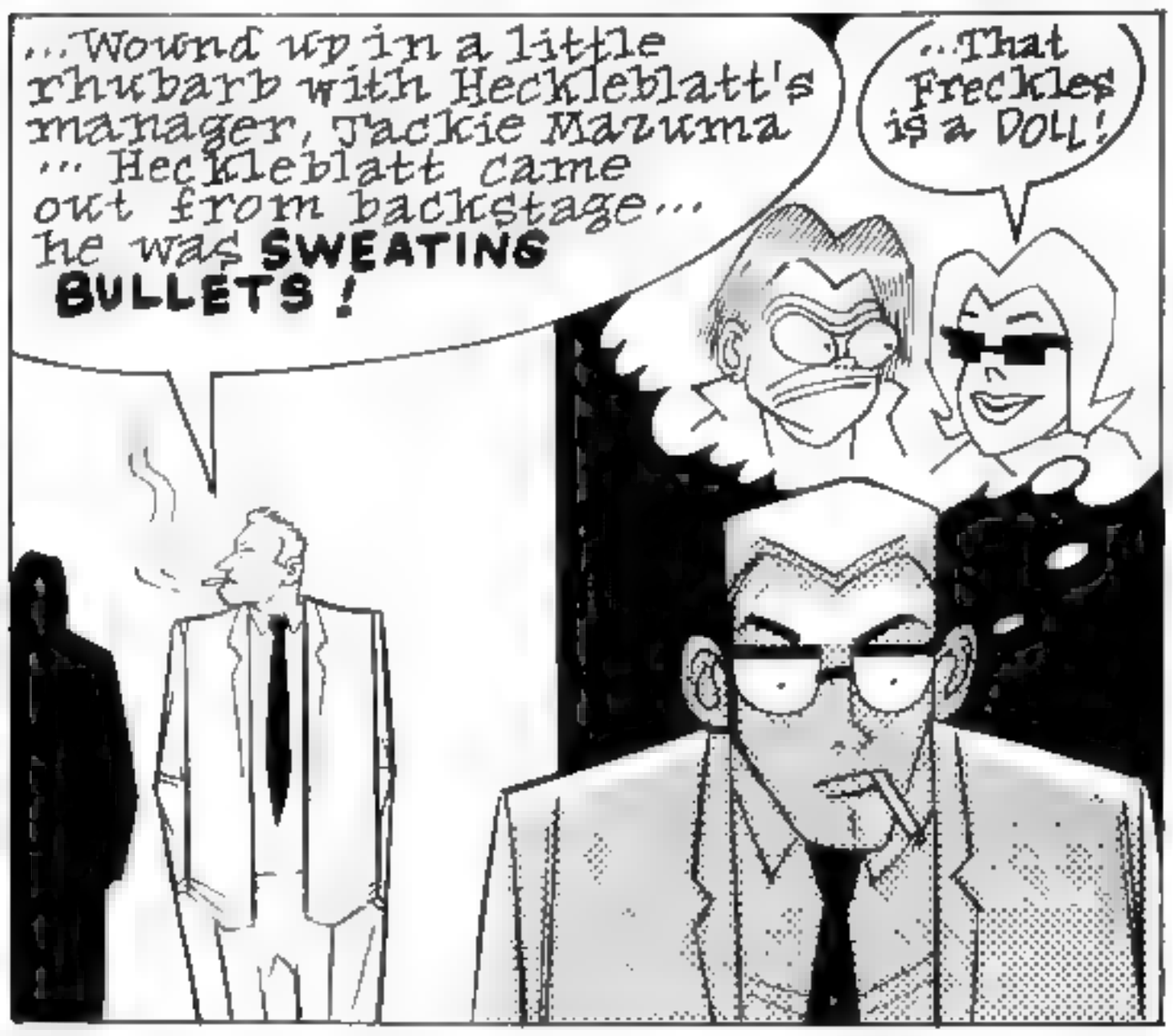
That's **MY** baby, Lloyd... We've got an **APB** out on the number-one suspect... a racketeer named Nelson... **MAYBE-FACE** Nelson...

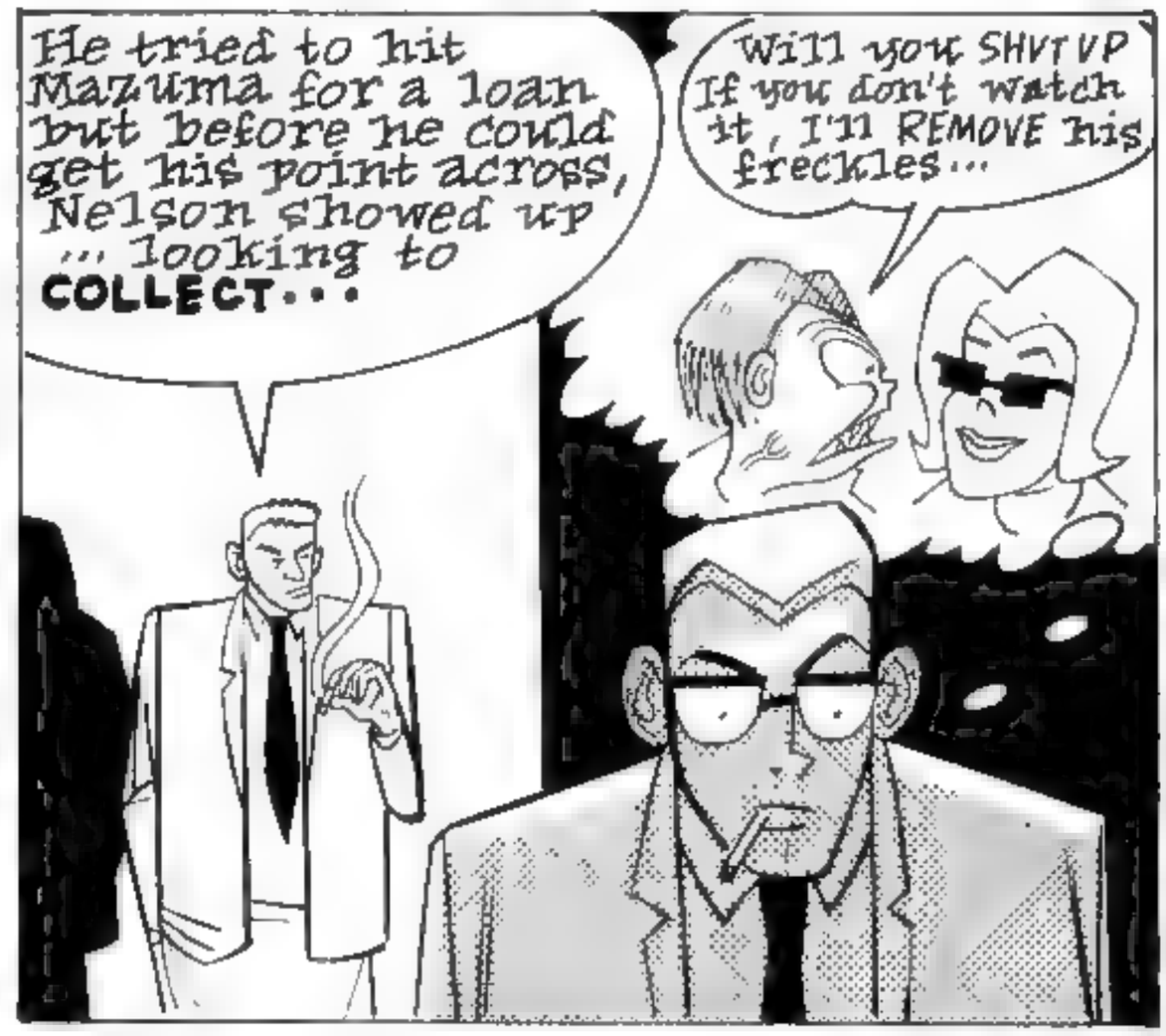
Maybe-Face Nelson?...

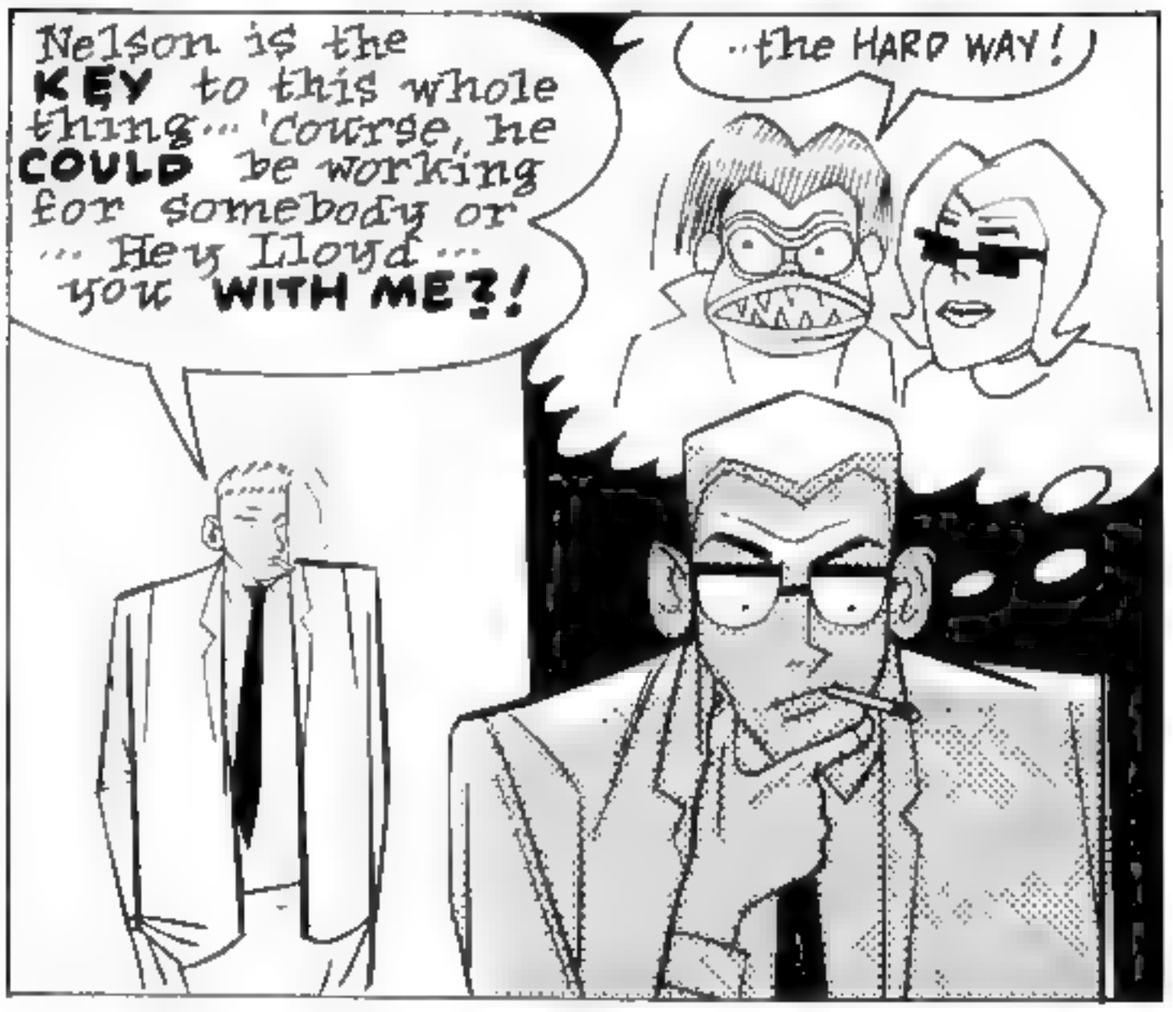
A few years back, Nelson sold us some dirt on a big-time mobster named **LOVE.** When Love found out about the leak, Nelson's life went down in value a **WHOLE LOT.** He got so scared he took a kitchen knife to his face in an attempt to change his looks... wound up with a mug like a **JIGSAW PUZZLE.** Love got killed that night and the mob forgot about Nelson. Until now he's been strictly **SMALL POTATOES...**


...And you guys think this Nelson character iced Heckleblatt... How come?
Heckleblatt owed Nelson some money. He didn't pay off in time so Nelson sent him a little reminder: A .38 slug between his eyebrows.

Y'see pal... I just HAPPENED to catch Heckleblatt's act two nights ago... I thought he really STUNK and I wasn't afraid to share my opinions with other patrons of the club...
...Gans is grasping at straws... Those three kids are involved in this... I'm SURE of it...

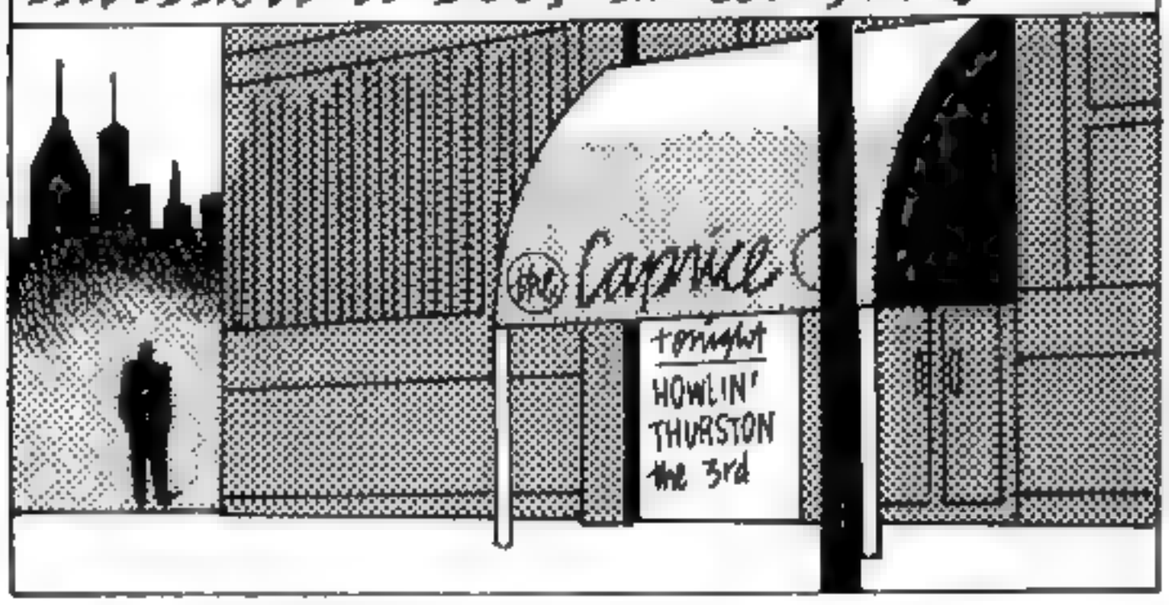

...Wound up in a little rhubarb with Heckleblatt's manager, Jackie Mazuma ... Heckleblatt came out from backstage... he was SWEATING BULLETS!
..That Freckles is a DOLL!


He tried to hit Mazuma for a loan but before he could get his point across, Nelson showed up ... looking to COLLECT...
Will you SHUT UP If you don't watch it, I'll REMOVE his freckles...

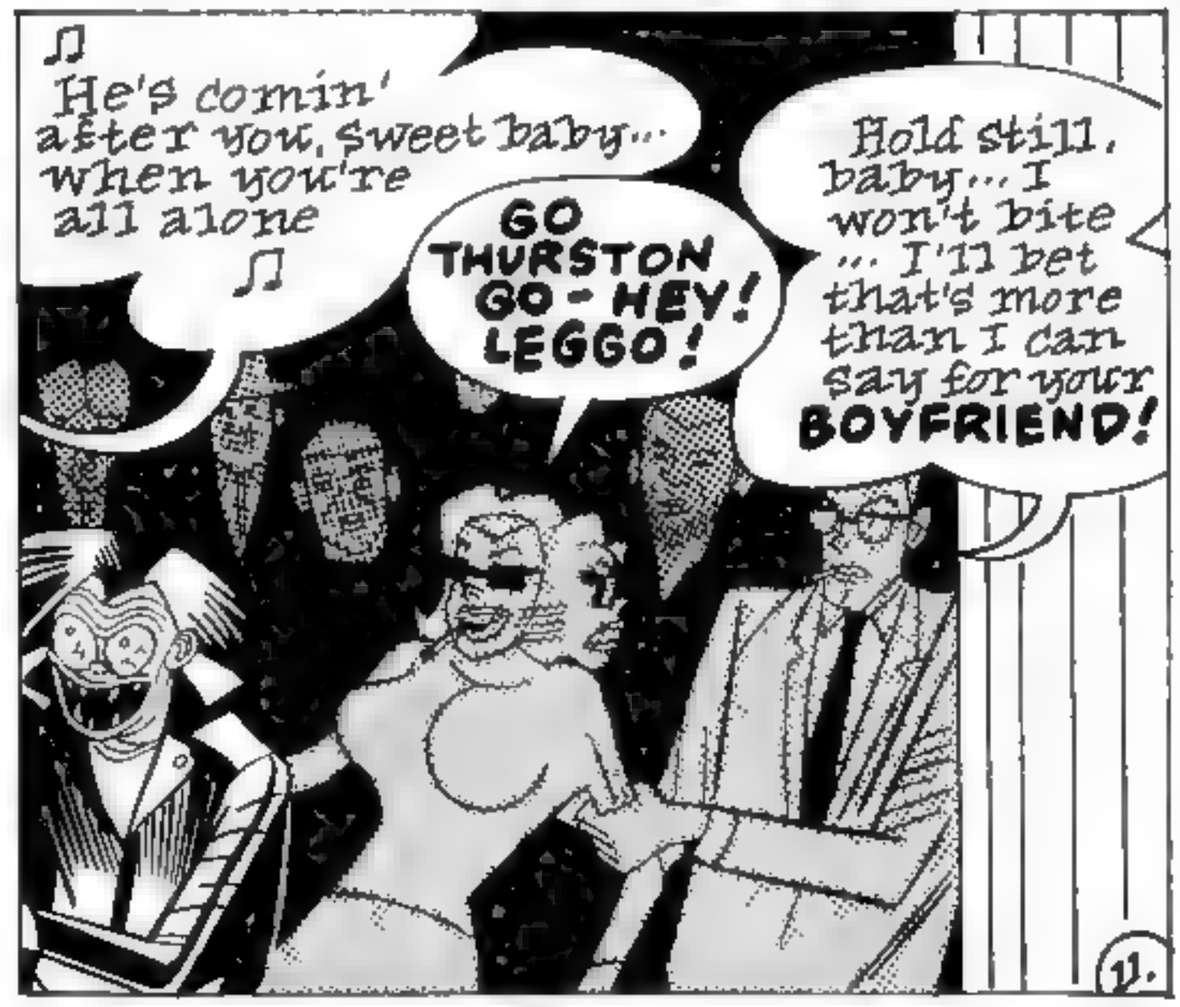

Nelson is the KEY to this whole thing... 'Course, he COULD be working for somebody or ... Hey Lloyd... you WITH ME?!
..the HARD WAY!

LLEWELLYN?!?
?
Huh!
Oh yeah! Right!... Eh, nice seeing you guys!
?

Gans talked a good game but I didn't buy it. As far as I could tell, Mazuma would've given Heckleblatt anything he asked for ... including the cash to pay off Nelson. No ... there was **MORE** to this than a bad loan. No use telling that to Gans. For now, I was **ALONE**, with nothing but my instincts to keep me company ...

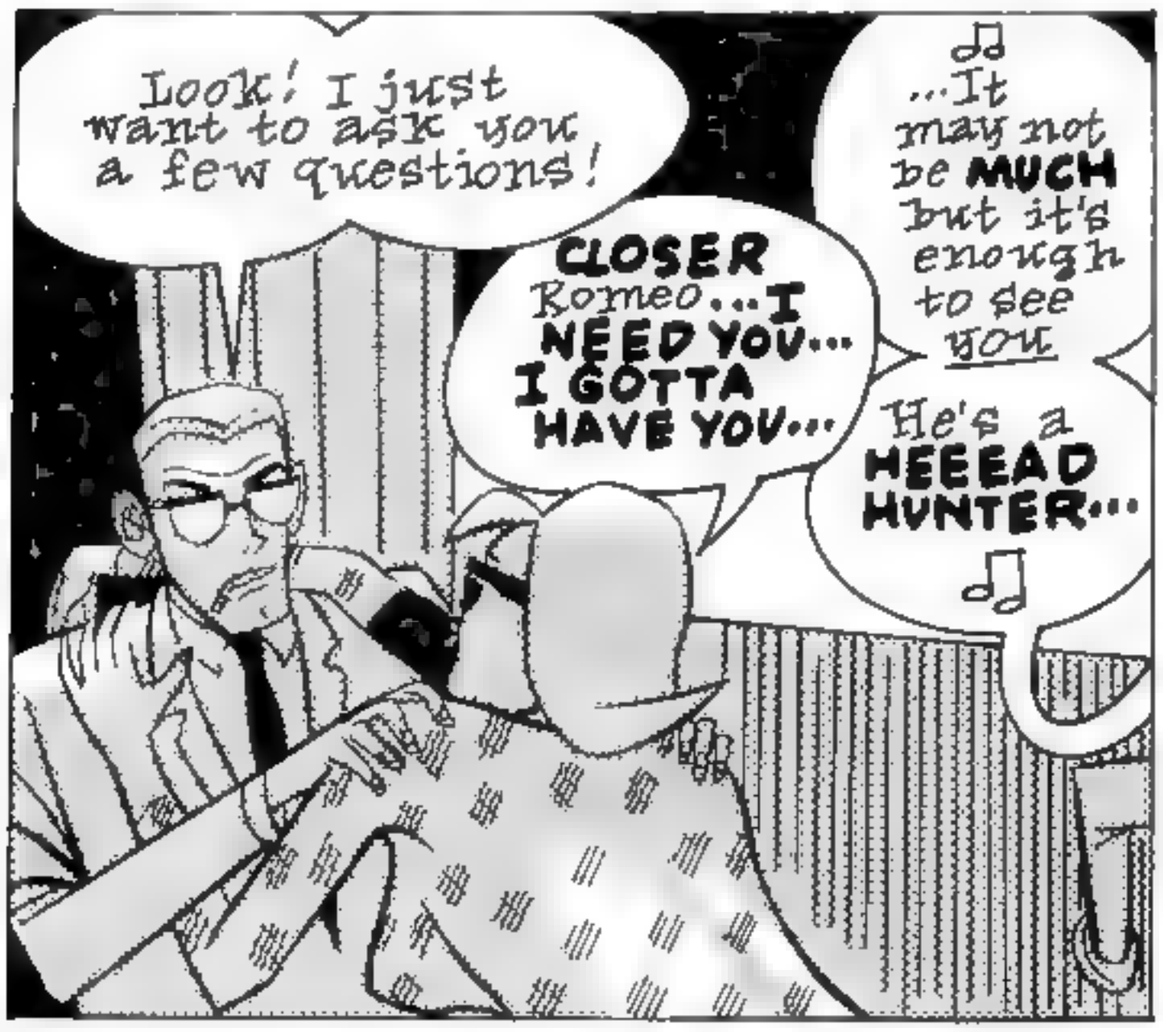


...Of course, anytime you play a hunch, you're taking a **GAMBLE**. Maybe I was **DEAD WRONG**.



I've got a few questions for you, baby!
Mmm... LOVER I HOPE I have the answers!
♫ He's got one lil' EYE... ♫

♫ that he keeps in his SHOE ♫
Hey! CUT THAT OUT!
Shut up and KISS ME, DOLL-BOY!


Look! I just want to ask you a few questions!
CLOSER Romeo...I NEED YOU... I GOTTA HAVE YOU...
♫ ...It may not be MUCH but it's enough to see YOU
He's a HEEEAD HUNTER... ♫

Ooo! You're some OPERATOR!
Now look here! I just want to talk to you!... What's WITH you kids anyway?!
EXIT

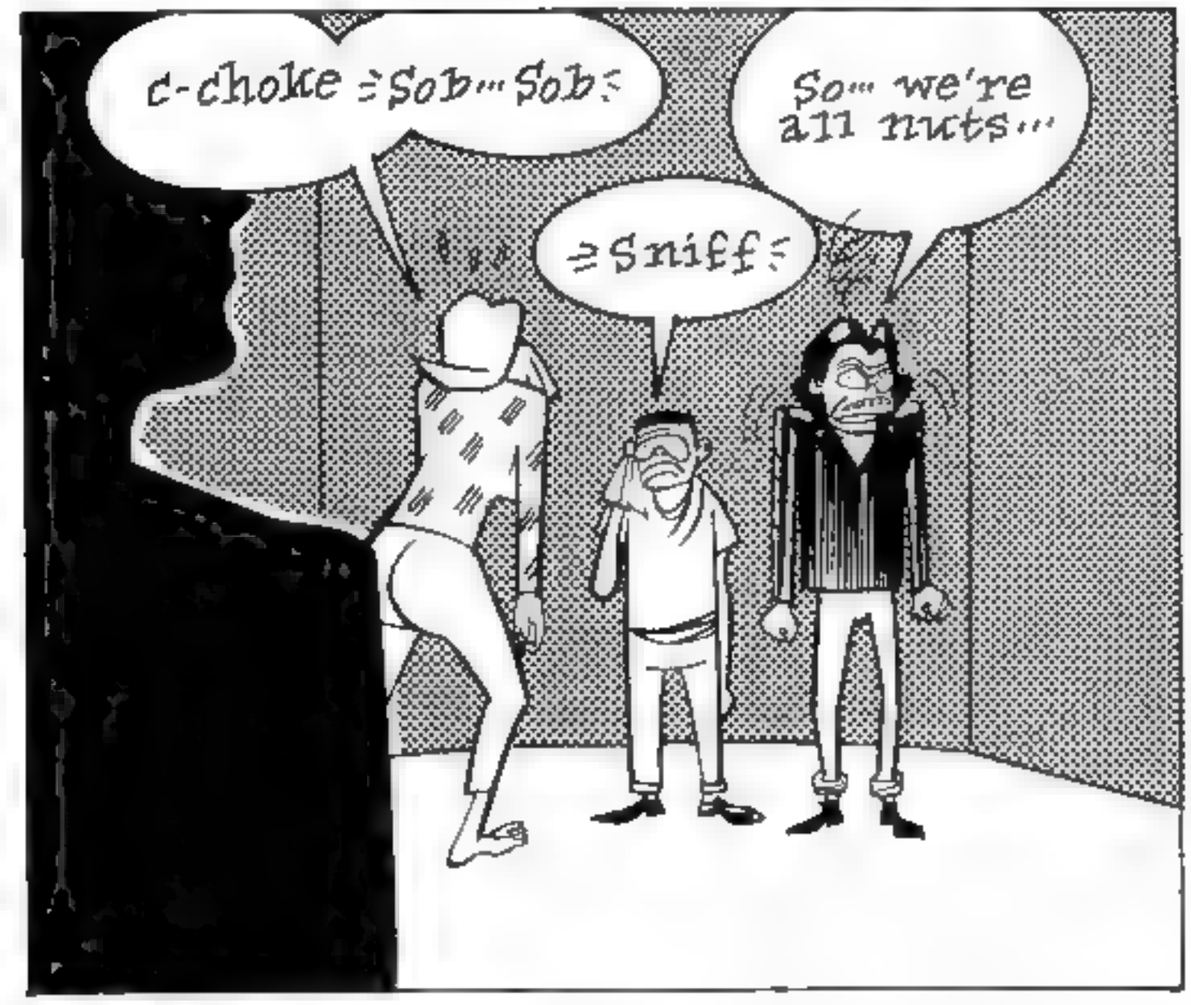
Ooo! You're CUTE when you're angry!
Will you get off a me!!
DO NOT ENTER

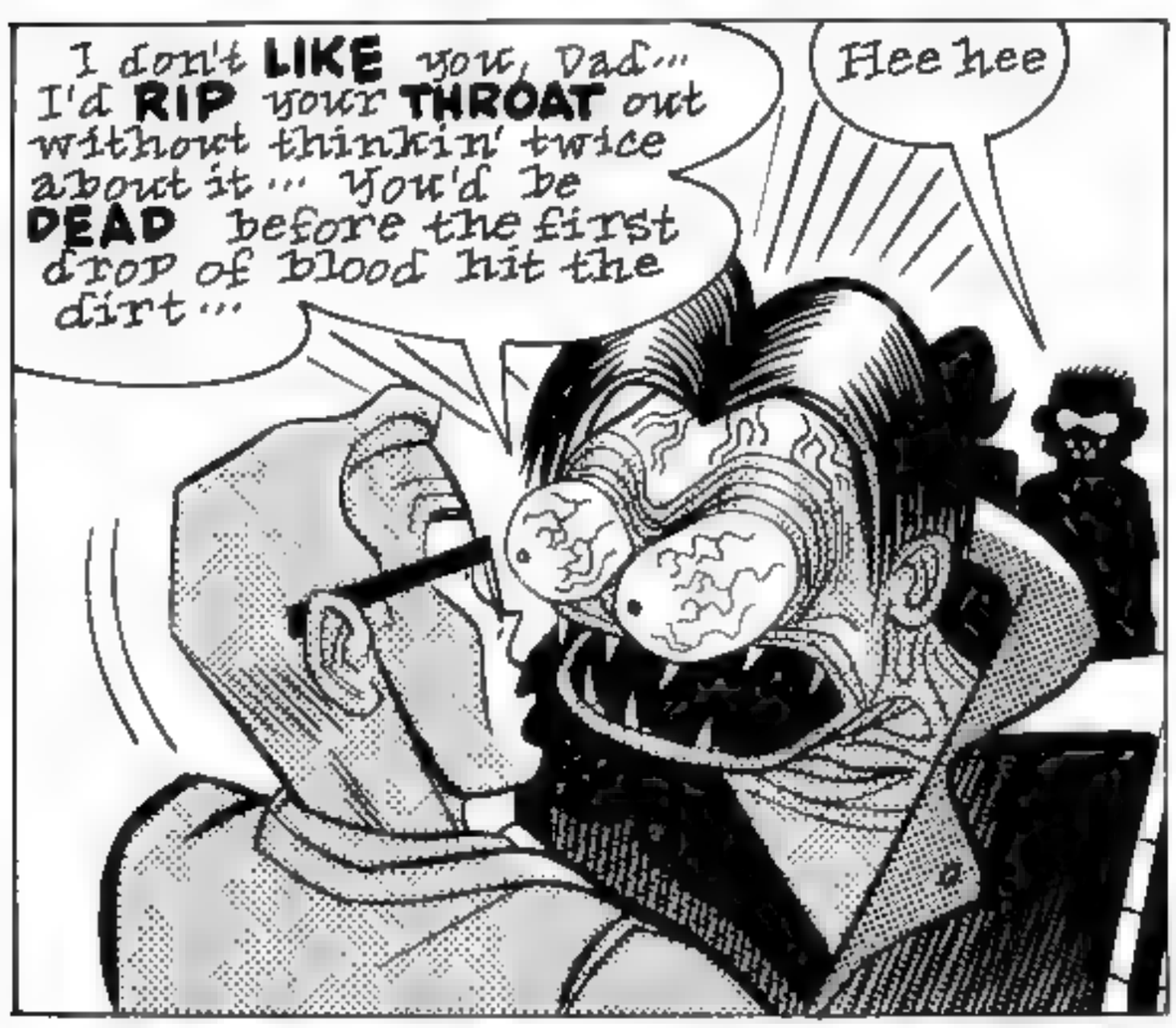
Lissen here =mmph=
Mmm!
SO! Makin' time with my CHICK eh, CASANOVA!?

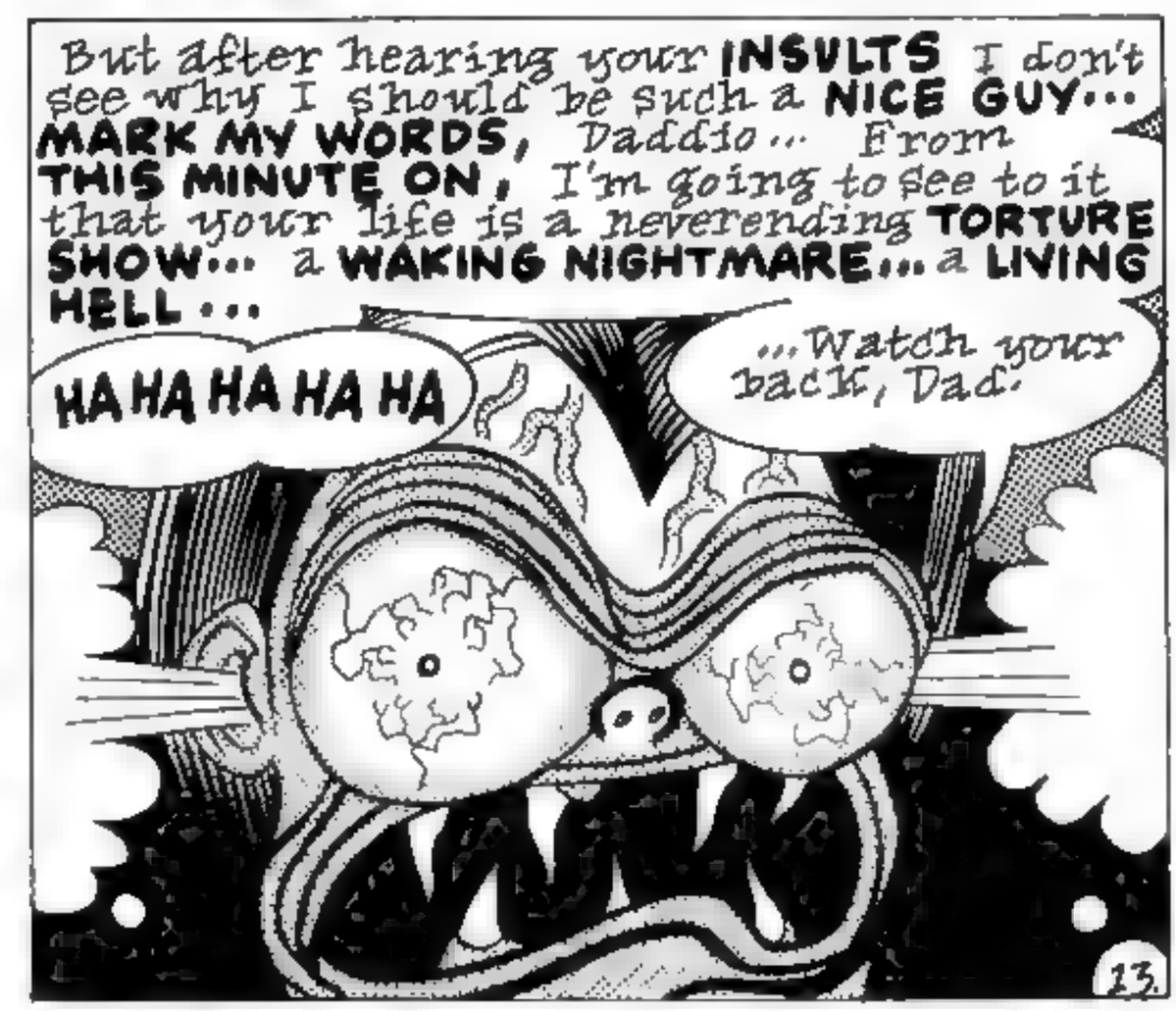
WASSAMATTER Dad... Can'tcha find a date of your own? Or is it MORE FUN to hit on another rooster's hen?!
Hahaha

PLEASE Dante... I REALLY like this one!
Ha ha ha
STOW IT, Sade... This is the third one you've REALLY LIKED today... Allright Clyde ...I'll give you a shot at her ... but you're gonna have to take ME on...

Look kid... you've got this all wrong...I'm not interested in this chick... she's NUTS... you're ALL NUTS!
Ha ha ha


c-choke =Sob...Sob=
=Sniff=
So... we're all nuts...


I don't LIKE you, Dad... I'd RIP your THROAT out without thinkin' twice about it... You'd be DEAD before the first drop of blood hit the dirt...
Hee hee


But after hearing your INSULTS I don't see why I should be such a NICE GUY... MARK MY WORDS, Daddio... From THIS MINUTE ON, I'm going to see to it that your life is a neverending TORTURE SHOW... a WAKING NIGHTMARE... a LIVING HELL...
HA HA HA HA HA
...Watch your back, Dad.

PART THREE

I haven't heard a **WORD** from those three kids for two days now... They were **KIDDING**, right?...I can relax... I've got nothing to **WORRY** about, right?...

"...**I** had **PLENTY** to worry about... Even though I hadn't seen those three J.D. **ZOMBIES** since that scene in the alley, they had made good on their promise. My life **HAD** become a living hell. I slept with my eyes open and my gun in my fist. I kept it with me at all times ...even in the shower. I kept the safety off and checked every twenty minutes or so to see if it was still loaded. With your average criminal you knew what you were getting. These kids were **NUTS**. somebody who would put a cigarette out on his tongue was capable of **ANYTHING**...

To make matters worse, when I told Red and Gans about the whole business they just **LAUGHED** at me. Those miserable clowns thought the whole thing was pretty funny...told me not to miss the next A.A. meeting... Then Gans said he was following up on a new lead... said he heard that Heckleblatt was trampled by a **PINK ELEPHANT!** Yeah, they were a cowpla real **WISE-GUYS!**

On top of all that, my supposed confidant, sidekick and pal, Ernie Hoyle, was nowhere to be found. Luckily I had another friend who never left my side... He was a snub-nose .38!"

Sure, I had plenty on my mind... but was I worried? ...

NOT ME... No sir... I'm not worried... I'm not worried ... not one bit ...

Pardon me, Chum... how do I get to...

!

DON'T MOVE, or I'll SPLATTER YOUR BRAINS all ... over... the

Okay! Okay!

...mutter mutter...

CHEE! Talk about TOUCHY!

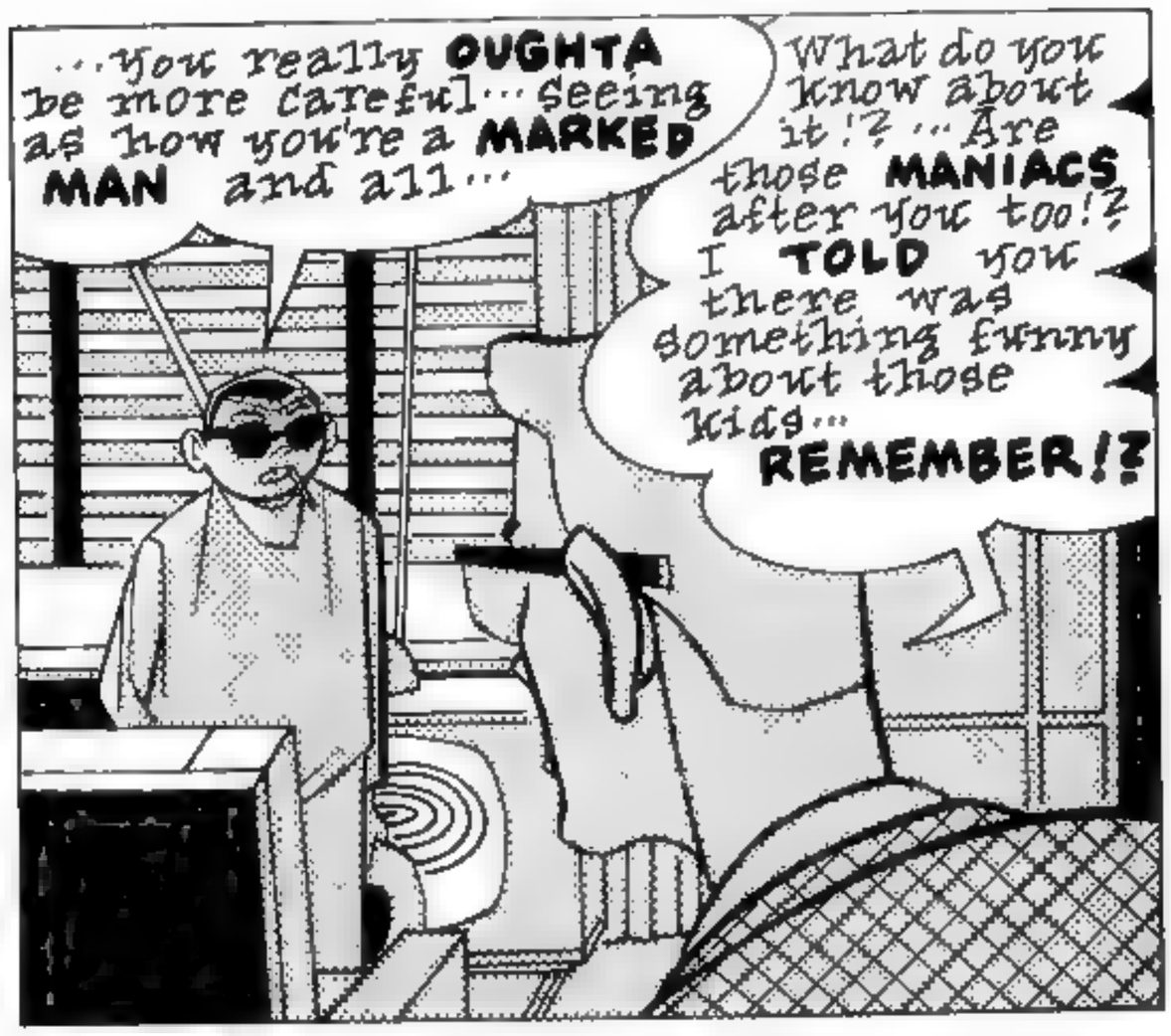
Minutes later, as Llewellyn arrives at the door to his apartment...

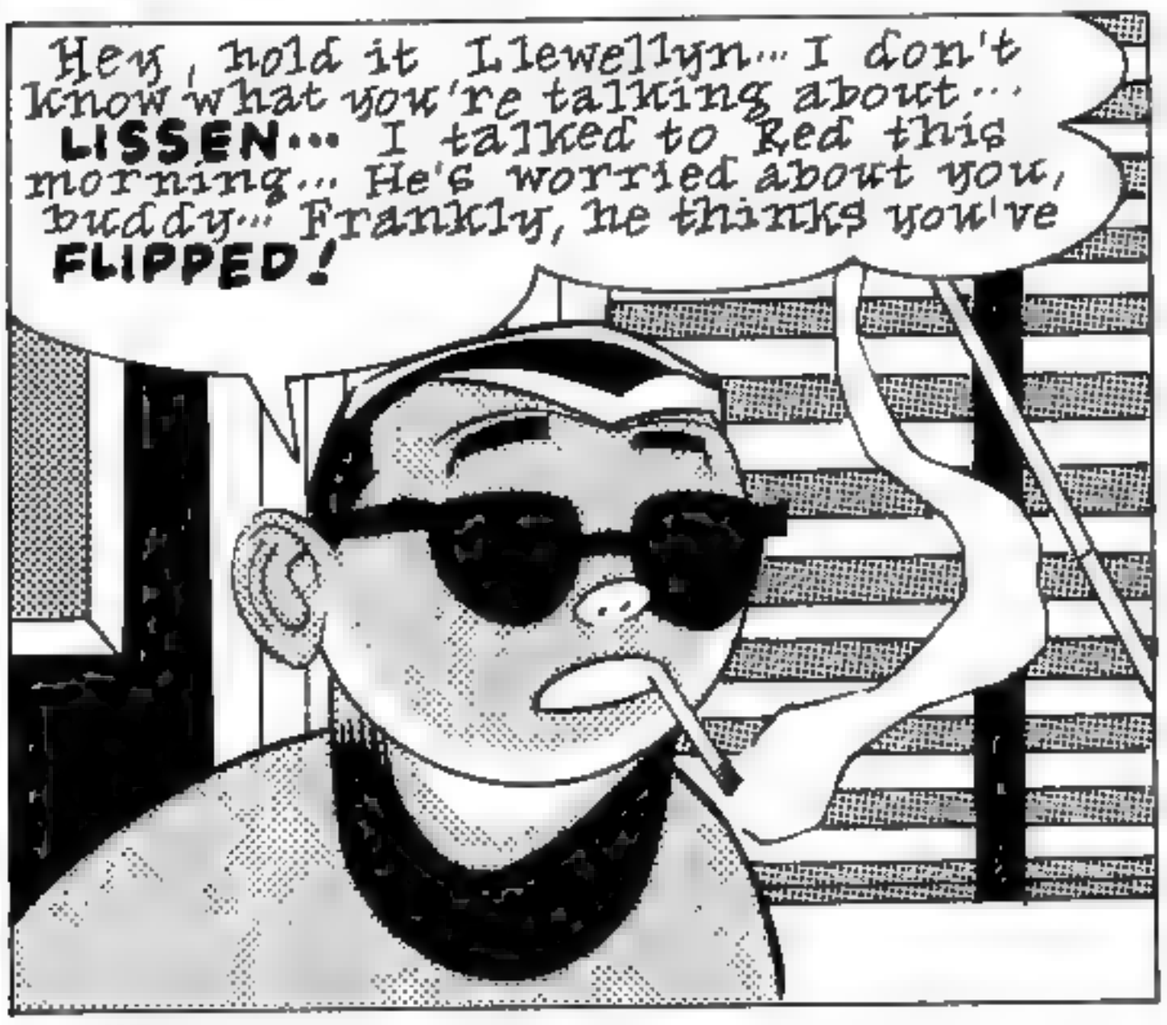
OH-OH... Th-th-the DOOR!... I-I-It's OPEN!... ...s-steady, ol' boy...

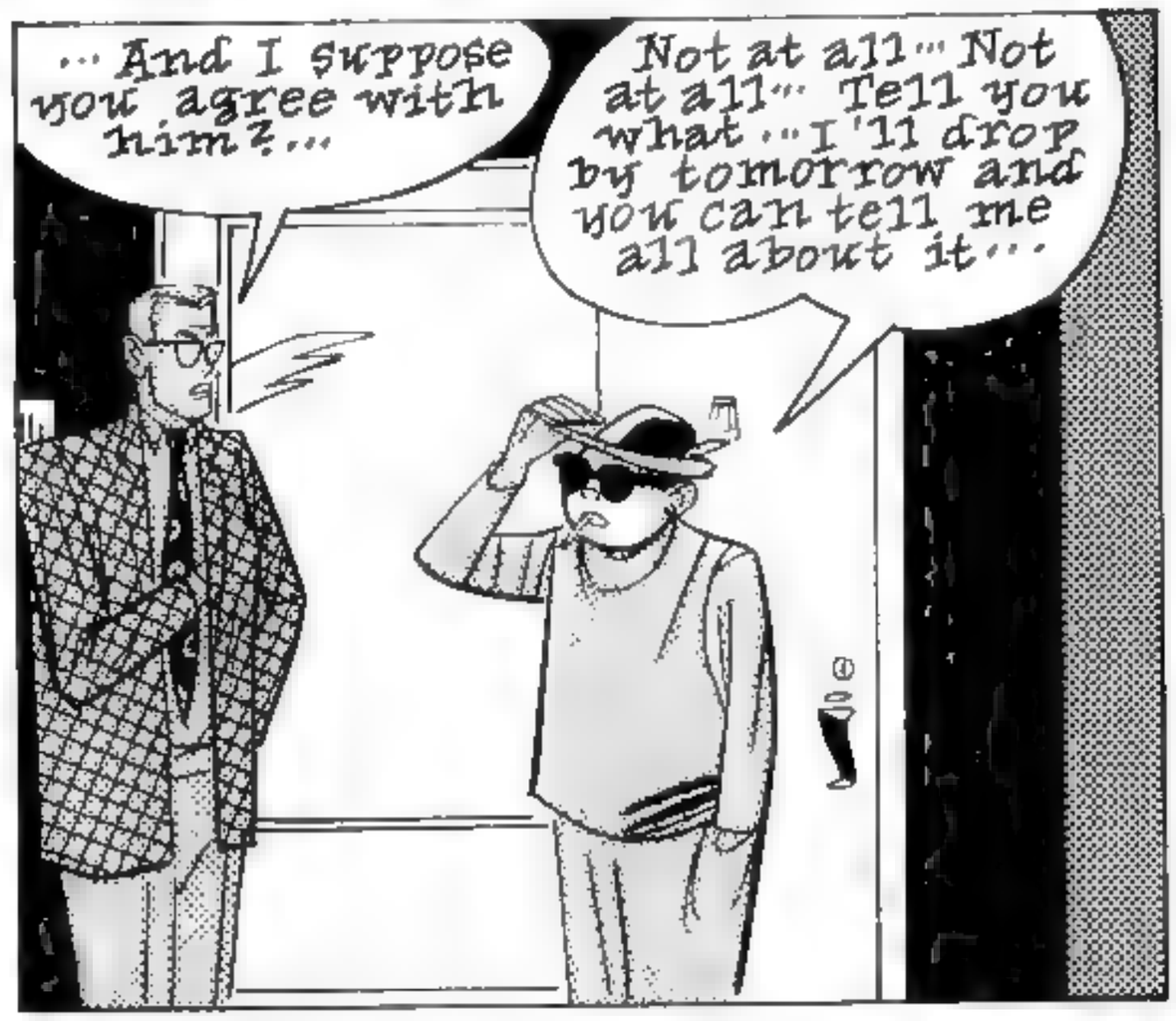
HOLD IT!!!

Oh... Hi Llewellyn...

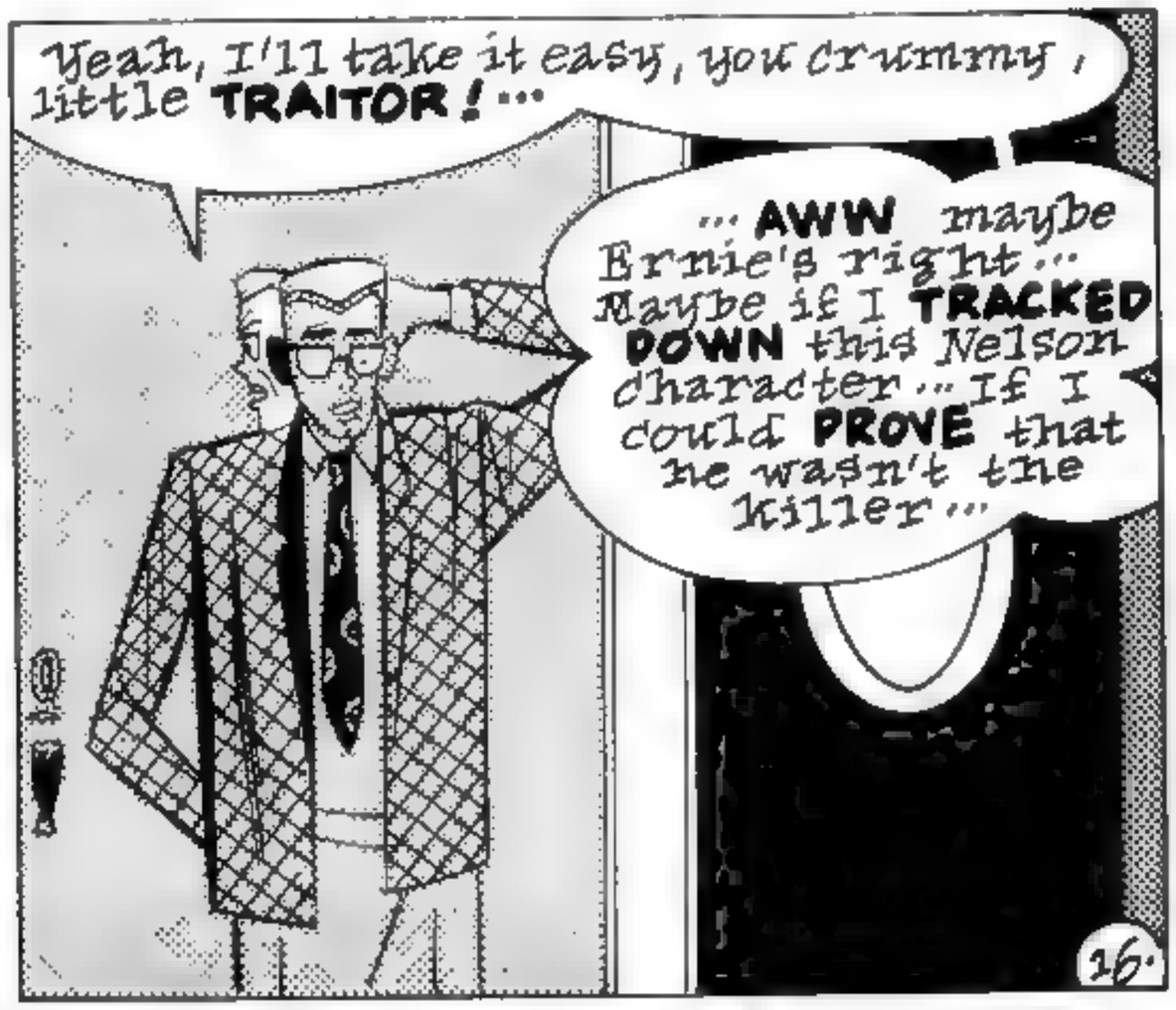
Erniez... ...How did you...
You'd better get that LOCK fixed, Llewellyn... Somebody's gonna BREAK IN one o' these days!
CLICK!

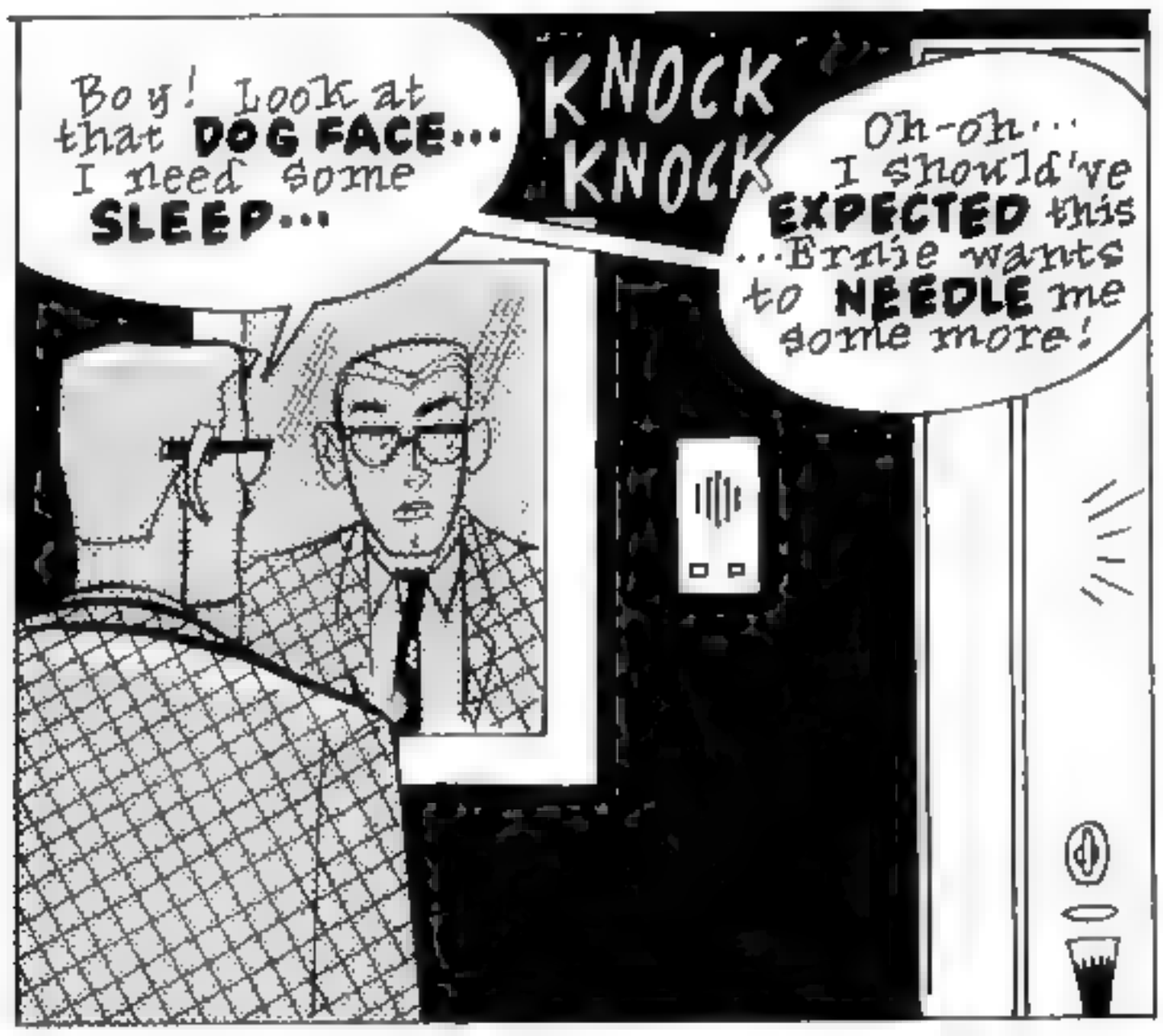

...You really OUGHTA be more careful... seeing as how you're a MARKED MAN and all...
What do you know about it!? ...Are those MANIACS after you too!? I TOLD you there was something funny about those kids... REMEMBER!?


Hey, hold it Llewellyn... I don't know what you're talking about... LISSEN... I talked to Red this morning... He's worried about you, buddy... Frankly, he thinks you've FLIPPED!

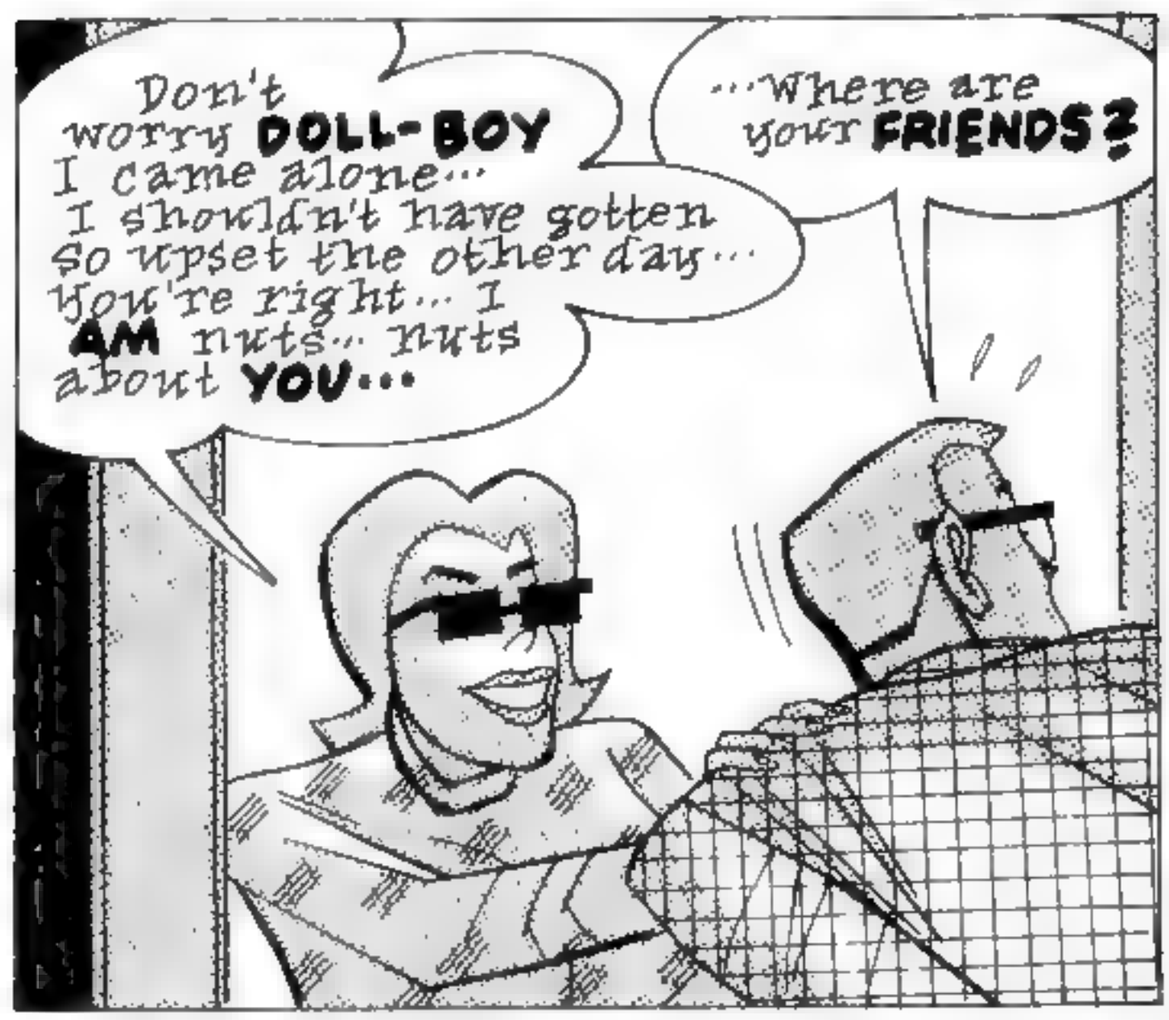

...And I suppose you agree with him?...
Not at all... Not at all... Tell you what... I'll drop by tomorrow and you can tell me all about it...

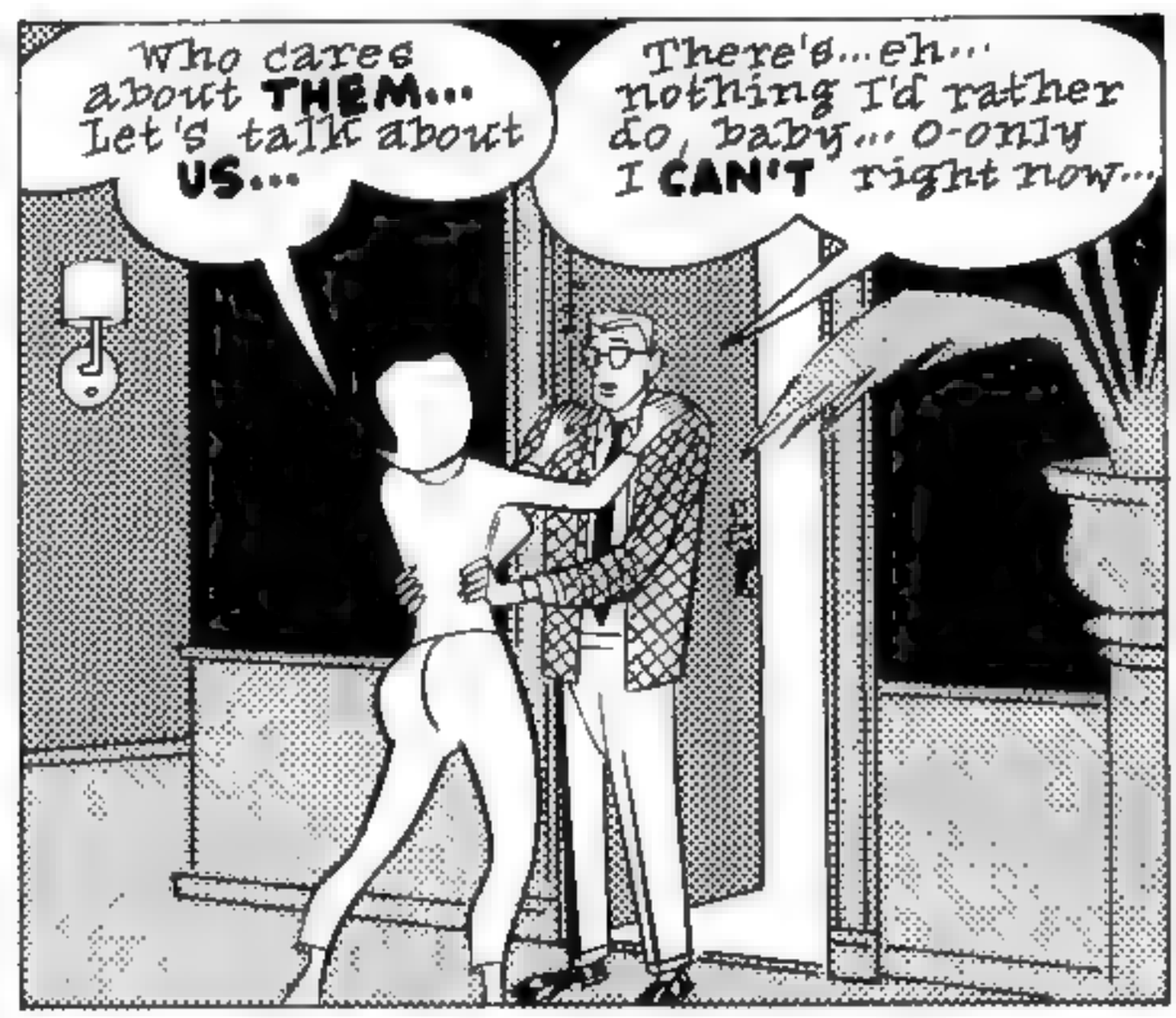
...You think I'm nuts, don't you... You think Nelson killed Heckleblatt and that's all there is to it...
Maybe I do... maybe I don't... It sure couldn't hurt to find him, Llewellyn... Lissen... I'll be seeing you... and for GOSH SAKES, take it EASY!

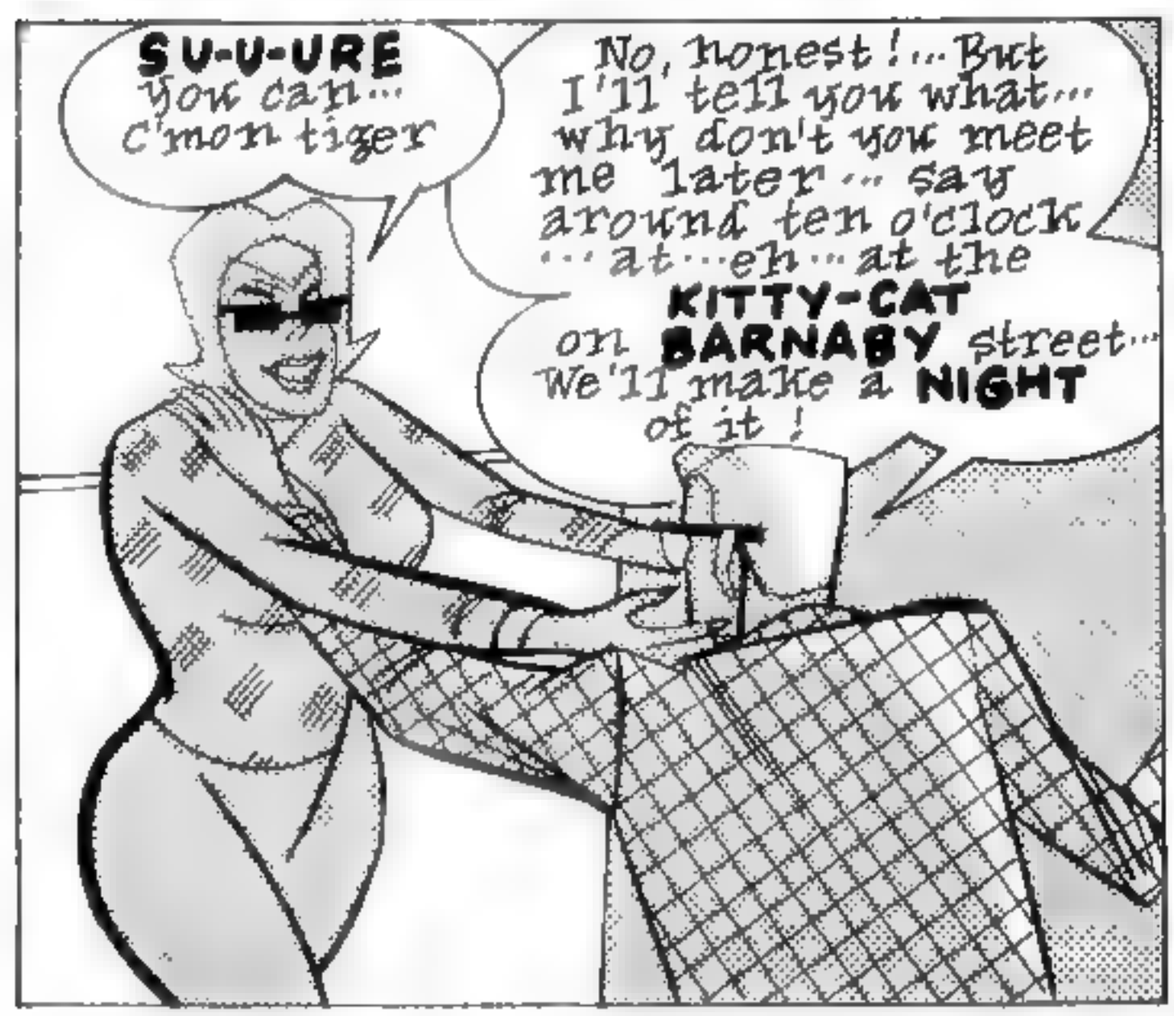

Yeah, I'll take it easy, you crummy, little TRAITOR!...
...AWW maybe Ernie's right... Maybe if I TRACKED DOWN this Nelson character... If I could PROVE that he wasn't the killer...


Boy! Look at that DOG FACE... I need some SLEEP...
KNOCK KNOCK
Oh-oh... I should've EXPECTED this ...Brrie wants to NEEDLE me some more!

Allright buddy... What n--GAAAAH!


Don't worry DOLL-BOY I came alone... I shouldn't have gotten so upset the other day... You're right... I AM nuts... nuts about YOU...
...Where are your FRIENDS?

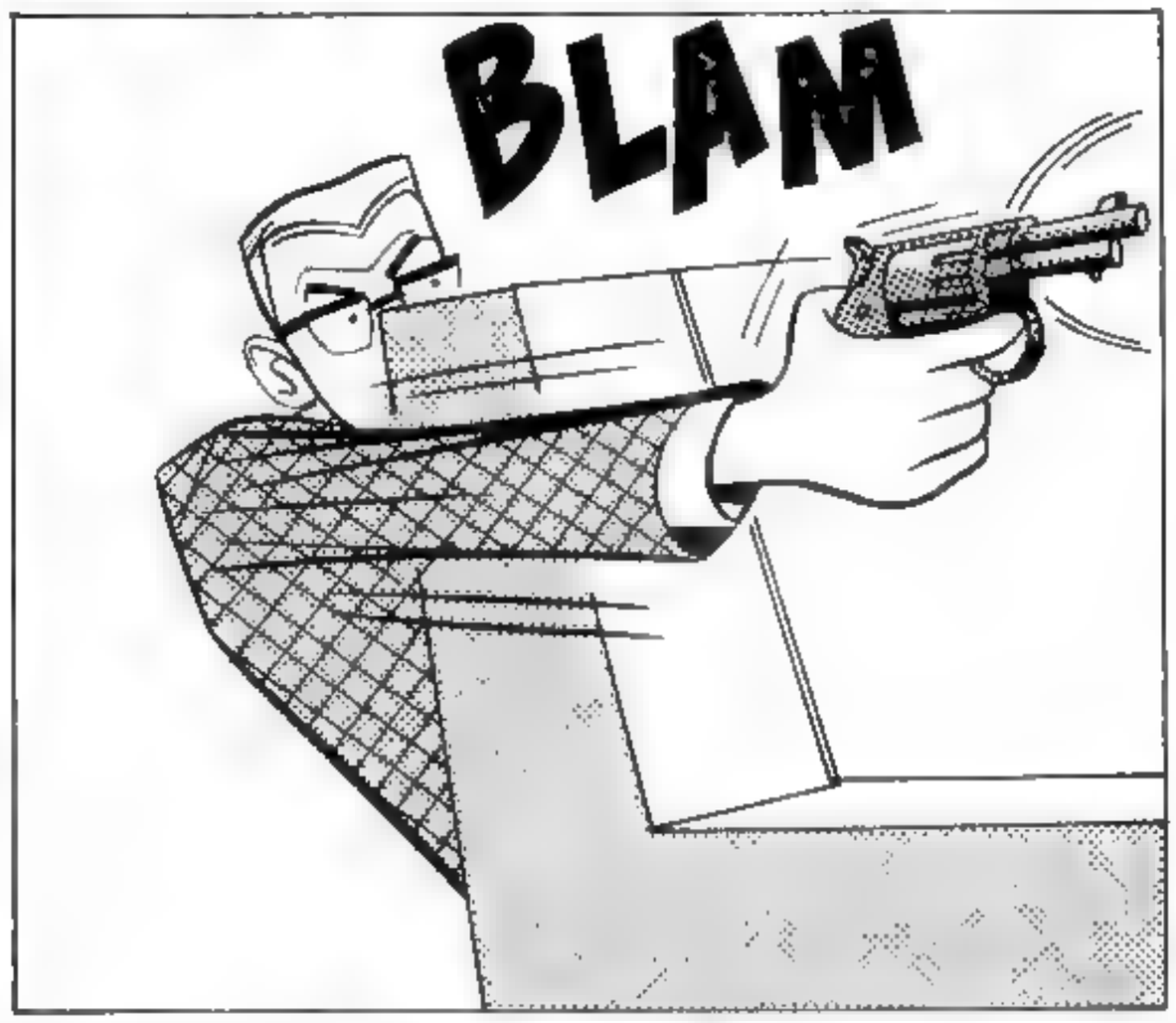

Who cares about THEM... Let's talk about US...
There's...eh... nothing I'd rather do, baby... o-only I CAN'T right now...


SU-U-URE You can... C'mon tiger
No, honest!...But I'll tell you what... why don't you meet me later... say around ten o'clock ...at...eh...at the KITTY-CAT on BARNABY street... We'll make a NIGHT of it!

Ohhh! But I'm lonely NOW...
Me too, baby... me too... but I've ...uh... I've got a dentist's appointment... I'll make it up to you tonight... I PROMISE!

Great... I've got until TEN O'CLOCK to come up with a plan...

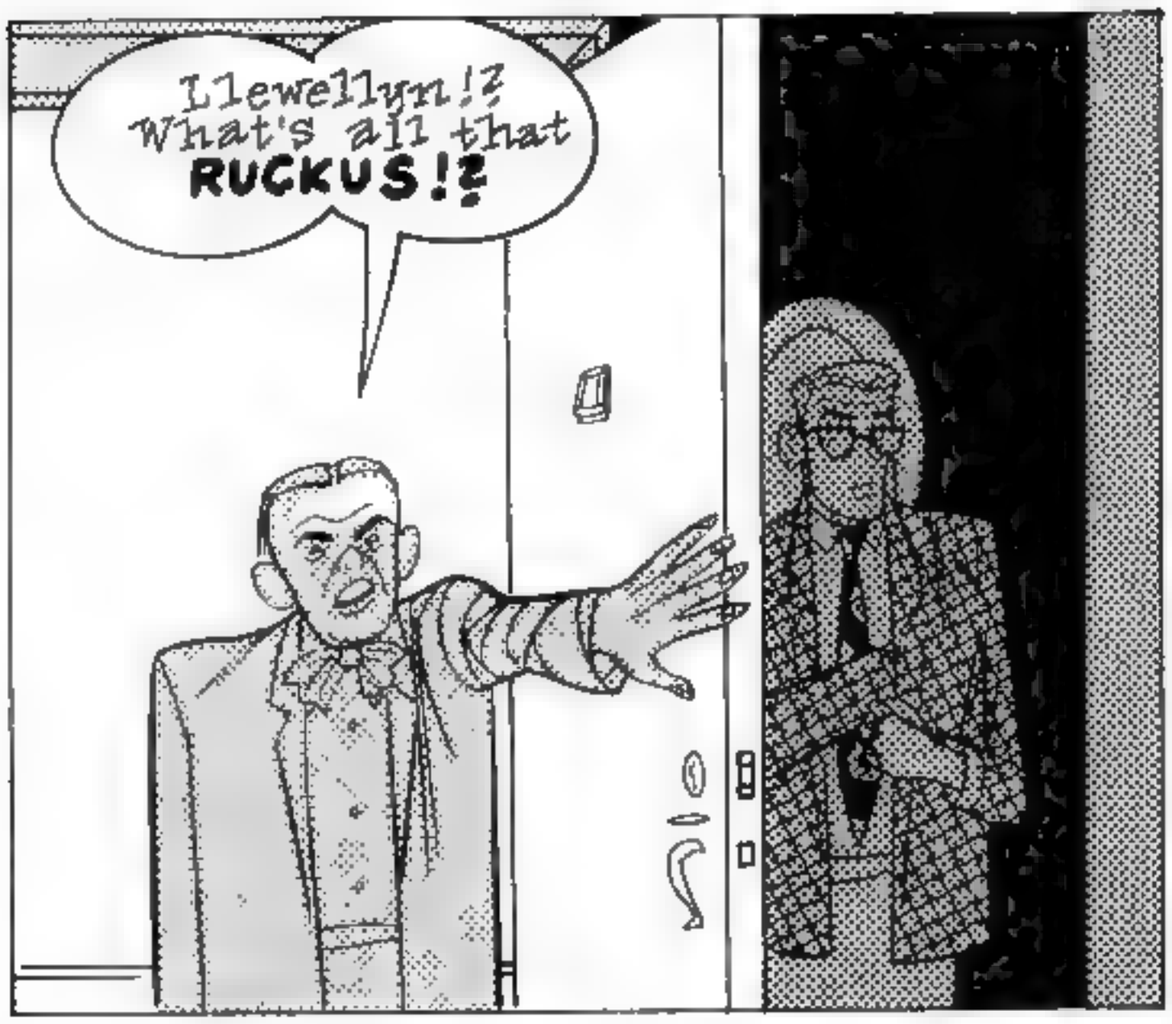
Suddenly...
What th--?!
BLAM
CRASH


BLAM

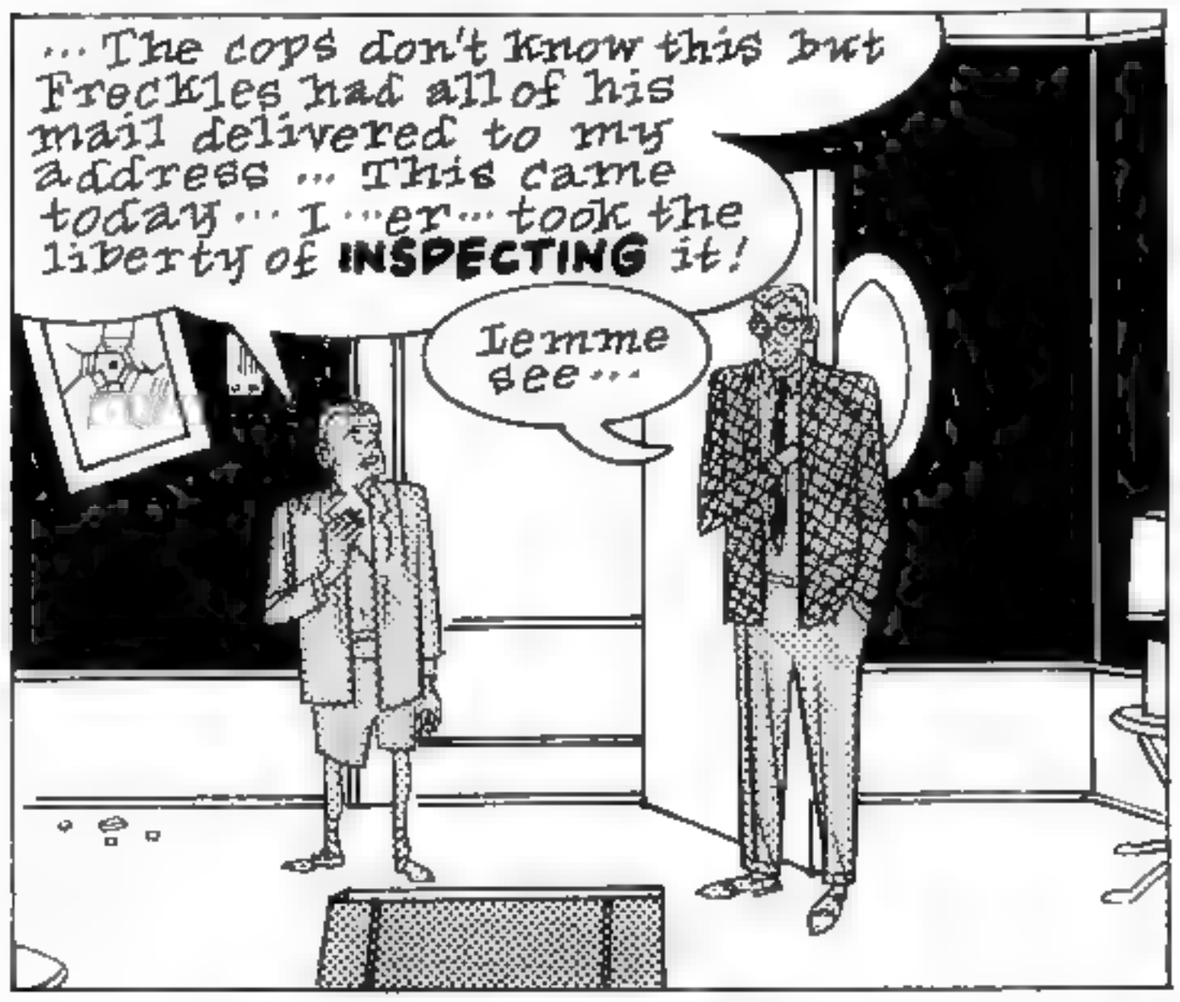
Huh? He's GONE!

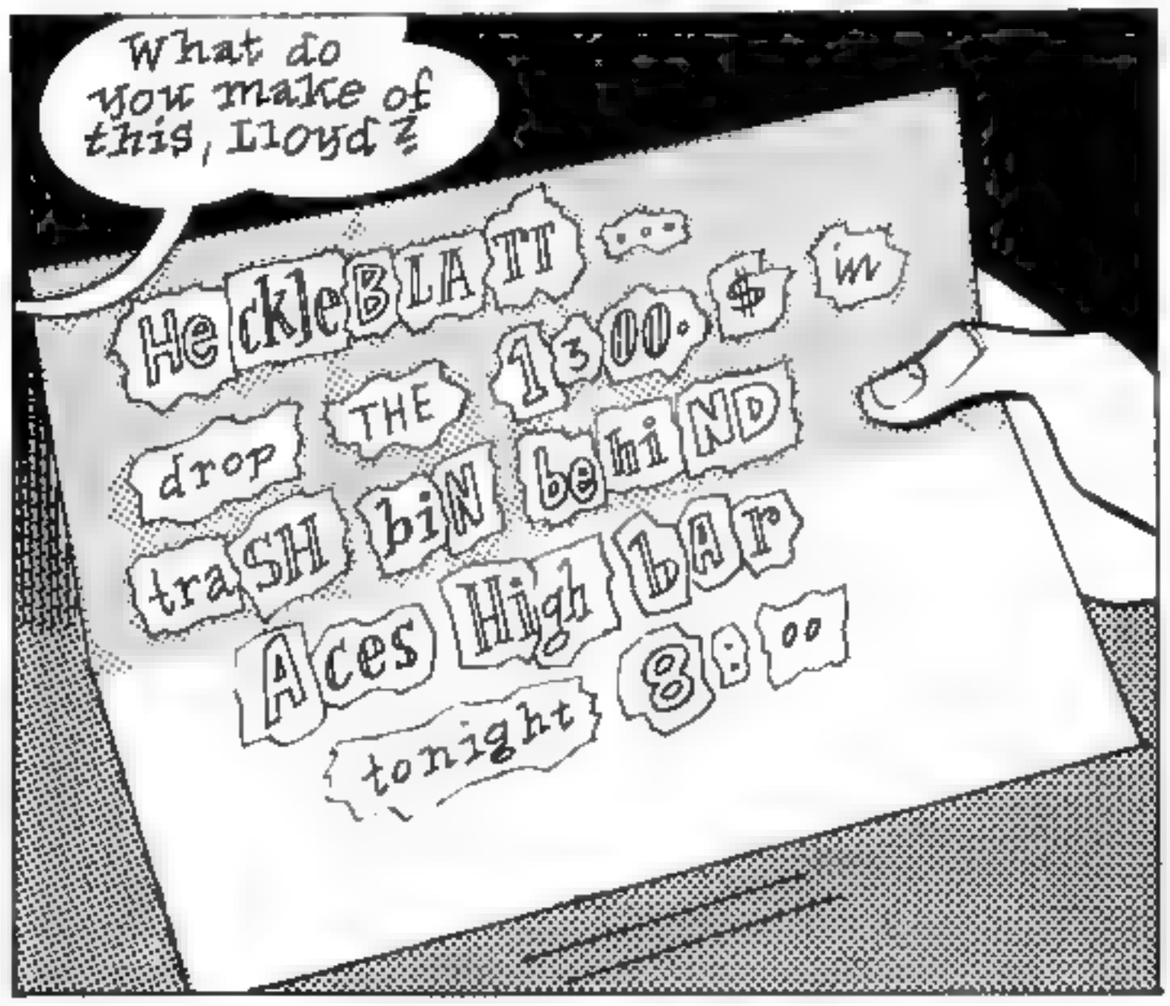
Th-there's no BODY down there ... he must've TAKEN OFF!

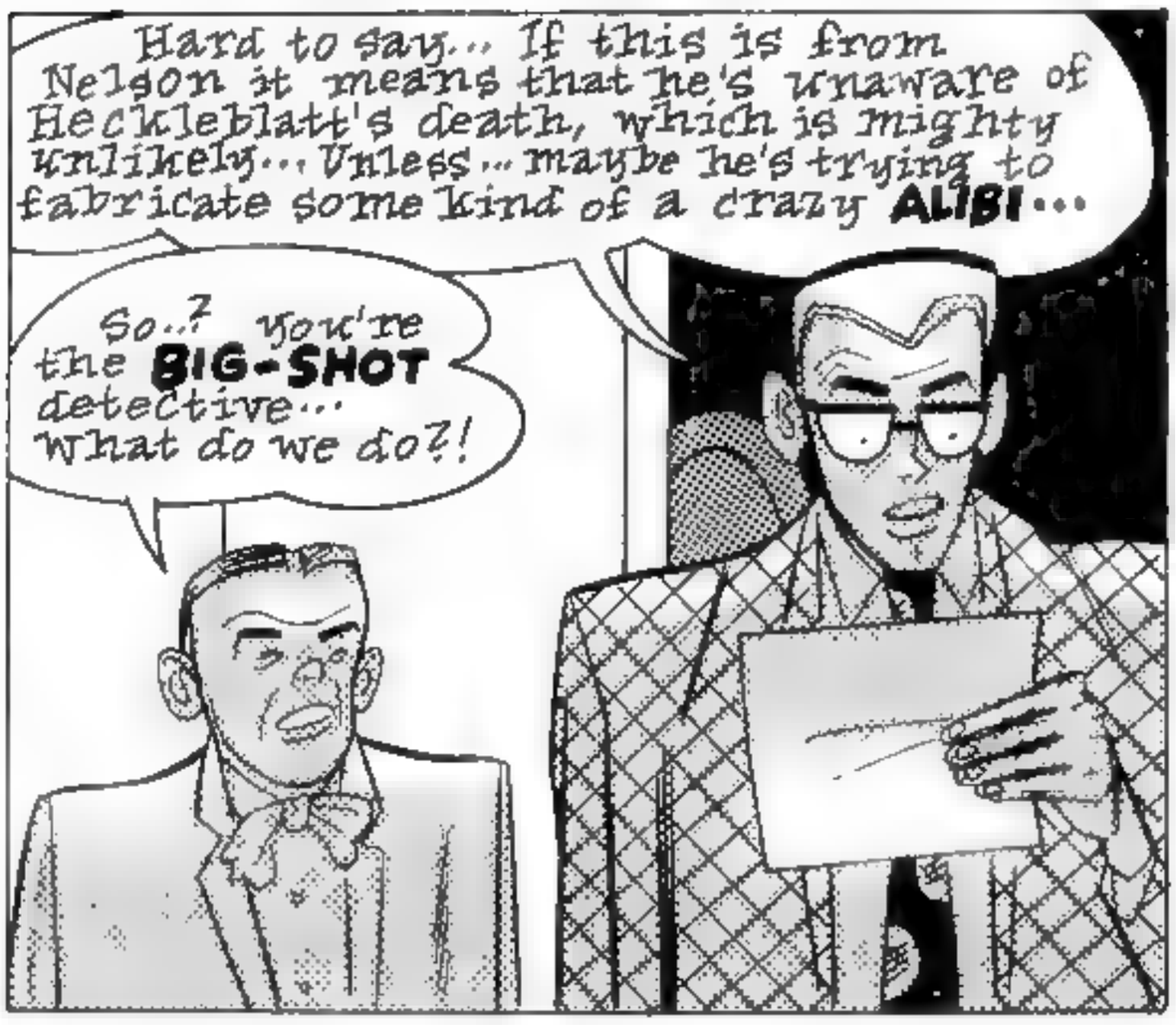
KNOCK KNOCK
=gulp=


Llewellyn!? What's all that RUCKUS!?

Hey! Very funny!
Oop! Sorry Mazuma... What's up!?


...The cops don't know this but Freckles had all of his mail delivered to my address ... This came today... I...er... took the liberty of INSPECTING it!
Lemme see...


What do you make of this, Lloyd?
HeckleBLATT ... $ in
drop THE 1300
trASH biN beHiND
Aces High bAr
tonight 8:00


Hard to say... If this is from Nelson it means that he's unaware of Heckleblatt's death, which is mighty unlikely... Unless... maybe he's trying to fabricate some kind of a crazy ALIBI...
So..? You're the BIG-SHOT detective... What do we do?!

You leave everything to ME, Jackie-boy

That night... 9:45 PM ... in a desolate alley somewhere near Easy Street...

TRASH

Well... this is **IT**... If Heckleblatt didn't make the drop, I'm as good as **DEAD**...

It's **ABOUT TIME** you got here, Nelson...

TRASH

I should've **KNOWN**... some clever scoundrel would beat me to the money...

There never was any money, Nelson... I've been **LOOKING** for you... a **LOT** of people have been looking for you... ... So where have you been?!

Okay **OKAY**... you don't have to get tough with me... I owe some gangsters in the Love organization a sum of money and when Heckleblatt didn't pay me back I was forced to take a little **VACATION**... Okay? Why am I telling you this... you're one of Love's boys yourself, no doubt...

The name's Llewellyn... I'm investigating Heckleblatt's **MURDER**...

His **MURDER**?! Well that's just **GREAT**!... Now how am I supposed to pay-off those **HOODLUMS**!!?

TRASH

I hate to be one to add insult to injury, Nelson, but I guess I ougnta tell you... you're the prime suspect!

...I'm **WHAT**?!

I couldn't let Nelson out of my sight until I turned him over to Hoerring so I had to bring him along on my date ... I wasn't sure what I was going to do with the girl but I didn't have the nerve to stand her up... I'd have to play it by ear... I still didn't have a plan.

I don't mean to be **INTRUSIVE**, Llewellyn, but may I ask where you're taking me?!

Kitty Cat

Lloyd darling, I--

OOOH! Who's your **FRIEND?!** He's **DREAMY!** C'mon! **INTRODUCE** us!...

You know this girl, Llewellyn?

This is... eh...

My name is Sade, but you can call me **DOLL-FACE**, Lover-boy...

Nice to meet you, dollface loverboy...

Lissen baby... Nelson and I have a little business to-- to-- to-- What the...

ROAR

HOLY GOOD-NIGHT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

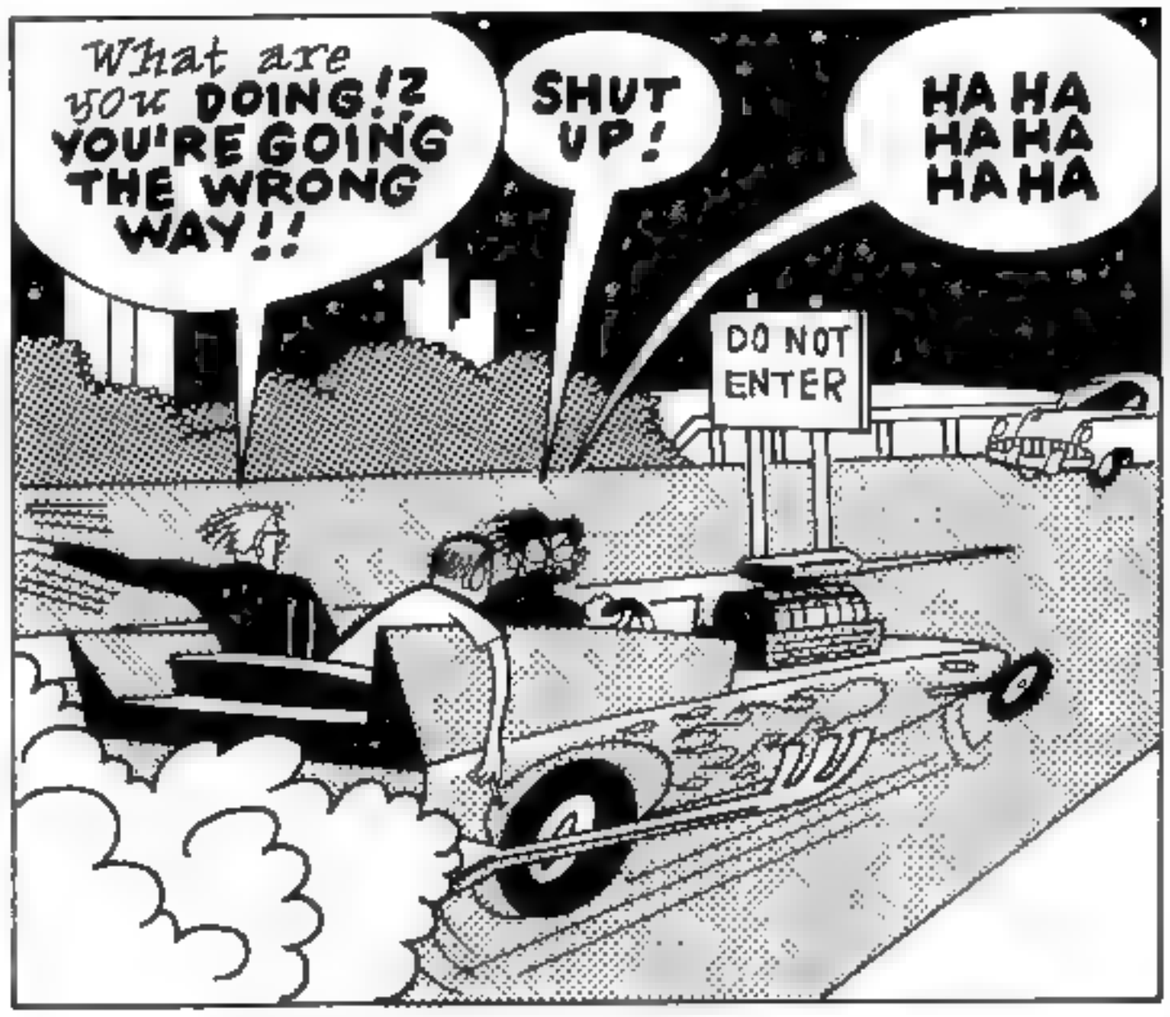
VAROOMMM

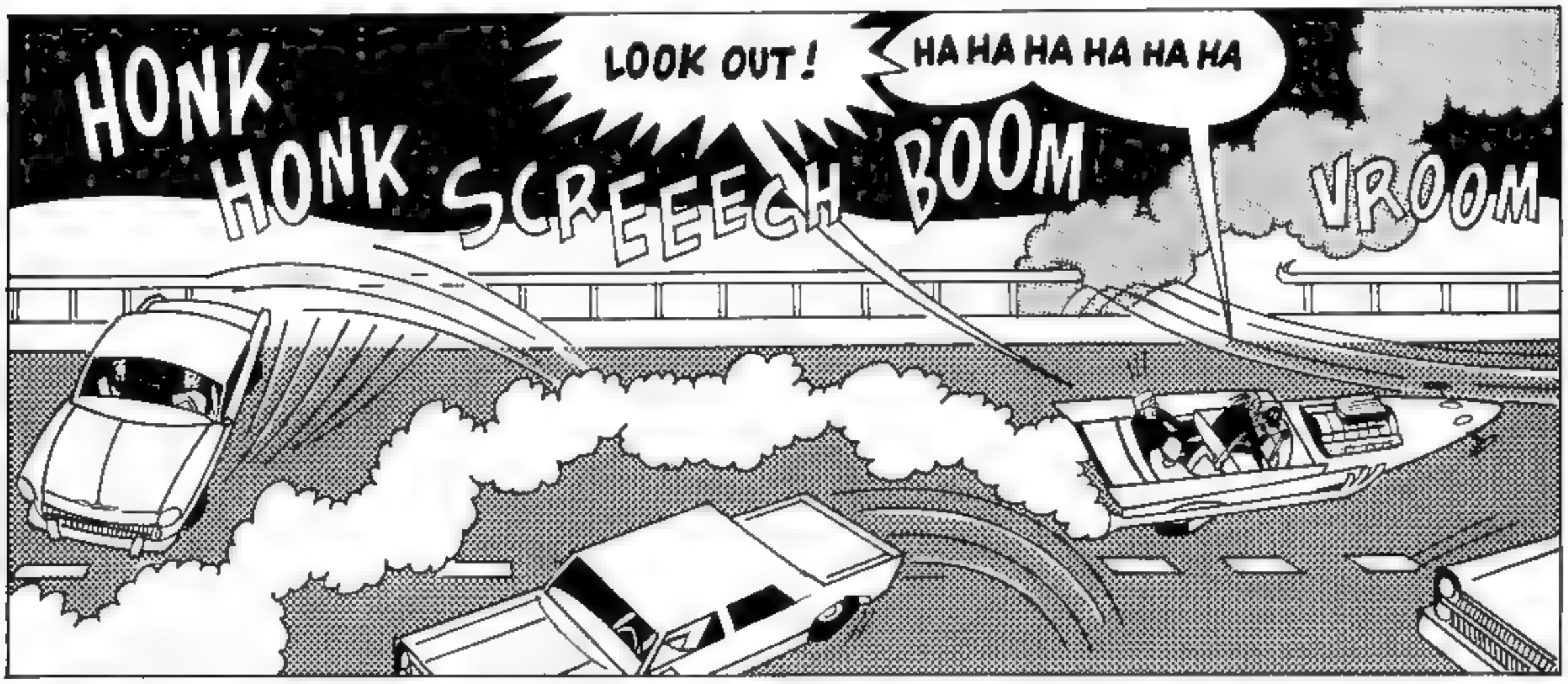
Heeeeeeeeeeeey!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

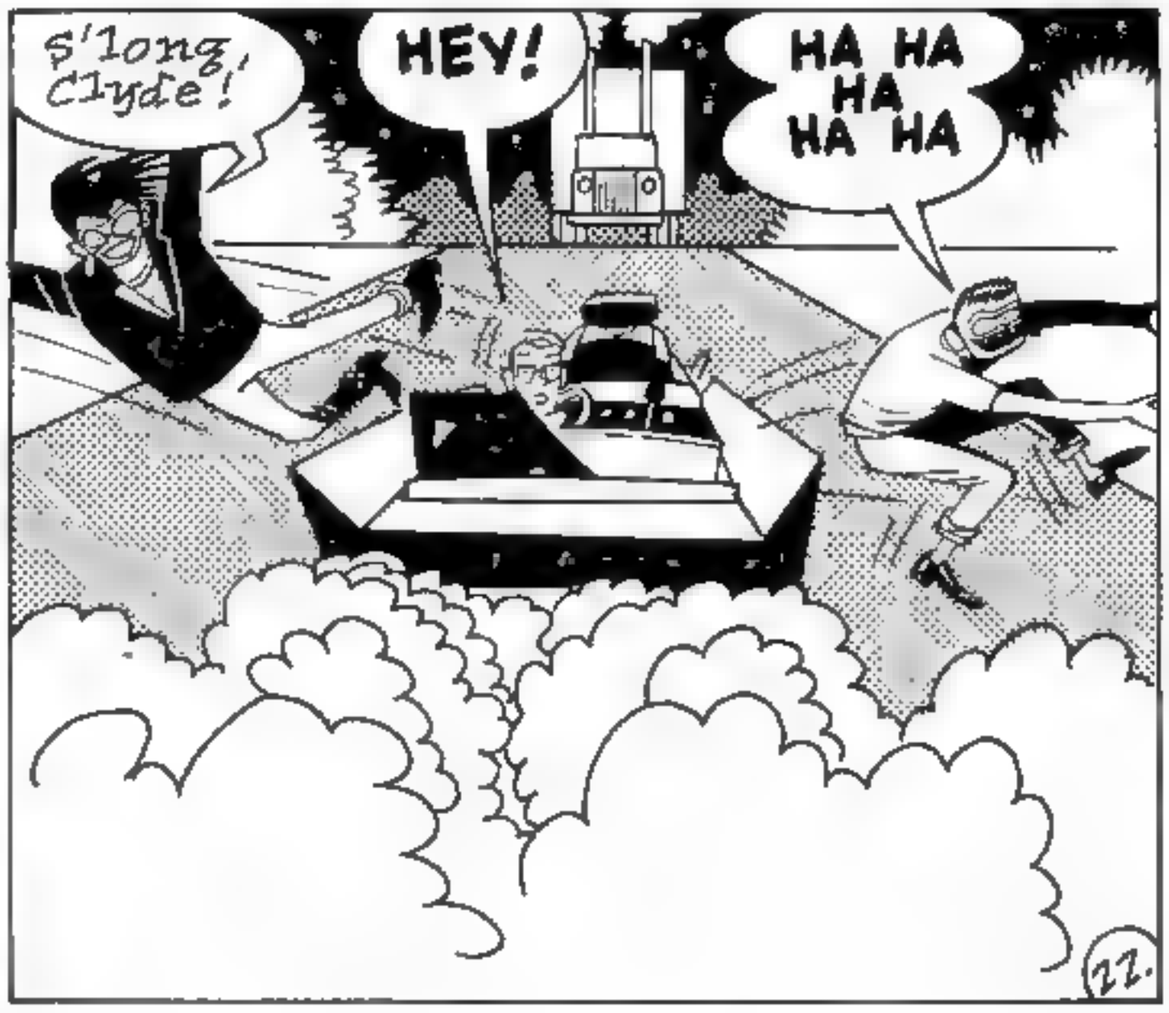
SCREEEEEEEEEEECH!

YAAAAAA! SLOW DOWN!
Shut up!

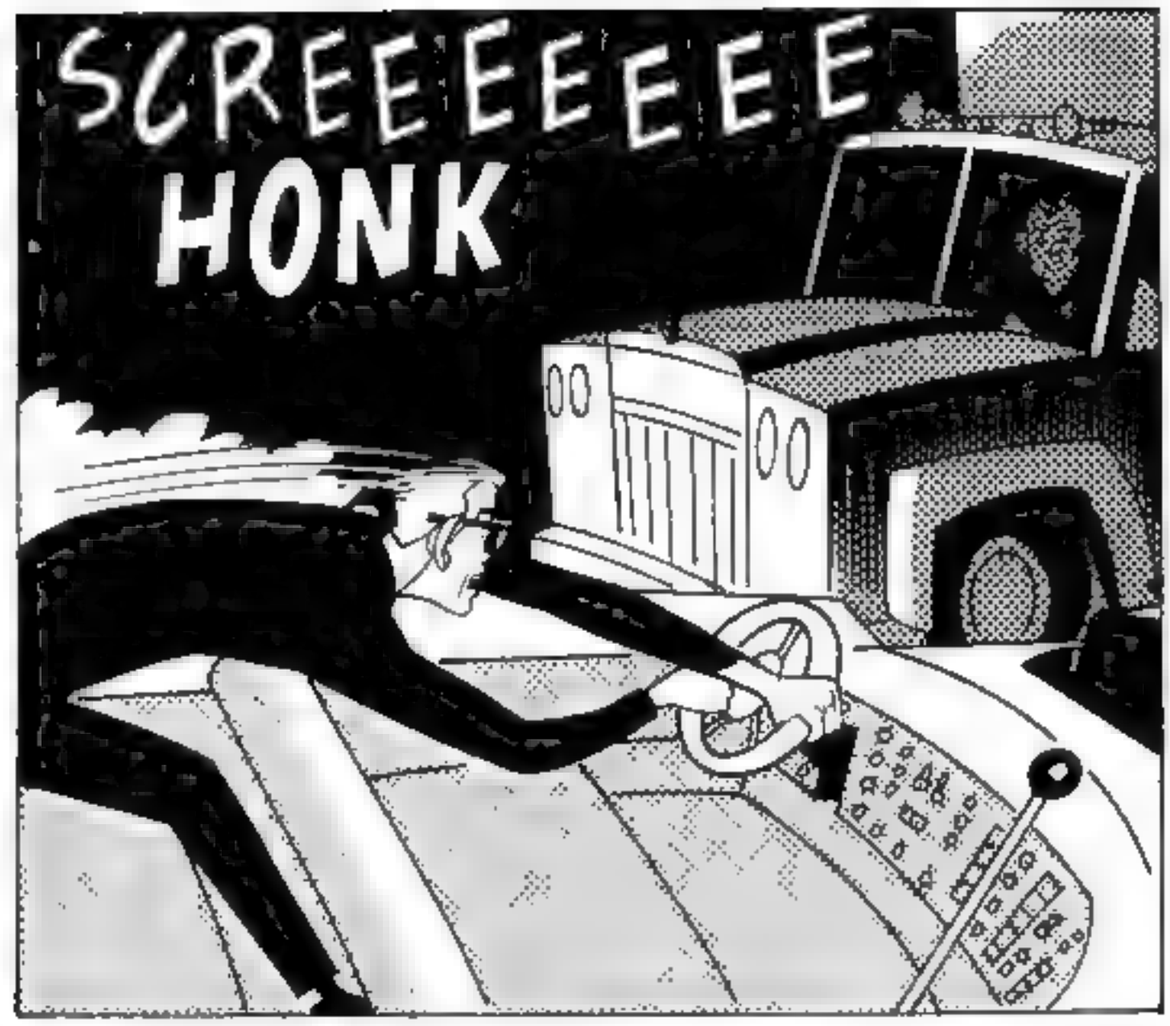

What are you DOING!? YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!!
SHUT UP!
HA HA HA HA HA HA
DO NOT ENTER


HONK HONK
LOOK OUT!
SCREEECH
HA HA HA HA HA HA
BOOM
VROOM

HEY! WATCH THE ROAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? SIT DOWN!


S'long, Clyde!
HEY!
HA HA HA HA HA

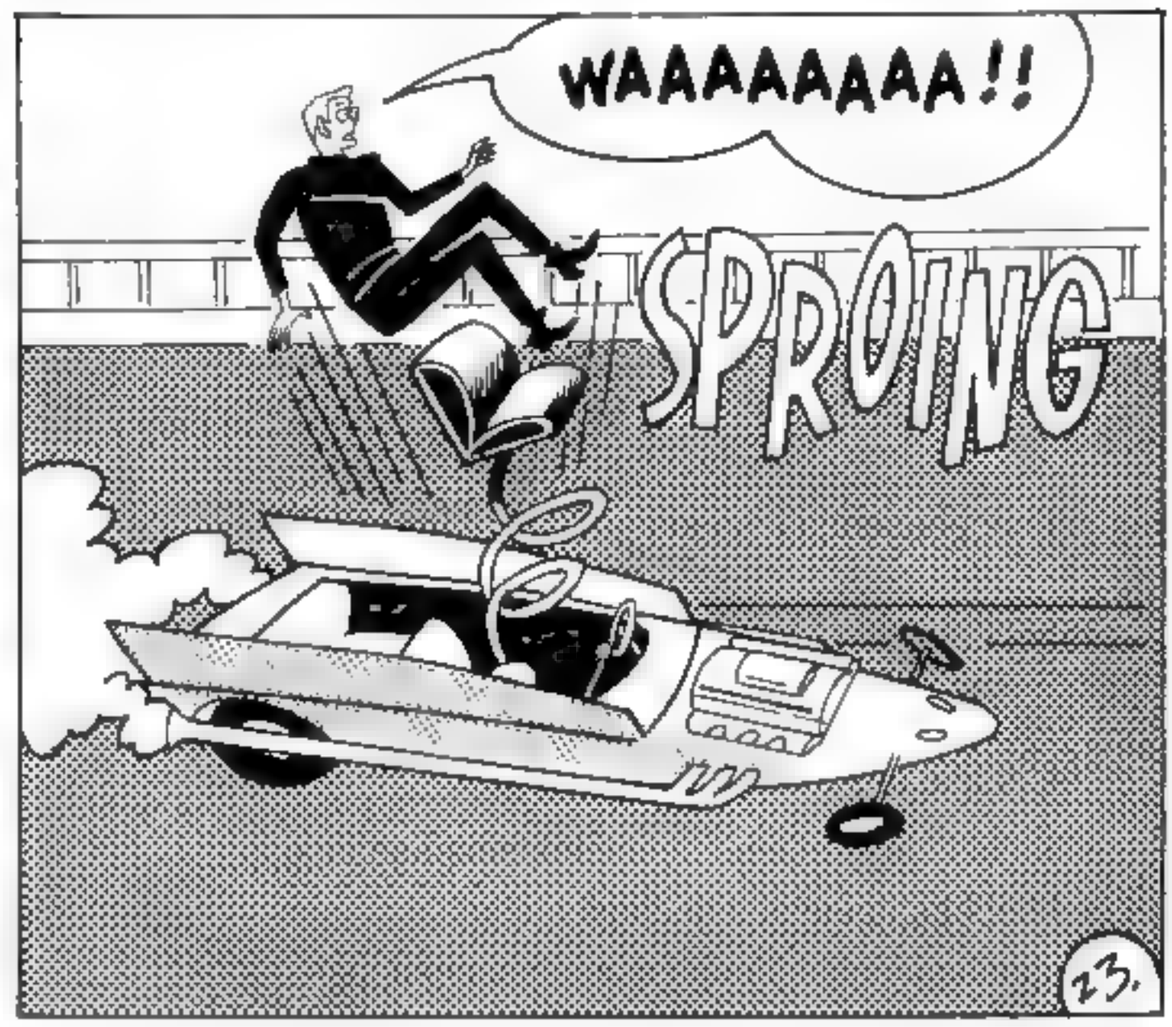
HOLY GOOD-NIGHT!


SCREEEEEEE
HONK

Whew! Okay baby...slow down...
SLOW DOWN DAMMIT!
STOMP STOMP

WHAAA?!? NO PEDALS!!

Locked in the grip of IMPENDING DISASTER Llewellyn's survival instinct goes into HIGH GEAR searching for that ONE WAY OUT...
GULP...Here goes NOTHING!


WAAAAAAAA!!
SPROING

Several hours later, a dejected, ejected and slightly damaged Lloyd Llewellyn returns to his apartment...

Wotta night... My nerves are **SHOT** ...Where did I hide that fifth of-- **YOU**

Hi, Lloyd

I gotta get that **LOCK FIXED...**

Lloyd... I...I...

What is it?... What happened to Nelson?...

He's **DEAD!**

HOW'S that?!

Dead! Murdered! Not more than twenty minutes after you left some geezer in a grey homburg **PLUGGED** him right there on the corner... ...Before he got a chance to do the same to me he got **SPOOKED** by something and **TOOK OFF...**

I--I didn't know where to go $-SO I came here...

PLEASE Lloyd... T-That murderer is **AFTER** me... L-Let me stay here... Please... **PROTECT** me...

Okay okay... Stop whining...

Hold me **CLOSER** Lloyd...

There's no time for that... We've got to---

A-HA!

Well, well, well... What's going on here...
Dante...I..

Keep it to yourself, TRAMP... I'm TIRED of PLAYING GAMES... It's time for LOVERBOY to take his MEDICINE!
CLICK!

HEY!

HEY!!

Any last words, Clyde...?
AHEM...

Dante...Sade...Willie... Come with me...
What?! Who are YOU, dad?!

Special agent Roy Smith, J.B.I. ... You kids are needed back on Jupiter.
Ju-JUPITER?

What are you tryin' to **PULL**, Flatfoot!? We weren't never needed for **NOTHIN'** back on Jupiter! We stole a spaceship and broke every space traffic law in the book and now they probably want to throw us in some crummy **DETENTION HOME!** **FORGET IT!**

Yeah!

Things have changed since you left, son... A lot can happen in nine months... There's been a worldwide plague.

A PLAGUE?

"A **COSMIC CLOUD** enveloped the planet... When it dispersed we found that, among other things, the entire population had lost it's ability to **REPRODUCE**. ...This, of course, spelled the end of the Jovian people... **UNLESS** there happened to be Jovians who never came into contact with the cloud... Beginning to understand?..."

I killed Nelson... and Heckleblatt ...and I **ALMOST** nailed Llewellyn here... I couldn't allow Sade to get too close to an **EARTHMAN**...

Why not?

An **INTERPLANETARY PREGNANCY** can have **SERIOUS** physical complications... We can't take any risks with the **MOTHER** of the new **JOVIAN RACE**...

After **MONTHS** of silently following you kids, I finally got the word from Jupiter this evening...the planet is **FULLY DECONTAMINATED**... An anxious world awaits you... You're heroes... The future parents of the **NEXT GENERATION!**

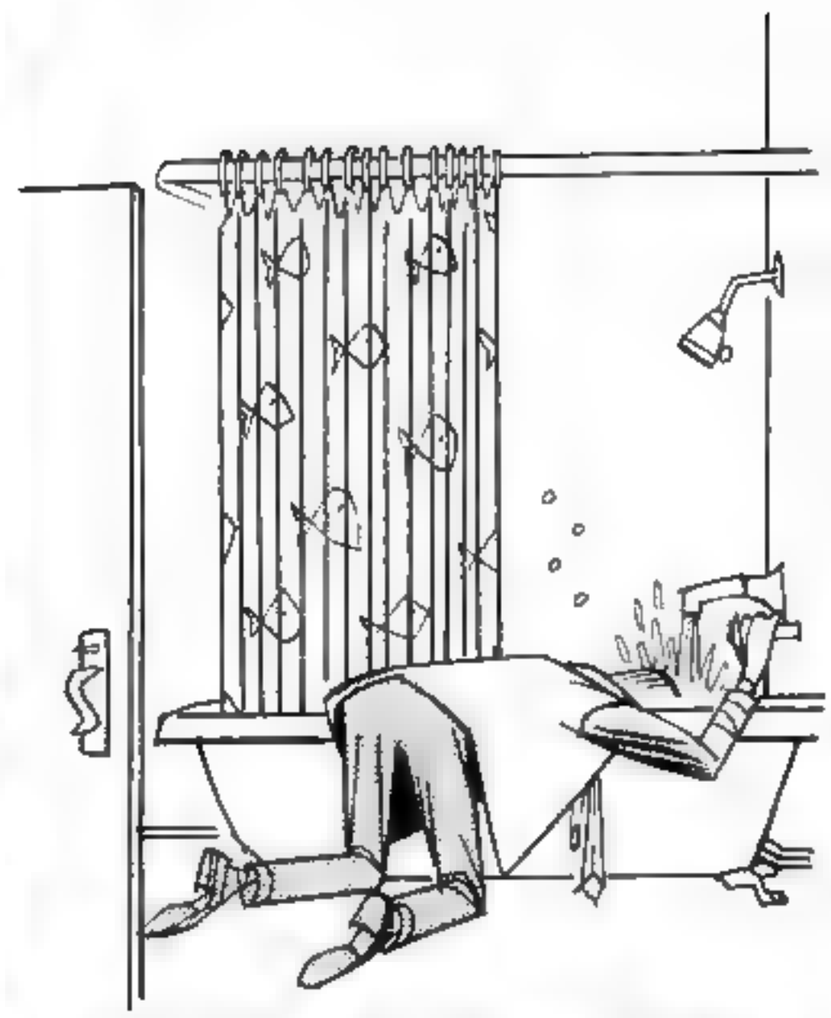
Us... heroes?!

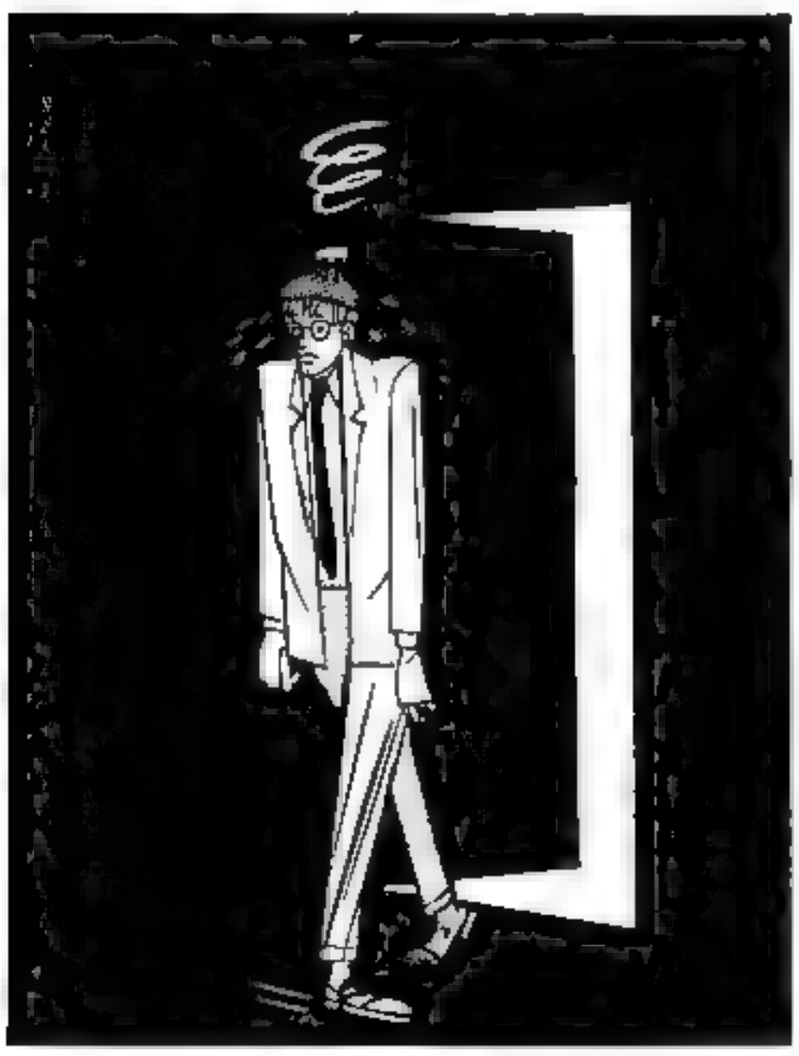
Golly!

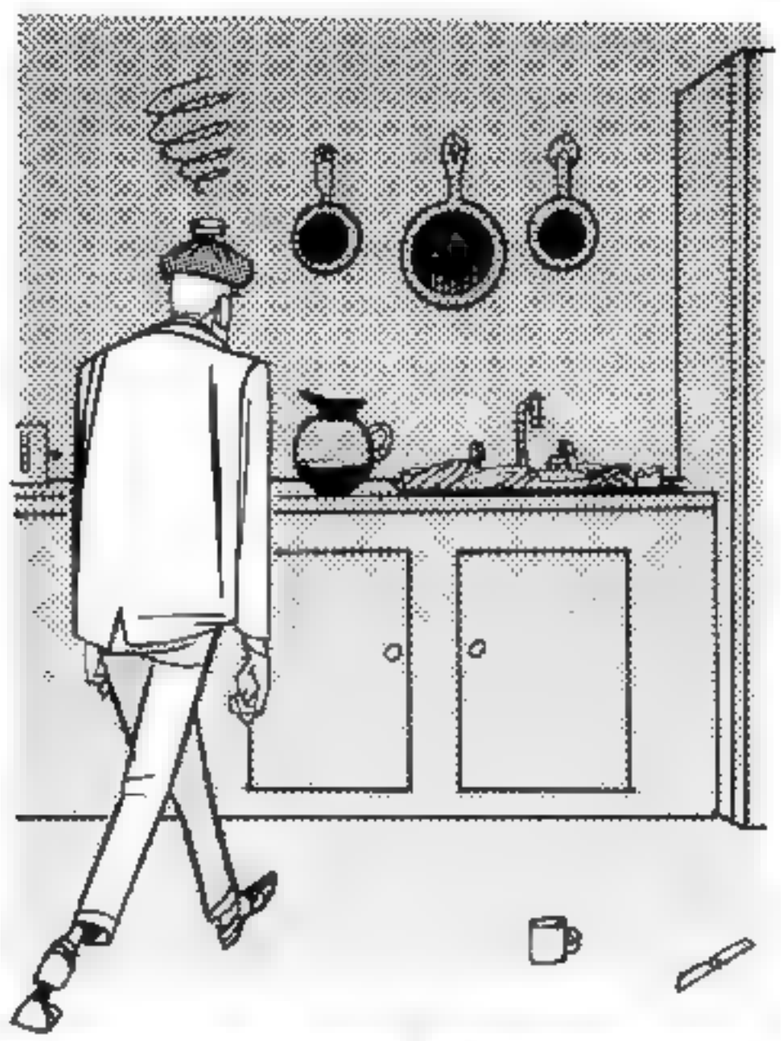
C'mon, let's go! See ya Clyde.. No hard feelings, I hope!

That was it... they were gone... The Heckleblatt case was solved and everything was back to normal in this end of the galaxy... Somewhere out there among the stars an old world is dying and in its ashes stands the nucleus of hope for a new world... a nightmare world where violence, hatred and sadism are shared genetic traits... Where murder, mayhem and chaos are groundrules in a game that has no winners... I guess things are rough all over.

5 0 2
Daniel Clowes



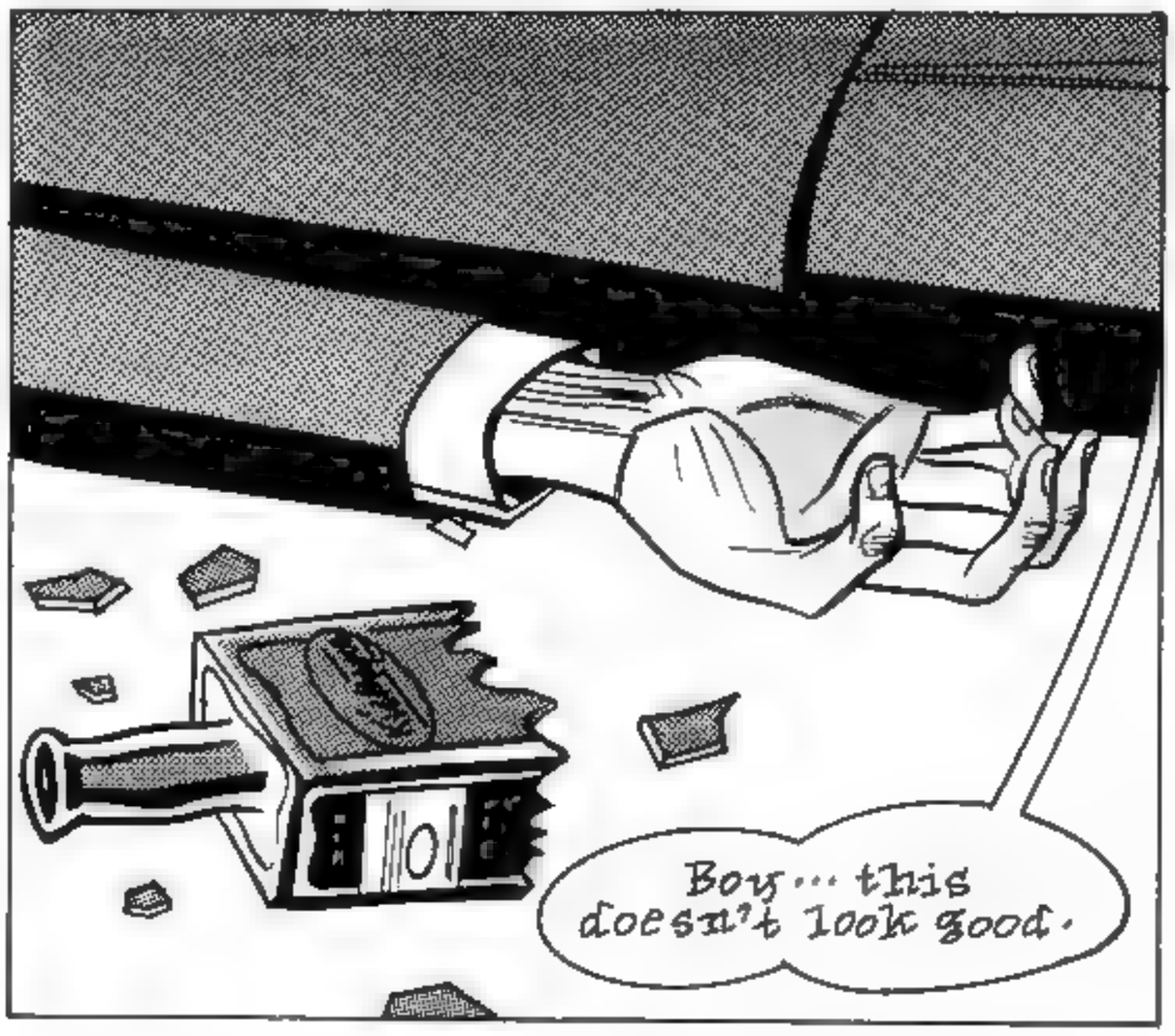




Who the...? Hey Buddy... wake up!
C'mon! Snap TO IT!
=Grumble= I hate a guy who can't handle his liquor!

H-Holy goodnight! H-He's DEAD!

...William Thumb... n-never heard of him...


Boy... this doesn't look good.

If I tell Red about this he'll have to stick me in the TANK...

No... I've got to solve this one for myself first...

Sit tight, pal

I'd really done it this time. I had painted myself into a corner in a room with no door ... Now I had to escape without so much as a footprint or I was **SUNK.** My head was still full of cobwebs... I can remember sitting on a barstool at the Dot. "Angel Eyes" is playing on the jukebox and then, all of a sudden, everything gets hazy and slowly goes black...I felt a queasy, throbbing pain in my stomach... We Llewellyns were known for our luck ... mine was all bad.

This is Thumb's building... pretty nice... lives with Thelma, his wife... **ECH!** And I thought **MY** driver's license picture was bad!

C'mon Thelma!...

KNOCK KNOCK

Thumb

You looking for Mrs. Thumb!??

Eh!... Actually... I--

You ain't gonna find her here and God only **KNOWS** where she is...I've got my doubts about that girl... always have.... I'm Mrs. Payne, the landlady here ... Last night Mr. Thumb and Thelma-- that's Mrs. Thumb-- they went out in the evening... In the middle of the night she came home with a **STRANGE MAN**...Then they left again right away-- far as I know Mr. Thumb never came home!

...Didn't get much of a look at this other fella... he had light hair... tall... built something like you -- Hey mister! I'm not finished!

I'd better **GET LOST** before she gets too suspicious! **GOOD LORD**...was **I** the other man!?

Later that afternoon...

HON

That's the whole story Ernie...Nobody's seen Thumb's wife since last night and I'm **DRAWING BLANKS**... I need your help...

Ernie's ideas always seemed kind of stupid at first... Once every so often the little creep would pull a genuine winner out of his hat. No such luck this time but I was at a dead loss so I decided to give it a shot. He figured the best way to find out what happened was to re-enact the crime... to try to **RELIVE** the whole **DRUNKEN NIGHTMARE** ...

How's it goin' Killer!?

I don't know about this Ernie...

TRUST me, Llewellyn... I'll be following you all night taking notes ... real scientific! C'mon... it's all set-up... Get with the **PROGRAM!**

♫ ...The DRINKS and the LAUGHS are on ME... ♫

Okay okay okay... What have I got to lose!?

ATTABOY Llewellyn!

...5:45 PM: Subject begins mad alcoholic spree...

♫ ...Mad Stag... ♫

Later, the great experiment continues...

This isn't working Ernie... I've been =urp= at this for an hour and I still can't remember a thing!

6:58 PM: Subject begins to show signs of bitterness and frustration...

♫ I'd rather have the blues than what I got... ♫

Even later...

This =hic= is the third bar we've been to and =hic= nothing rings a bell... Everything is so hazy...

7:44 PM: More of same...

Much later still...

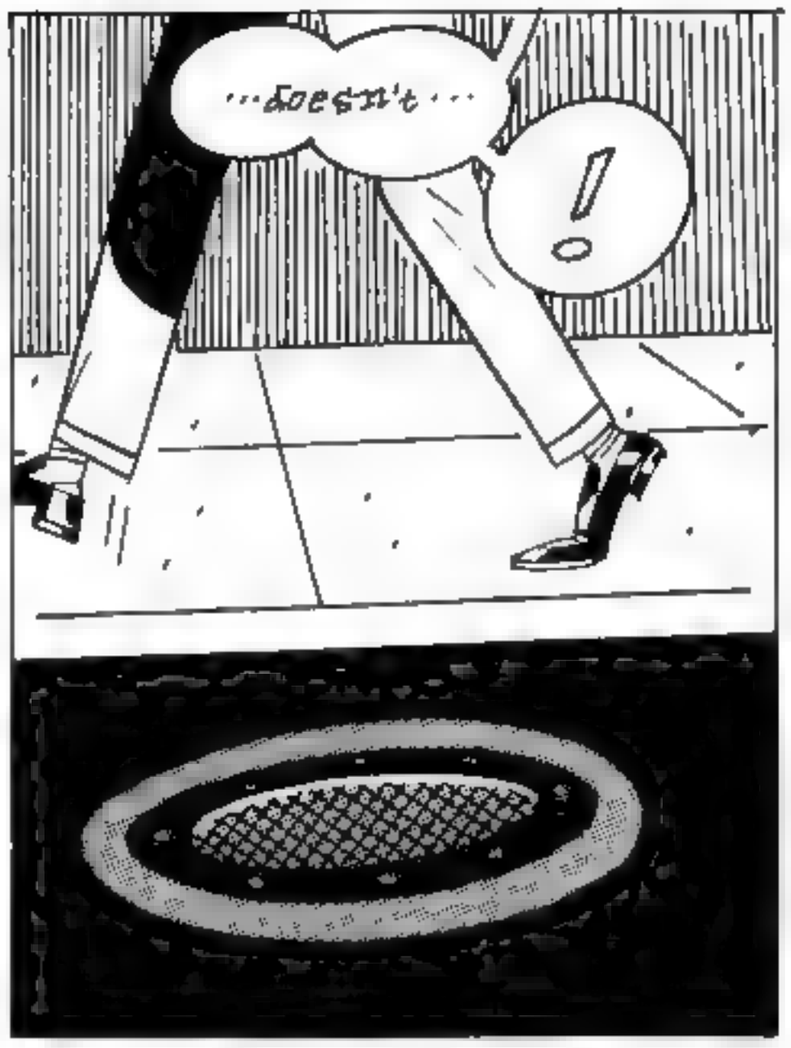
Drink up buddy-boy... Augie says he spotted you in here last night around this time... looks like we're on the right track!

=Glub=

It... It's no use Ernie... I-I don't remember nothin'... It's all so blurry an =hic= **FOGGY**...

C'MON boy... Stick to it... I think we're on the verge of a **BREAKTHROUGH!**

B-But I don't ≋HIC≋ recognizh nothin'... I-I maybe went to all these dumps ≋HIC≋ b-but it doesn't...


...doesn't...
!

9:13 PM: Subject enters manhole...
Waitaminit! Where the @@#& are you GOING!?

Hold on Llewellyn... What are you up to!?!

...LLEWELLYN!
I-I... DUNNO... I-It's something I-I'm not sure b-but...

That's FAR ENOUGH Buddy!

This is MY sewer, Fancy-pants ...GOT THAT?! ...MINE! MINE! No TRESPASSING! You don't think I could kill you but I could... I'll KILL you if you don't leave right now and NEVER COME BACK!

It would prove FUTILE to tangle with me! I've killed BEFORE... Lotsa times... with this very 2 by 4 in fact!
...Hey! You're the guy from last night!

WHA-A-A-AT did you say?!

KEEP your distance!

Y-Y-You saw me…=HIC= …down here?!

Up there. You and a lady I think it was. The lid was off the manhole and I saw you and a lady talkin' to some guy…

I couldn't hear what you were sayin' but I got a good look at your face and I NEVER forget a face…even a dopey map like YOURS!

…I--

I don't know what your little scheme is buddy, but I'm ON to ya… I BETTER not catch you pokin' around down here again… UNDERSTAND?

9:24 PM: Subject emerges…

…Next time you'll be SORRY!

C'mon Ernie…=urp= We're getting hot! The- the dust in my brain is starting to settle… I think were on the verge of a BIG BREAKTHROUGH…=HIC=

Boy do you ever stink!

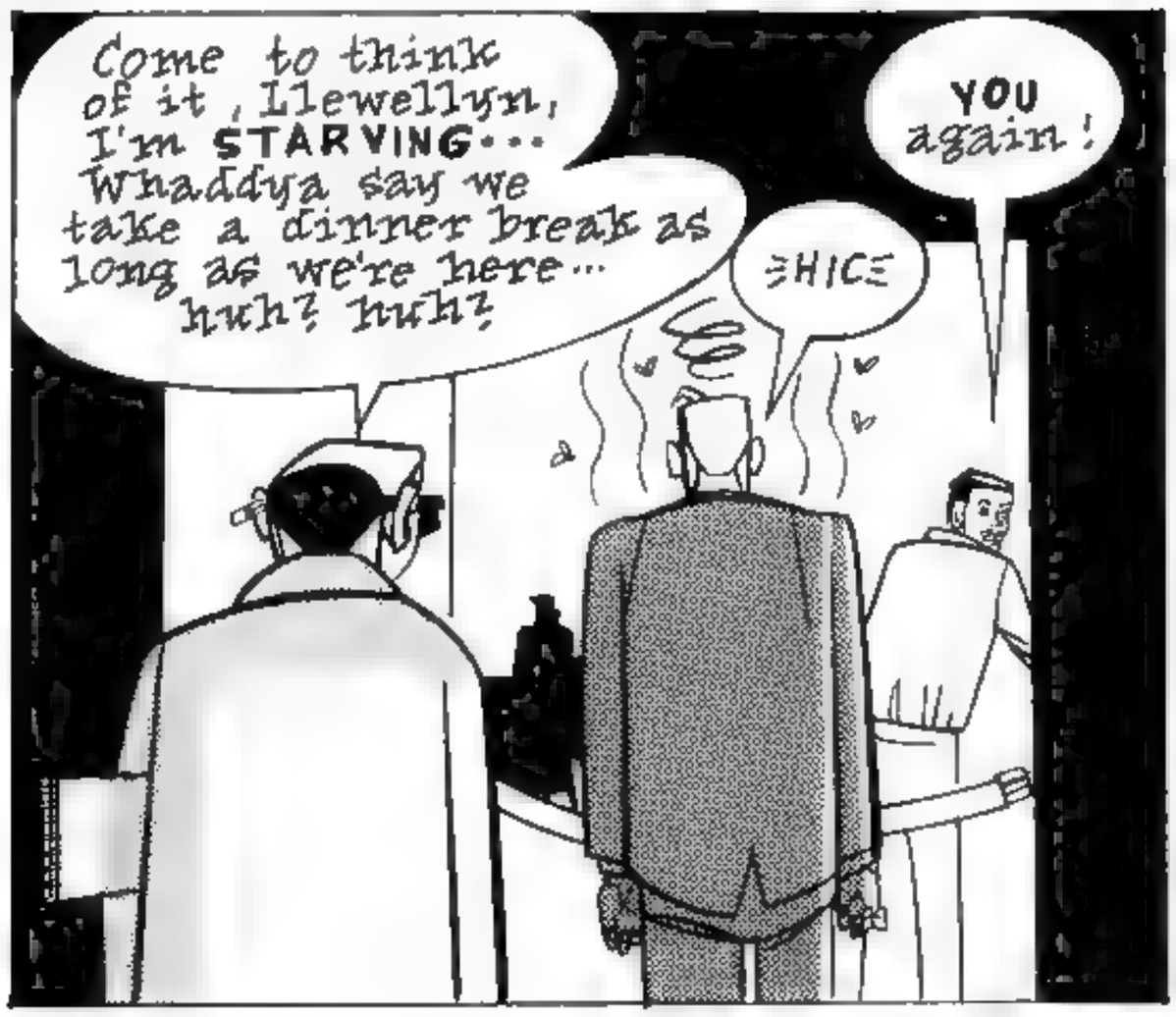
AHA! I was HERE Ernie! I-I'm sure of it! I rememember it clearly! …=URRRP=

the KEY Club

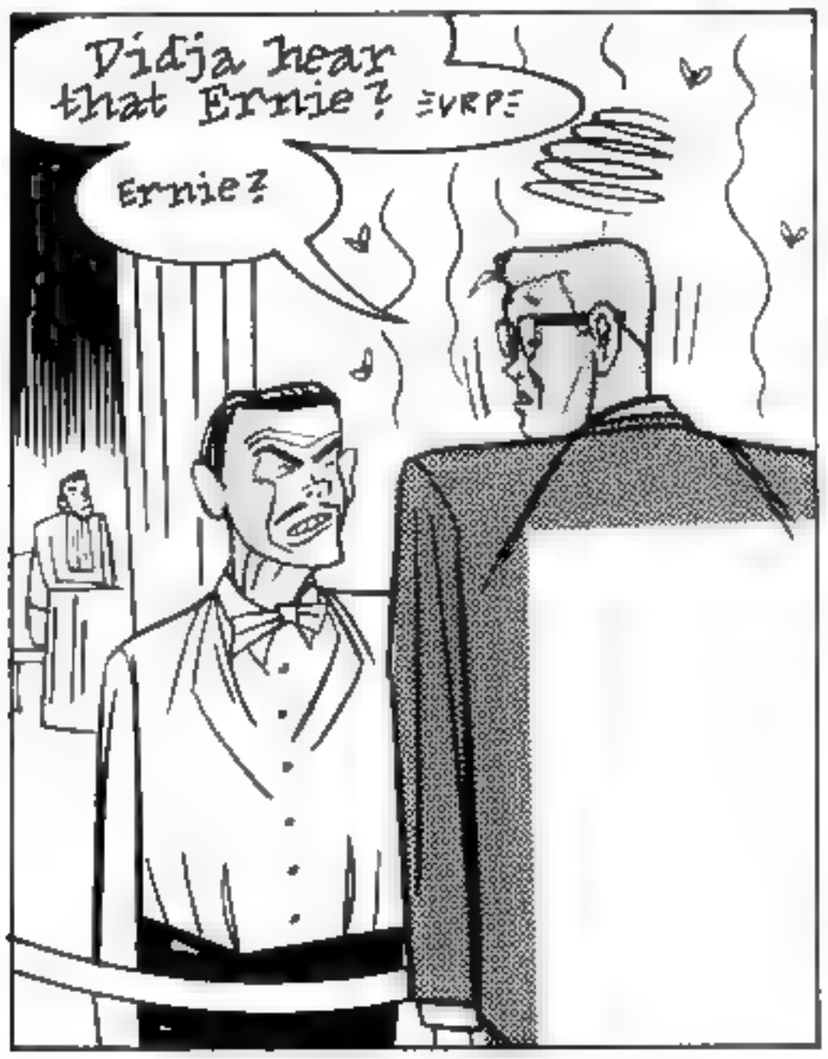
the KEY Club

9:44 PM: Subject approaches…

Hey! Wait up!


Come to think of it, Llewellyn, I'm STARVING... Whaddya say we take a dinner break as long as we're here... huh? huh?
HICC
YOU again!

I told you NEVER to set foot in this establishment again! You've got SOME NERVE coming back the very next DAY!
HA HA I WAS here HICC last night!


Didja hear that Ernie? ERRPP
Ernie?

Eh... excuse me... are you going to eat the rest of your peas?

Sir!... SIR!
...now where did he...
Oooh! My head!

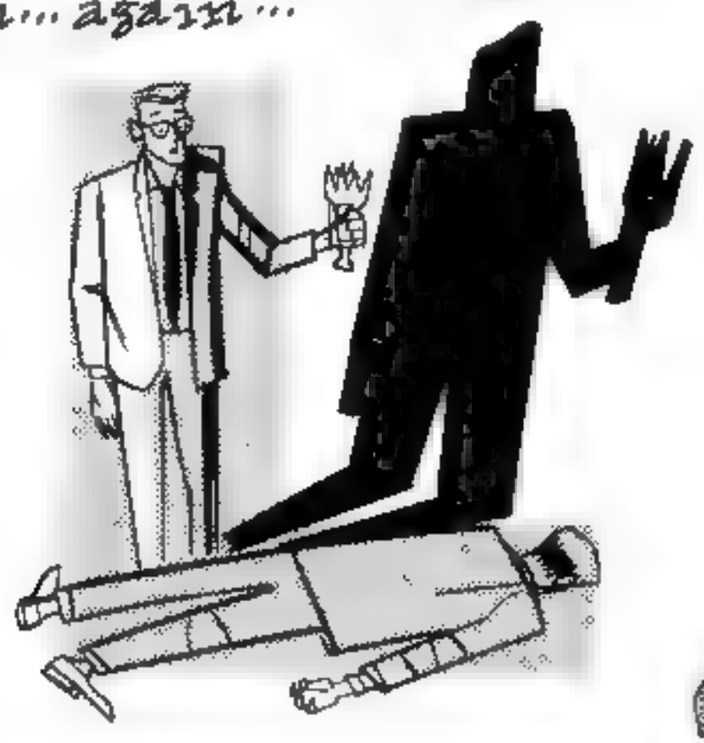
Hi Llewellyn... what's the word?
ERRP There you are! Guess what!? I WAS here HICC last night! I...

...I...IIIII
LLEWELLYN!
WHUMP

...I was still conscious... I think. I couldn't move... I sensed a dull buzzing around me...

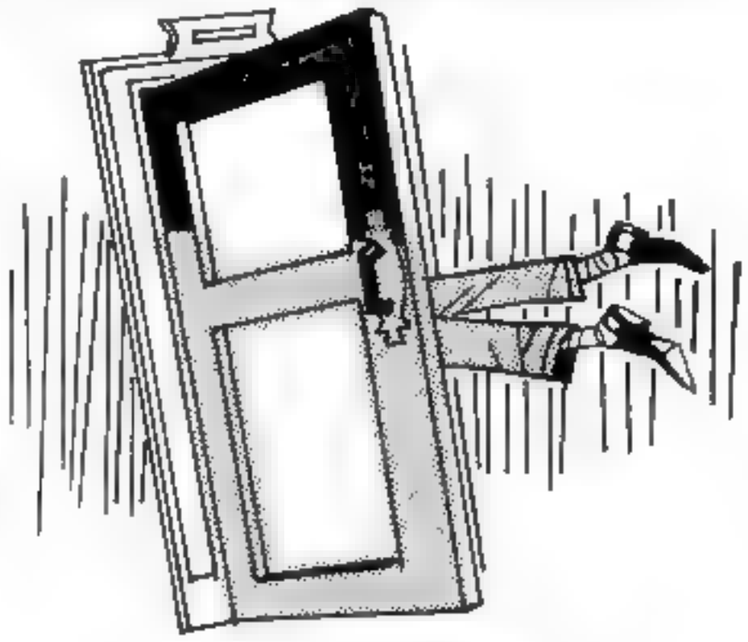
The soft echo of distant whispers faded. The stars grew dim, the room stopped moving and suddenly everything was black.

When the lights came on I found myself standing, broken bottle in hand, over Thump's body... I had just killed him... again...



I started to run but the floor was moving too rapidly for me to gain much ground... I spotted a door in the distance...

The door began to close... I started to pickup speed and managed to slip by just before it slammed shut...

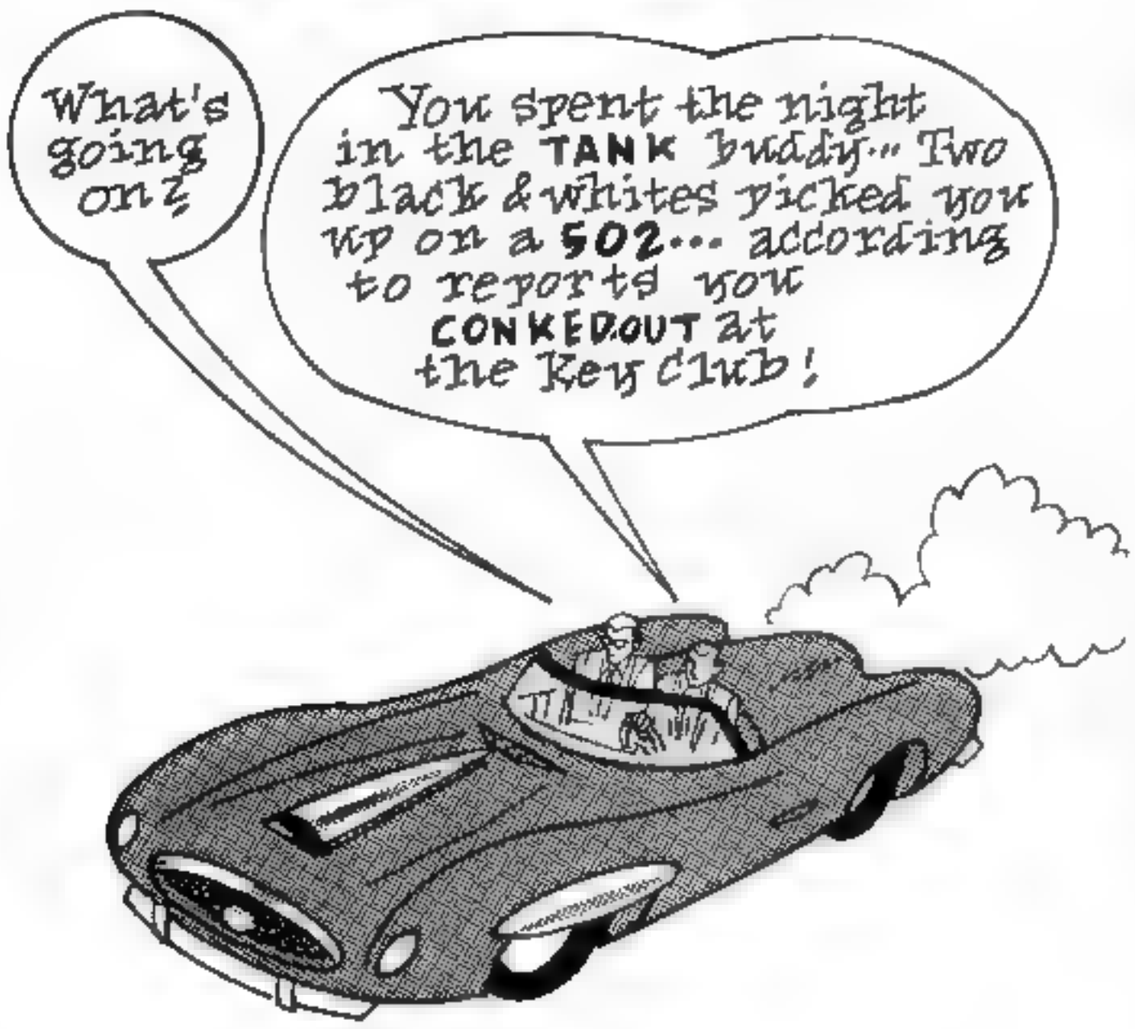


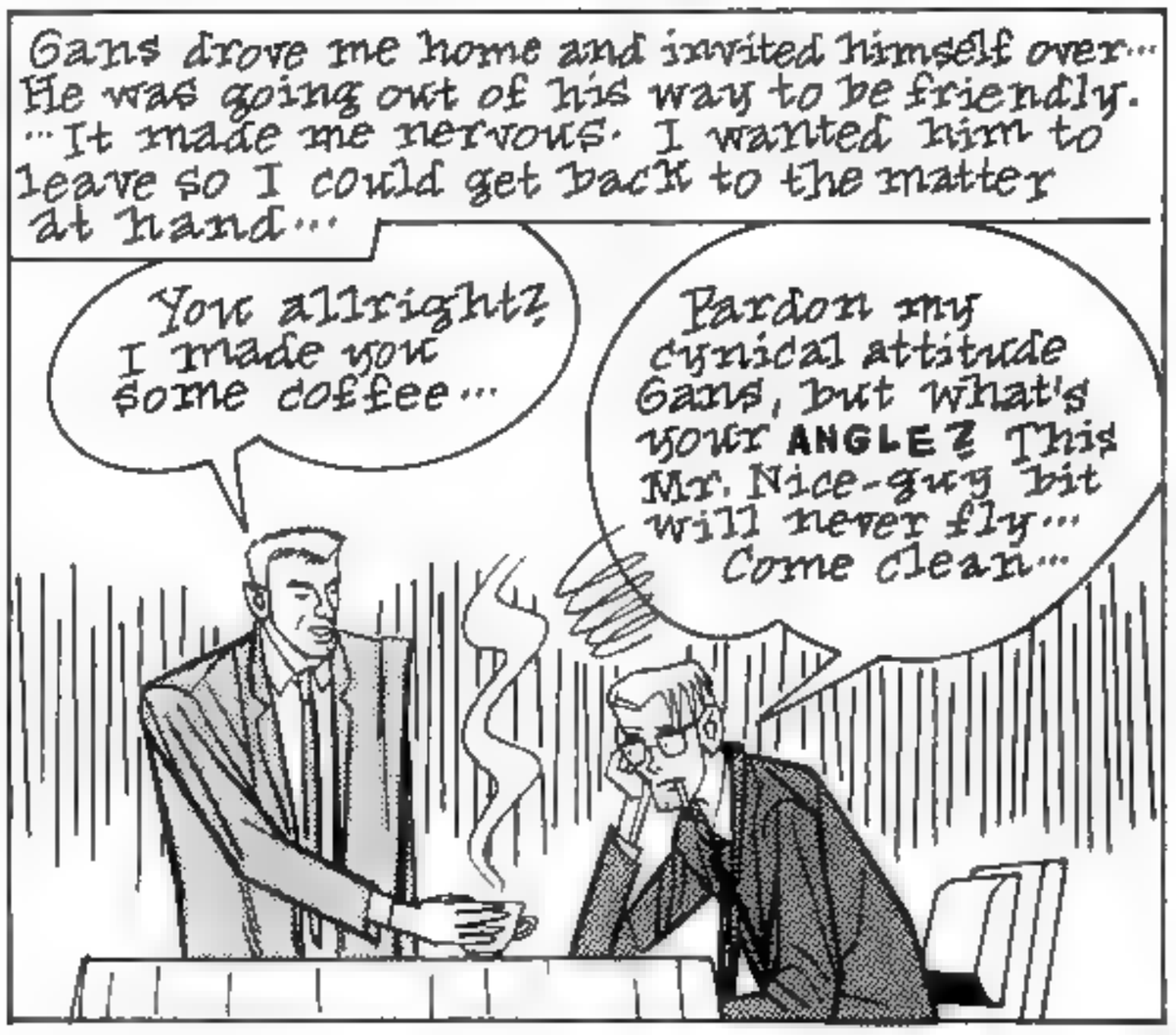
I turned around and the door was gone. I was locked in a cell. The accusing eyes of a dozen doomed murderers coolly surveyed the new addition to their ranks...

When all of a sudden...

Lloyd!
A-Am I a murderer!?

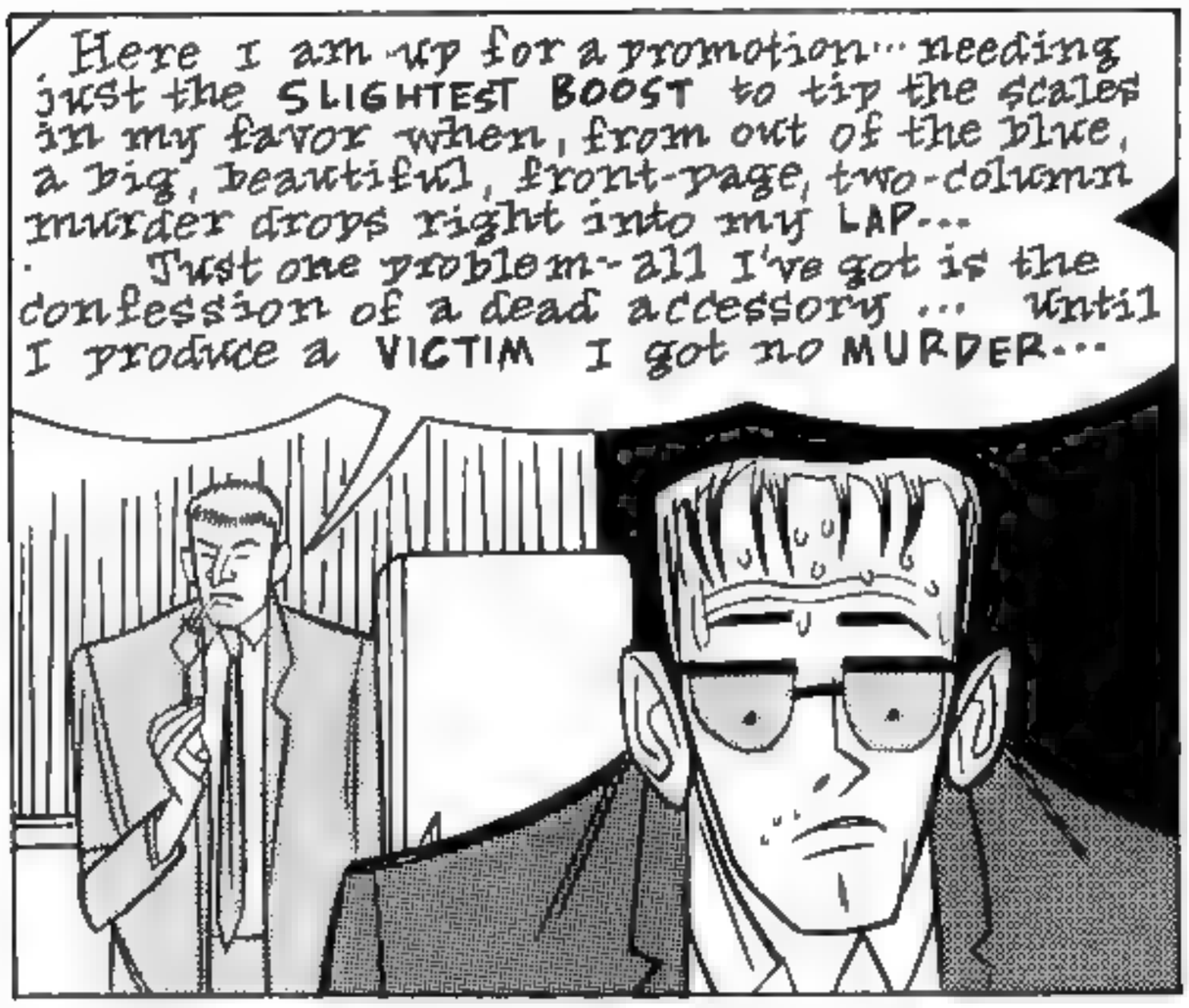
Huh? ...Gans?
C'mon Lloyd, You're a free man!


What's going on?
You spent the night in the TANK buddy... Two black & whites picked you up on a 502... according to reports you CONKED OUT at the Key Club!

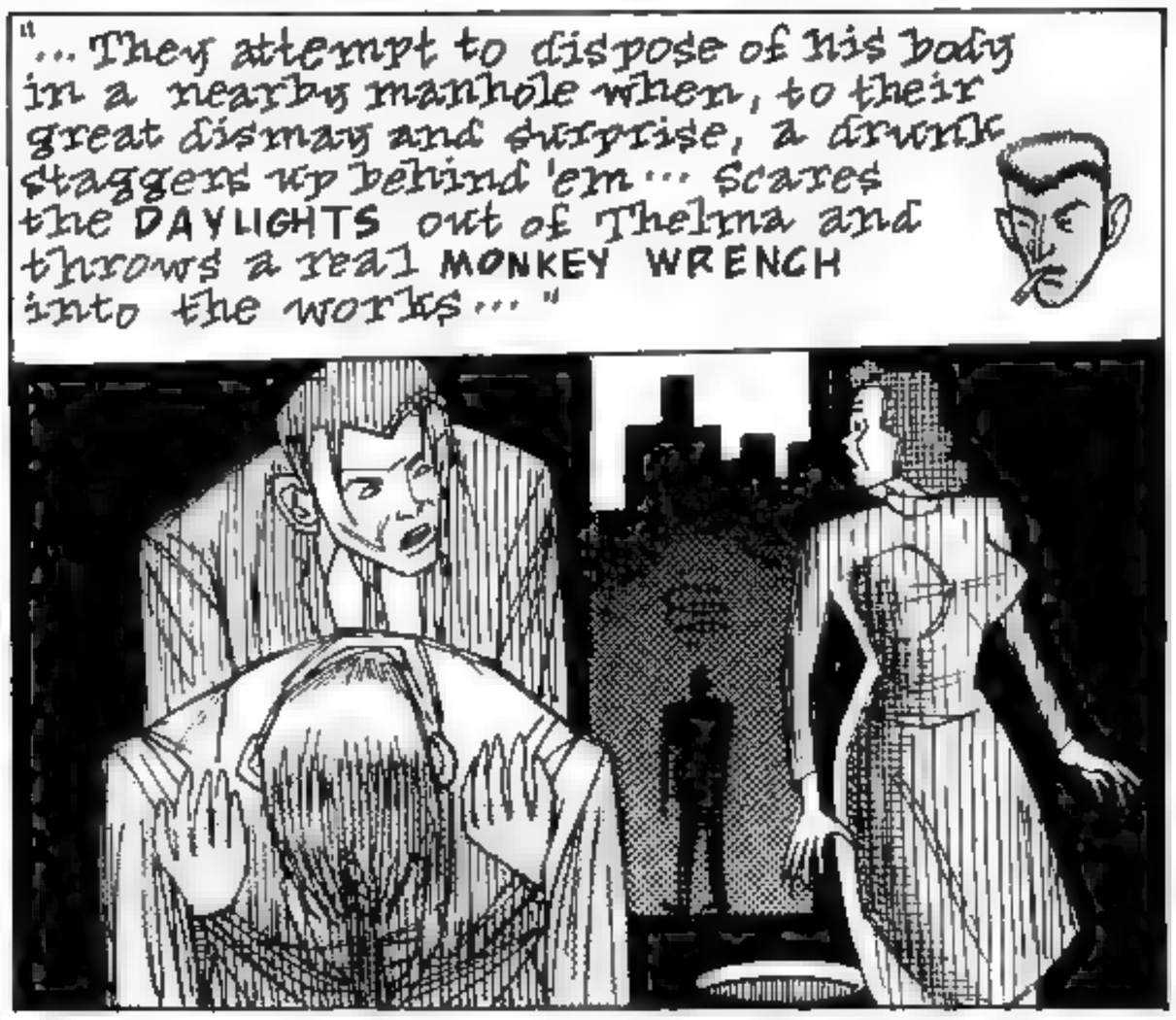

Gans drove me home and invited himself over... He was going out of his way to be friendly. ...It made me nervous. I wanted him to leave so I could get back to the matter at hand...
You allright? I made you some coffee...
Pardon my cynical attitude Gans, but what's your ANGLE? This Mr. Nice-guy bit will never fly... Come clean...

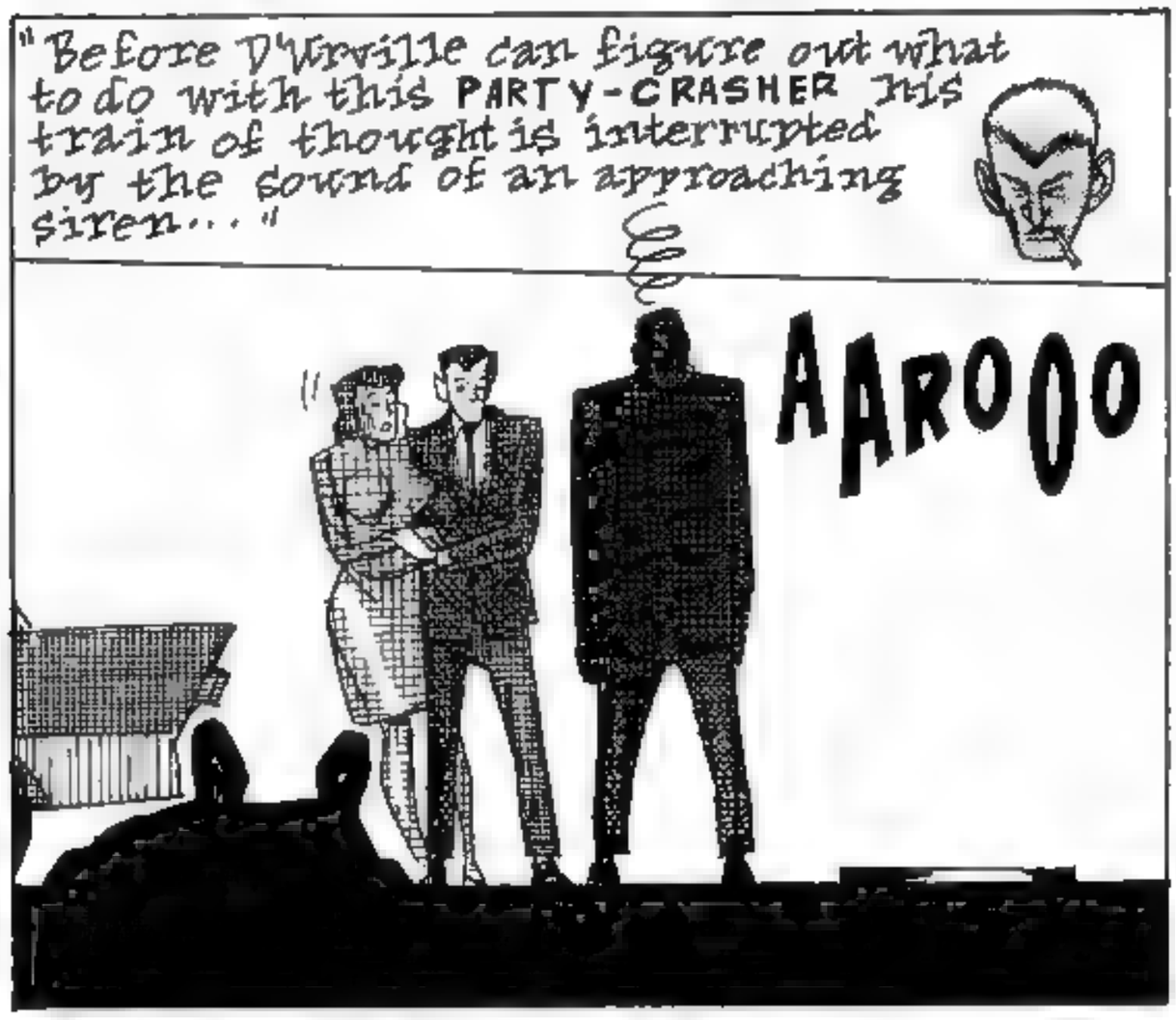
Okay Lloyd... I'll level with you... You're a good detective and I need your help...
A-Ha... Who do you want me to DIG UP this time...

His name is Thumb and you may HAVE to dig him up... he's been dead since Thursday!
G-Gulp!


Here I am up for a promotion... needing just the SLIGHTEST BOOST to tip the scales in my favor when, from out of the blue, a big, beautiful, front-page, two-column murder drops right into my LAP...
Just one problem--all I've got is the confession of a dead accessory ... until I produce a VICTIM I got no MURDER...

Here's the story the way I heard it... Thursday night... Mrs. Thelma Thumb and her gigolo lover Martin D'Urville knock off Thelma's husband William--the corpse in question...

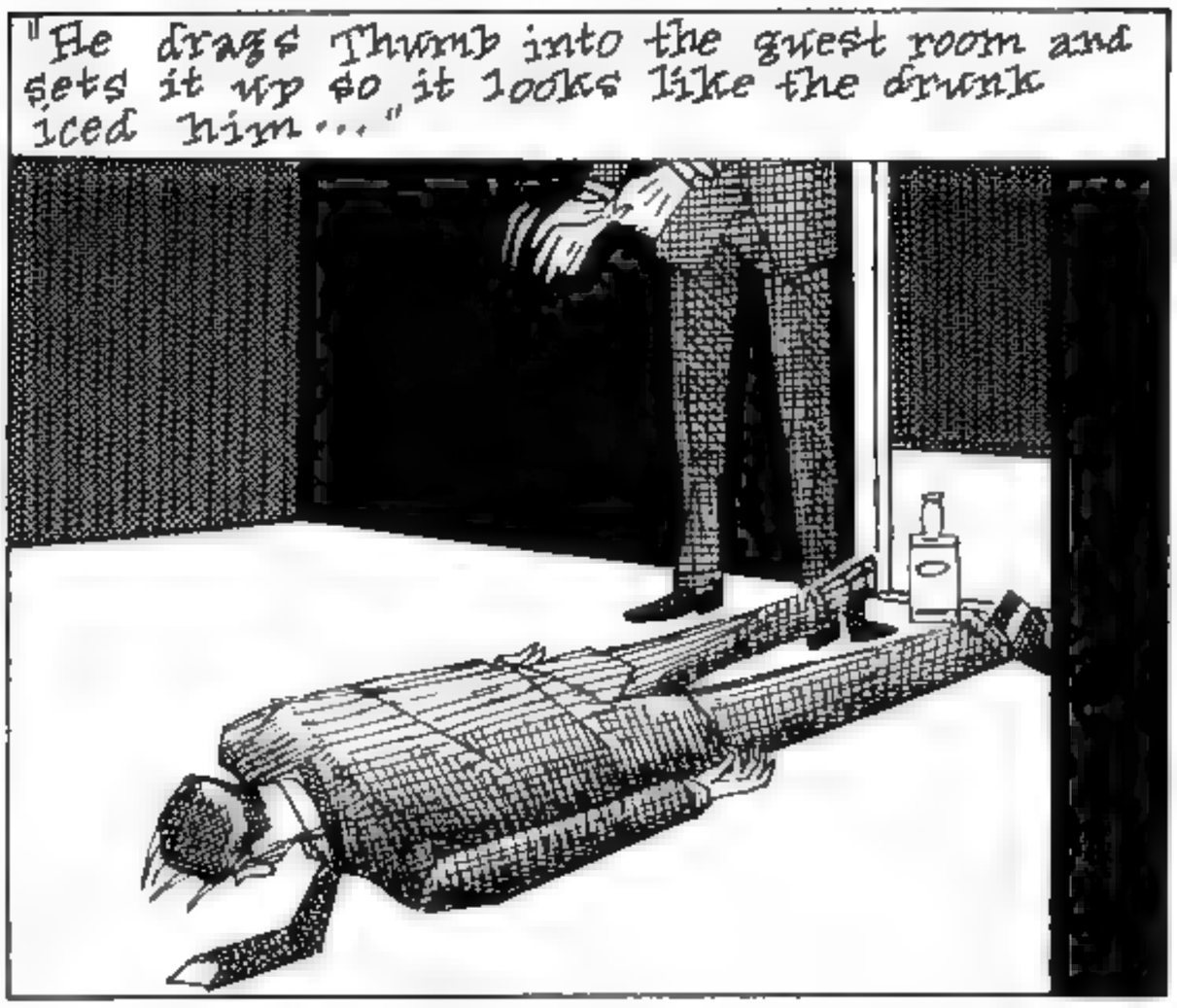

"...They attempt to dispose of his body in a nearby manhole when, to their great dismay and surprise, a drunk staggers up behind 'em... scares the DAYLIGHTS out of Thelma and throws a real MONKEY WRENCH into the works..."


"Before D'Urville can figure out what to do with this PARTY-CRASHER his train of thought is interrupted by the sound of an approaching siren..."
AAROOOO

"Thelma panics. They throw the stiff and the drunk in their car and take a powder..."

"D'Urville goes fishing for a new SCHEME when the drunk perks up and starts BABBLING that he wants to go HOME... This gives ol' Loverboy an idea..."

"They drive the drunk home... D'vrville brings Thumb along to join the PARTY..."

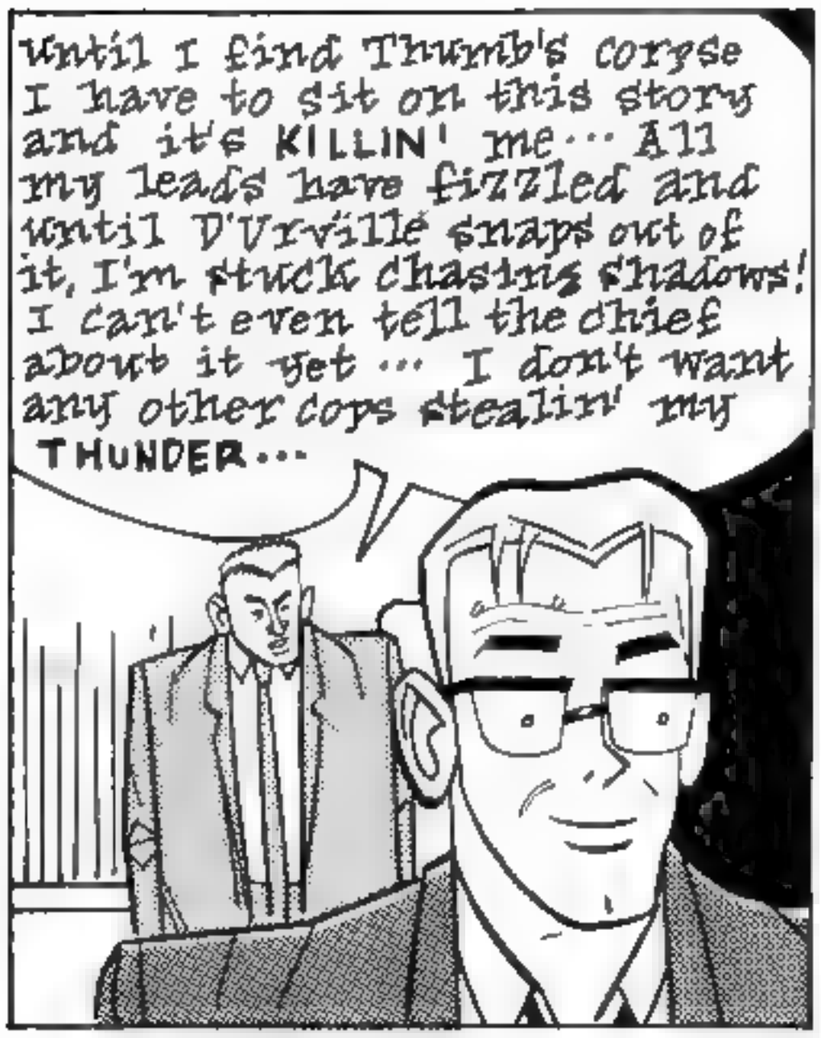

"He drags Thumb into the guest room and sets it up so it looks like the drunk iced him..."

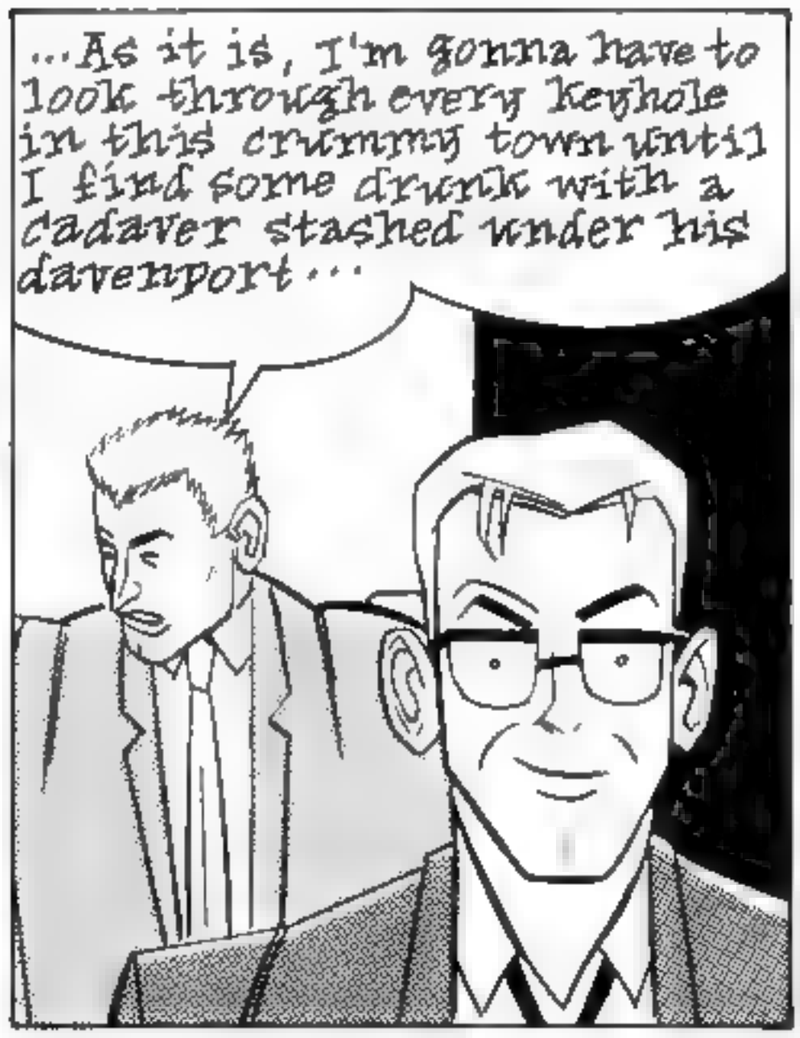
"By now the drunk's starting to sober up so D'Vrville finds a fifth of hooch and drinks with the bum until he passes out..."

"Trouble is... D'Vrville gets more than a little BOMBED himself... He insists on driving and BLOWS HIS TOP when Thelma tries to convince him otherwise..."

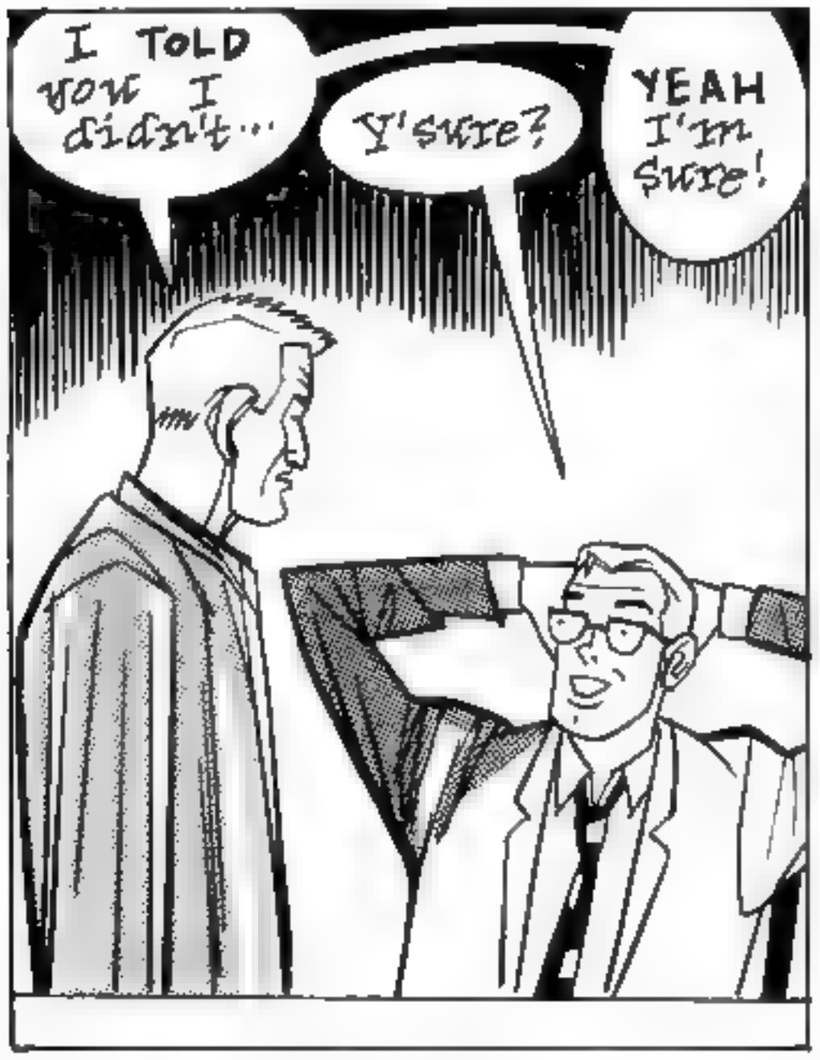
"I was assigned to investigate the wreck... seemed pretty routine until Mrs. Thumb spilled her guts... I got her to sign a statement before she croaked... She wanted to get back at D'urville for 'leading her astray'... for 'lighting the fuse of passion that lead to her destruction'..."

...D'Vrville's been on the critical list since the smash-up so I haven't had a chance to grill him...


Until I find Thumb's corpse I have to sit on this story and it's KILLIN' me... All my leads have fizzled and until D'Urville snaps out of it, I'm stuck chasing shadows! I can't even tell the chief about it yet... I don't want any other cops stealin' my THUNDER...


...As it is, I'm gonna have to look through every keyhole in this crummy town until I find some drunk with a cadaver stashed under his davenport...

...Help me out buddy... save me some wear and tear on these ol' legs...
You say you don't know who this drunk is?...


I TOLD you I didn't...
Y'sure?
YEAH I'm sure!

OKAY... If I can find this Thumb character will you admit that I'm a better detective than you are?
Hah? ...grumble... yeah...yeah sure.. sure.. IF...

...Anything ELSE your majesty desires?

...Well... as long as you're offering... why don'tcha get us a cowpla beers from the icebox...
Sounds good Llewellyn ...Y'know...when I asked for your help I figured you were gonna make a big STINK about it...

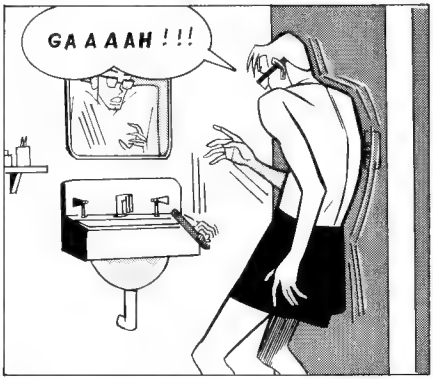
...It's just not like you to give in so easily...

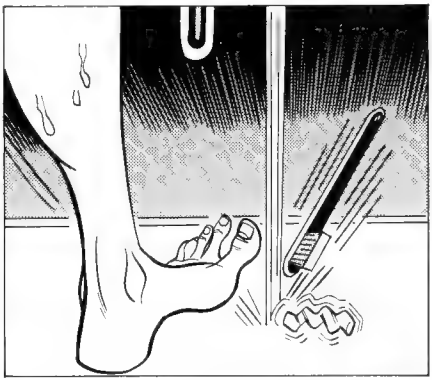
...You SURPRISE me sometimes Llewellyn...
CLICK
End

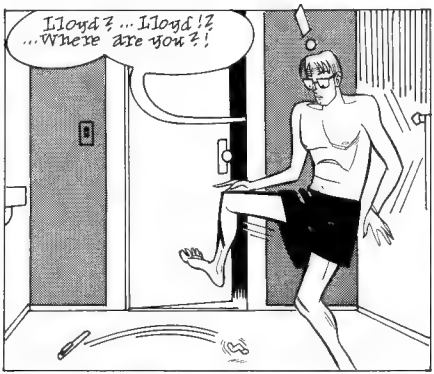
The
by D. Clowes
Her name was Phaedra but everyone called her Fred... and that was the ONLY thing about her that was masculine. She liked to come over every morning and make breakfast which was okay by me... except for the morning part... I mean, a guy's gotta get some SLEEP...
Today I decided to buy some time... I gave 'er the old "I'm just a stupid bachelor who can't take care of himself" bit... Sent her out to do my shopping... Got an hour and fifteen minutes extra sleep... She knew what I was up to but what was she gonna do... She hadn't known me long enough to call me a LIAR yet... Besides, except for the ungodly hours she kept, Fred was a real PEACH!
Isn't she back yet?... This is my LAST cigarette!
Huh? There's the toothpaste... but NOTHING ELSE!...
Oh oh... She must be STEAMED at me!
No note... no NOTHING... Hmm... why TOOTHPASTE? I KNOW her... She's trying to make some kind of a STATEMENT... I don't get it...
What the hell is THIS!? MUTTER MUTTER Isn't AMERICAN toothpaste good enough for that girl!?
Why can't she just YELL at me... Why does she have to try to drive me NUTS!?

Everything has to SYMBOLIZE something with her ... I give her a box of candy and she says, "Ah, candy... a symbol of frustrated passion..."

...No telling what foreign toothpaste symbolizes ... knowing her, it-- HOLY GOODNIGHT!!


GAAAAH!!!




Lloyd? ... Lloyd!? ...Where are you?!

OOPS! SORRY! I didn't know you were--- ...I... ...Lloyd?

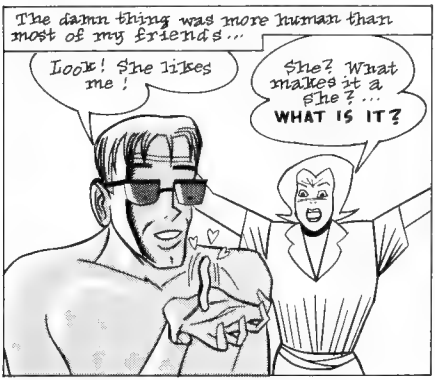
I-I'm back from shopping... ... um... What are you doing?
L-Look at this...

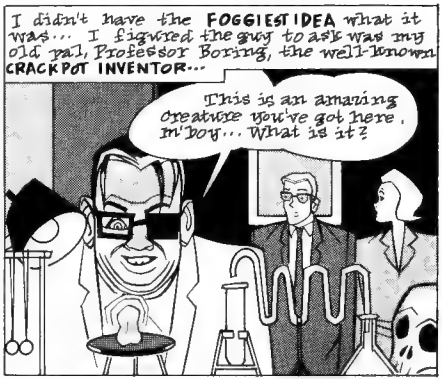
What on EARTH?
...I-It's ALIVE... I-It's LIVING TOOTHPASTE!

It wasn't just living toothpaste ...it was living toothpaste with PERSONALITY... and if Phaedra hadn't put it there, WHO HAD?
L-Lookit what happens when I poke it!
What IS it?

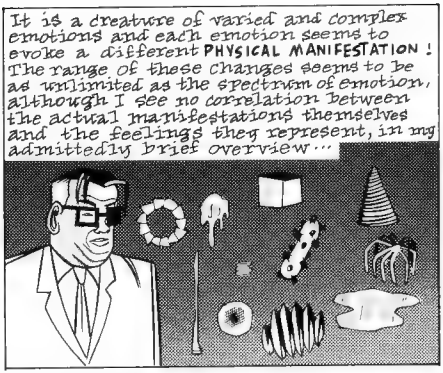
Hey! Look!
I-I don't understand...

W-Where did you get it, Lloyd?
Look at it now!


The damn thing was more human than most of my friends...
Look! She likes me!
She? What makes it a she?... WHAT IS IT?


I didn't have the FOGGIEST IDEA what it was... I figured the guy to ask was my old pal, Professor Boring, the well-known CRACKPOT INVENTOR...
This is an amazing creature you've got here, m'boy... What is it?

I thought maybe YOU could tell ME what it is, Professor...
I see...
Well it seems to be a blob of GOO ...although I must admit it's unlike any goo I've ever seen...


It is a creature of varied and complex emotions and each emotion seems to evoke a different PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION! The range of these changes seems to be as unlimited as the spectrum of emotion, although I see no correlation between the actual manifestations themselves and the feelings they represent, in my admittedly brief overview...

In other words...
I don't know what it is...

That was that..The professor was stumped, we were stumped and the blob of goo wasn't talking. I left the toothpaste tube with the prof to give 'im something to do and took the goo home with me... it made a heckuva good conversation piece...

It was a funny thing...even though it didn't have any eyes or ears I felt like it was STARING at us... LISTENING to every word we said...
Lloyd?! aren't you gonna KISS me?
Huh? Oh yeah... sure, baby...

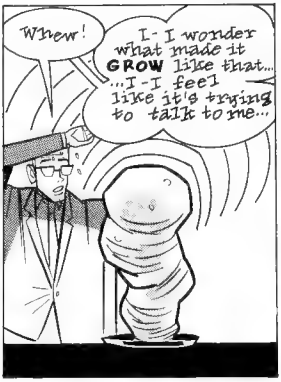
...What th:

HOLY GOOD-NIGHT!
EEEEEK!

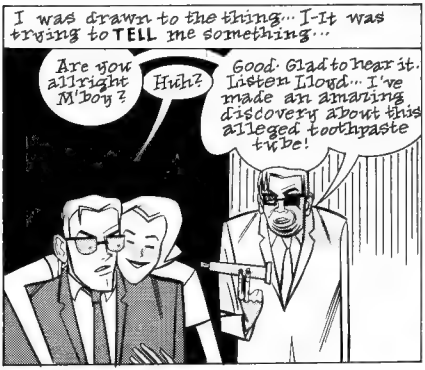
GOOD LORD! It's getting BIGGER by the SECOND!
EEEEEEK!

QUICK! RUN! CALL FOR HELP! CALL PROFESSOR BORING!
EEEEEEK!

Fred kicked off her HIGH HEELS and hauled outta there like a GREASED PIG on ICE...Meanwhile...
HEY! All of a sudden it stopped growing!


Whew!
I-I wonder what made it GROW like that... ...I-I feel like it's trying to talk to me...

38 minutes later...
Oh thank God!


I was drawn to the thing... I-It was trying to TELL me something...
Are you allright M'boy?
Huh?
Good. Glad to hear it. Listen Lloyd... I've made an amazing discovery about this alleged toothpaste tube!

It is made from an extremely flexible, yet virtually indestructible material... A material composed of elements heretofore unseen by this scientist!
So?
So I don't think it's a toothpaste tube!

Later... after the Professor leaves...
A SPACESHIP, huh... Looks like a toothpaste tube to ME... D'you think the Professor's right? D'you think our little friend is really a visitor from the stars?
What are you doing?
Just making sure she doesn't go anywhere... ...or should I say GROW anywhere...
Why do you INSIST on calling it a 'she'?!!
I dunno... Something about the way she wiggles ...Look... she's crazy about me!
Honestly Lloyd Llewellyn ...you're a-a
..a SPACE WOLF!
I wasn't kidding either... I was sure that this blob of goo was female and equally sure that she had designs on me... and if she was from outer space it only served prove one thing: Women everywhere have good taste...
Where were we...
Hm?
...Before that THING interrupted us...
Right now, however, it seemed that a helpless Earth-girl was in need of a certain Space-Wolf...
Let me see if I can refresh your memory, Earthling
Mmmm... I'm beginning to recall...
Suddenly...
EEEEEEEK!!!
SPLOOSH

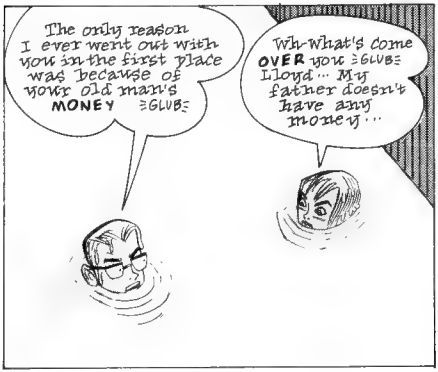
HA-A-A LP! Lloyd, DO SOMETHING!
Hold on baby... DON'T PANIC!

HURRY Lloyd... W-We'll DROWN!
=GLUB= Nonsense! Just try to =GLUB= STAY CALM!

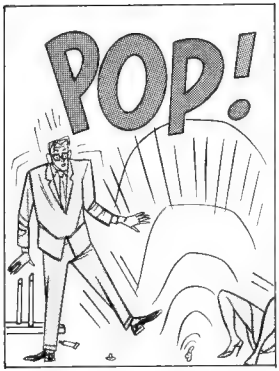
...B-But at... at least we'll drown TOGETHER
That's the spirit!

I kept thinking about what the Professor said... about how every time the goo changed size or shape it was an EMOTIONAL REACTION Something had triggered this one but I didn't have a whole lot of time for guessing games...
What a tragic, yet fitting way for our love to end... drowned before it had a chance to--
Why don't you SHUT UP!

Wh-What? I-I-Lloyd...?
=GLUB= YOU heard me...


The only reason I ever went out with you in the first place was because of your old man's MONEY =GLUB=
Wh-What's come OVER you =GLUB= Lloyd... My father doesn't have any money...

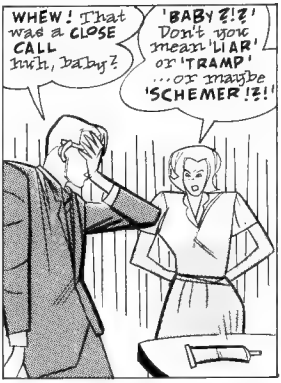
That's another thing... you're a LIAR!
A LIAR and a SCHEMER and a TRAMP and I HATE YOU!

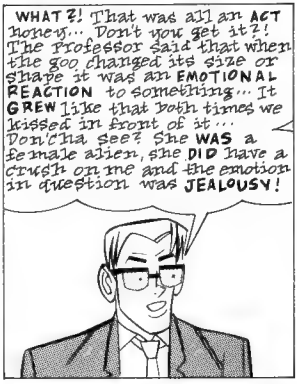

POP!

Yes darling... You're the one I REALLY love...

You and you alone, Sweetheart...

SLAM!

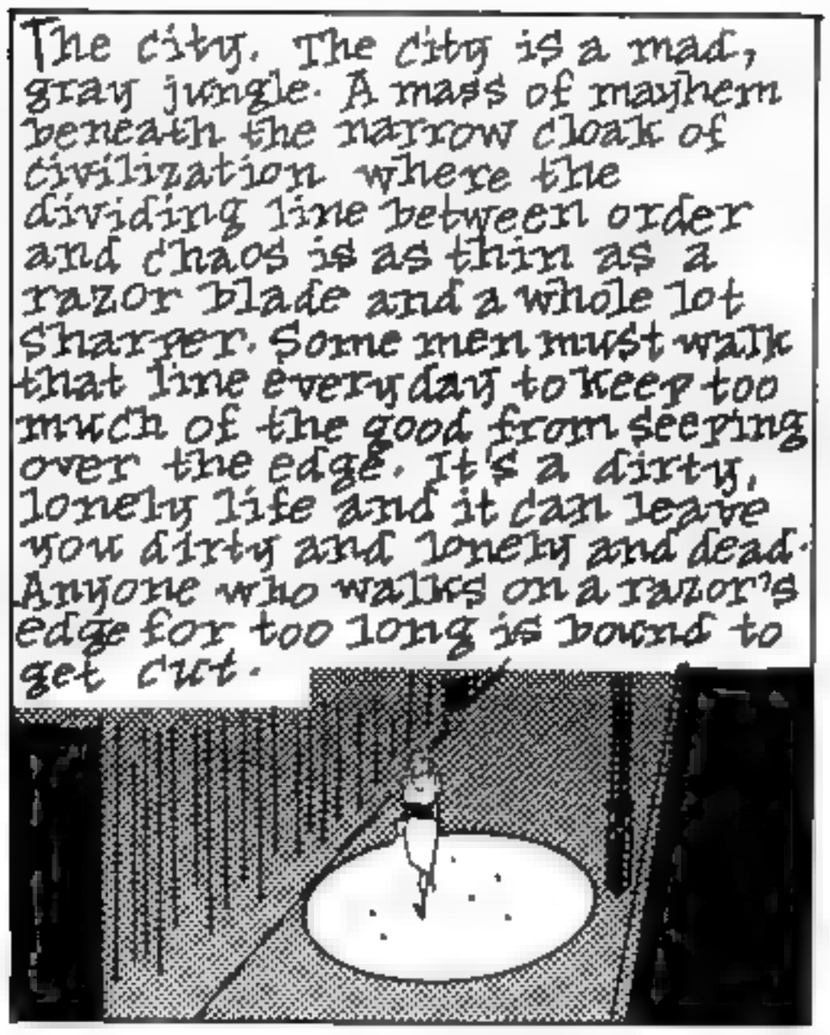

WHEW! That was a CLOSE CALL huh, baby?
'BABY?!?' Don't you mean 'LIAR' or 'TRAMP' ...or maybe 'SCHEMER!?!'


WHAT?! That was all an ACT honey... Don't you get it?! The Professor said that when the goo changed its size or shape it was an EMOTIONAL REACTION to something... It GREW like that both times we kissed in front of it... Don'cha see? She WAS a female alien, she DID have a crush on me and the emotion in question was JEALOUSY!

... Get it? ... Jealousy?... I had to say those things so she wouldn't be jealous! Don't you understand?
I understand PERFECTLY, Mr. Llewellyn. GOODBYE!

...Phaedra...?
HEY WAIT!... COME BACK!
...Awww...not you too...

later...
I'm with you so far Llewellyn... You lost two girls in one day... one walked out the door and the other went back to outer space in a toothpaste tube... Okay, now what's the PUNCHLINE?
end

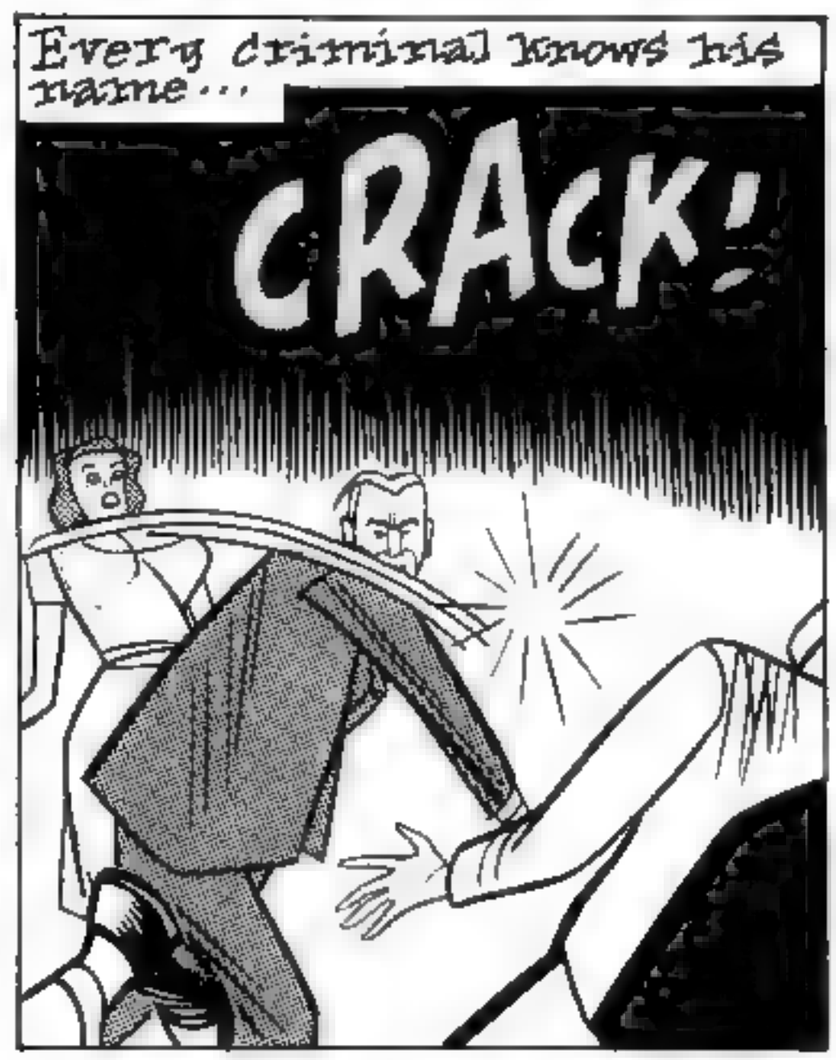

The city. The city is a mad, gray jungle. A mass of mayhem beneath the narrow cloak of civilization where the dividing line between order and chaos is as thin as a razor blade and a whole lot sharper. Some men must walk that line every day to keep too much of the good from seeping over the edge. It's a dirty, lonely life and it can leave you dirty and lonely and dead. Anyone who walks on a razor's edge for too long is bound to get cut.

Get a loada them PINS!
Get a loada that PURSE!

Got anything in here f'r me baby?
Gimme a KISS doll...
Get away from me or I'll--

Suddenly a dark figure emerges from the empty silence of the street...
Or you'll WHAT?... ...what! ...oh-oh

A man who needs no introduction...
Oh-oh!


Every criminal knows his name...
CRACK!

It's pronounced Hoerring but it's spelled T-R-O-V-B-L-E
OOF!

Eight minutes later...
W-Who was that man, officer...
That was Sergeant Hoerring, lady... You're lucky he came by when he did!

I certainly am! ... ...Tell me officer...is there a Mrs. Hoerring?
Don't waste your time lady... he's married to the POLICE FORCE!

Red Hoerring's Blues

Daniel Clowes

EDDIE What are you doing here?
The question is: What are YOU doing here, Irma!?!

I--
I thought I told you to QUIT this job! ... No fiancée of mine is gonna work as a B-GIRL!...

...Hustlin' drinks from a buncha pathetic ol' geezers -- How does that make ME look!?
F-Fiancée?

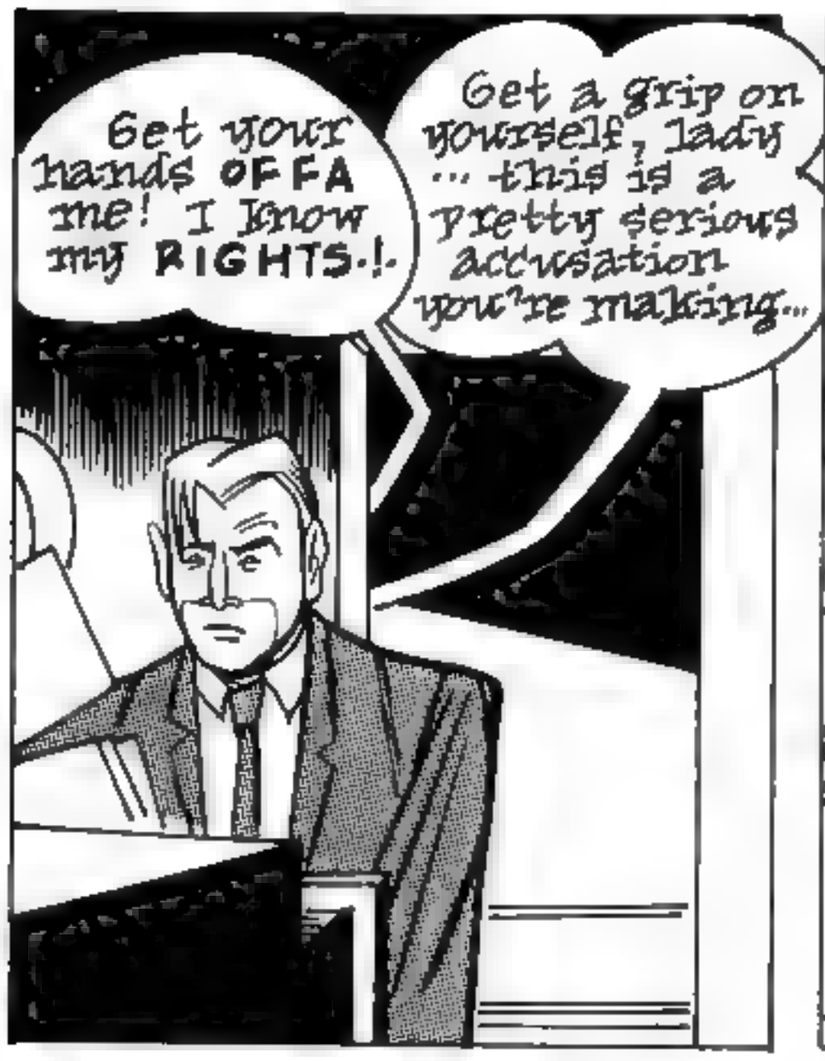
..Yeah...well..
B-But Eddie ...you never...

Oh Eddie...

C'mon doll...

Wassamatter mister... y'need some COMPANY?

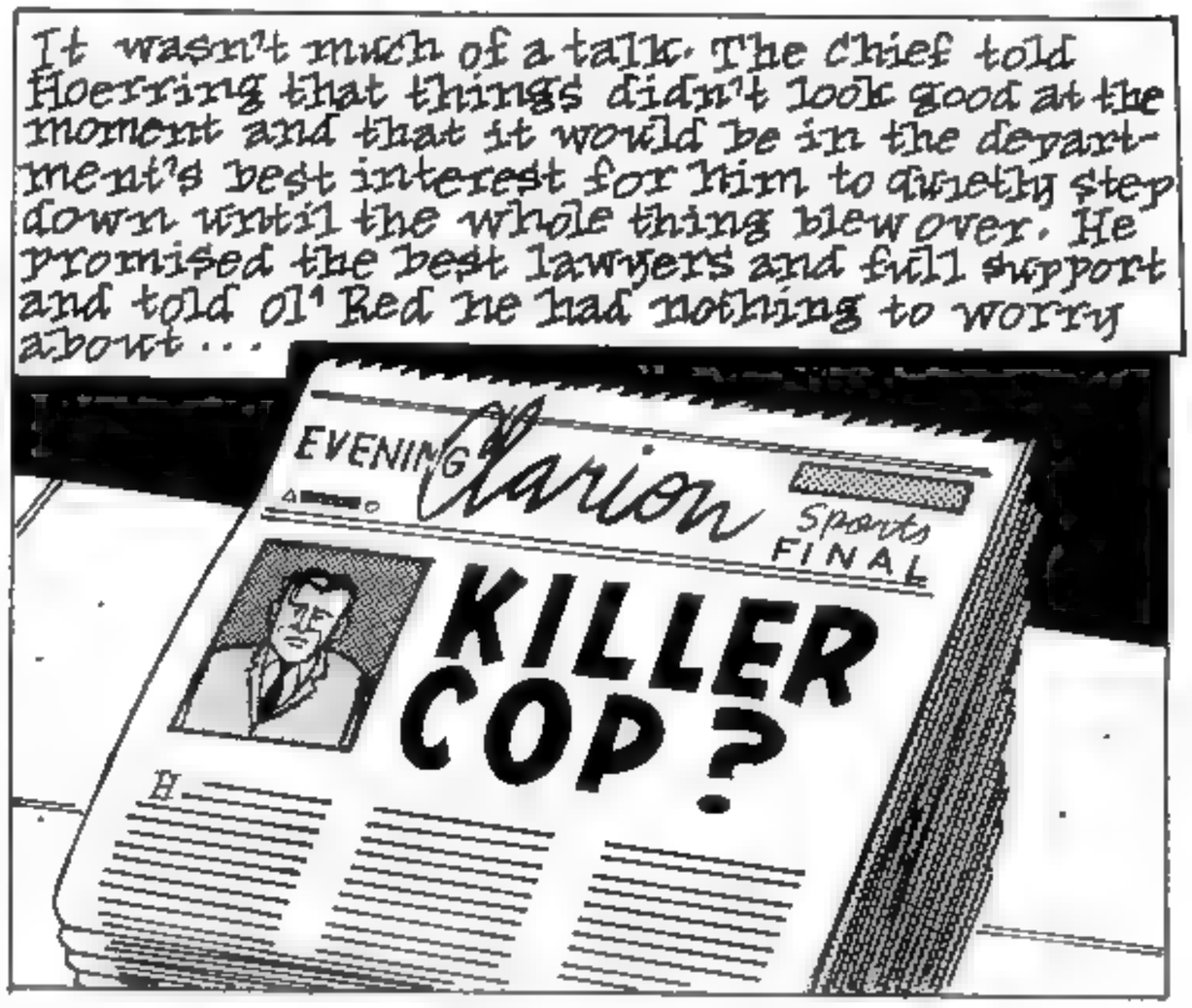
The following morning. 8:30 AM. Hoerring's day off ... He goes to the office to catch up on his paperwork as he always does on his day off...


Get your hands OFF A me! I know my RIGHTS.!.
Get a grip on yourself, lady ... this is a pretty serious accusation you're making...

This man is one of the most respected detectives in the wh-
What th-
THAT'S HIM! That's the old creep who killed Eddie!... That's him ≡$OB≡ I told you... I ≡$OB≡ told you it was him...

You'll HANG for this! Murderer! MURDERER! ≡$OB≡
COME on...

Chief! What-?
Hoerring... I-I think we'd better talk...


It wasn't much of a talk. The chief told Hoerring that things didn't look good at the moment and that it would be in the department's best interest for him to quietly step down until the whole thing blew over. He promised the best lawyers and full support and told ol' Red he had nothing to worry about...
EVENING Clarion Sports FINAL
KILLER COP?

The eyeball witness, a miss Irma Ford, claimed that Hoerring had brutally assaulted her boyfriend, Eddie Pitney, in the parking lot behind Norvo's, causing injuries that led to his death... Shortly after the suspension a mysterious midnight meeting was called in Red's former office...

What's going on, Hoerring!? You're not supposed to be in this building... I ain't risking my pension to help you open up your FAN MAIL!

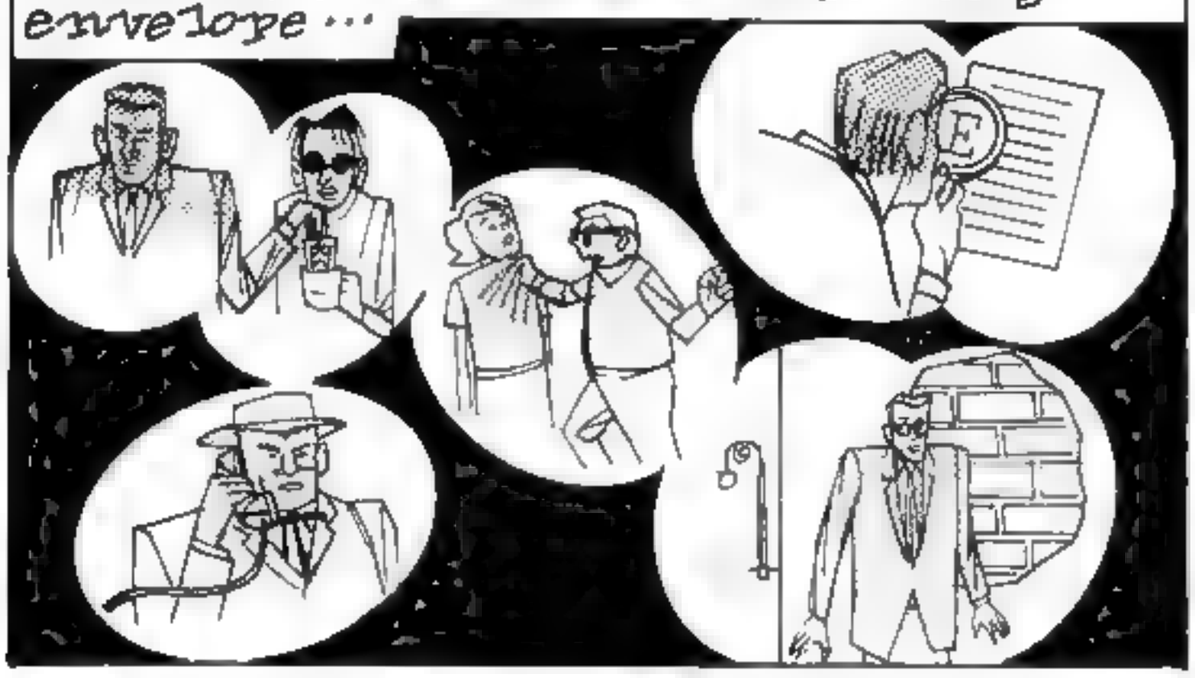
SHUT UP Gans. There isn't a man in this room who doesn't owe Hoerring his life!

Thanks Hassler... Now, as Gans has so observantly pointed out, I've given each of you an envelope... Each envelope contains a picture of one of the five men who could have killed Eddie Pitney... I've gone through the files backwards and sideways... These men are MASTERS of DECEPTION and all of them have the same motive: Each one of them would love to see me ROT in PRISON for a crime I DIDN'T COMMIT!

The police investigation is all but over since Irma Ford's account checked positive on the lie detector... I'm asking each of you for a BIG FAVOR ...I want one of you to find out what REALLY HAPPENED... ...I want you to get the guy who's trying to FRAME ME!

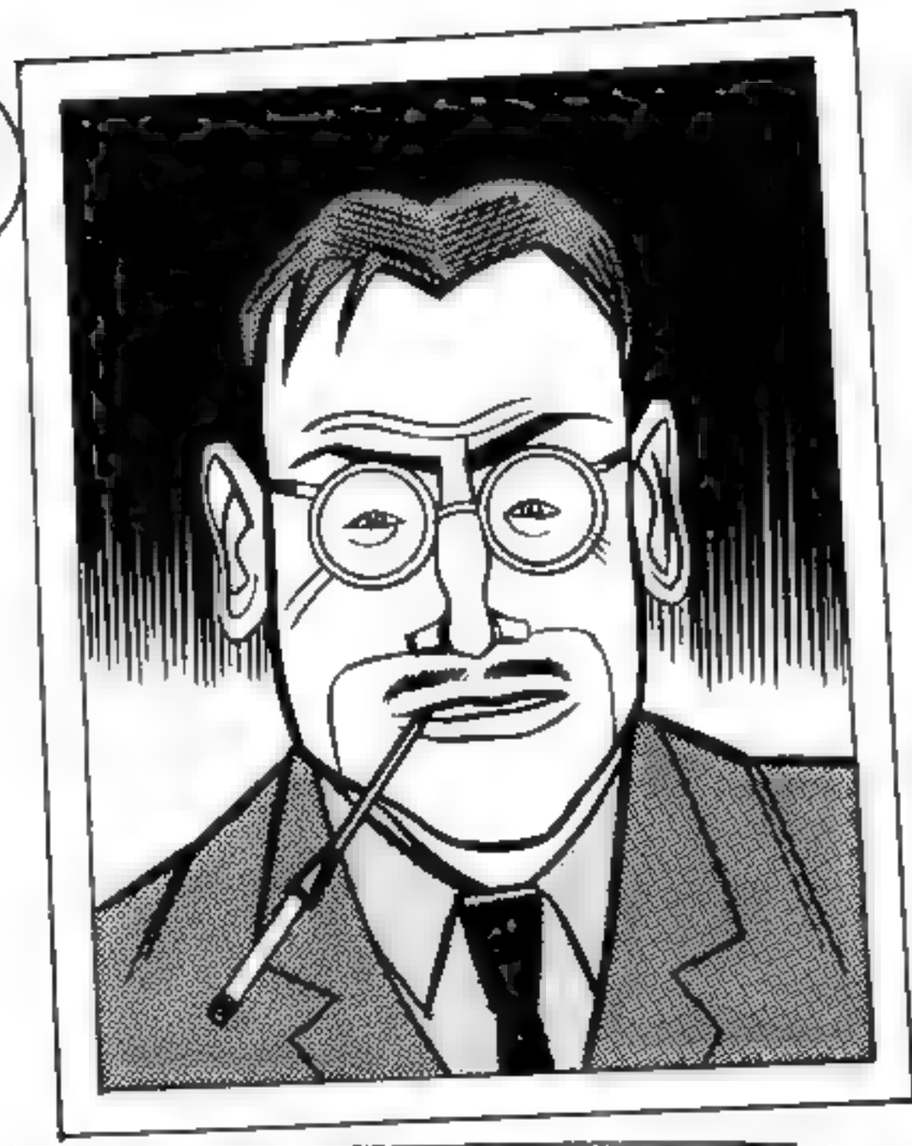
Like Hassler said, everyone in the room owed Red his neck. We all knew he was innocent and none of us were going to sleep until we could prove it...

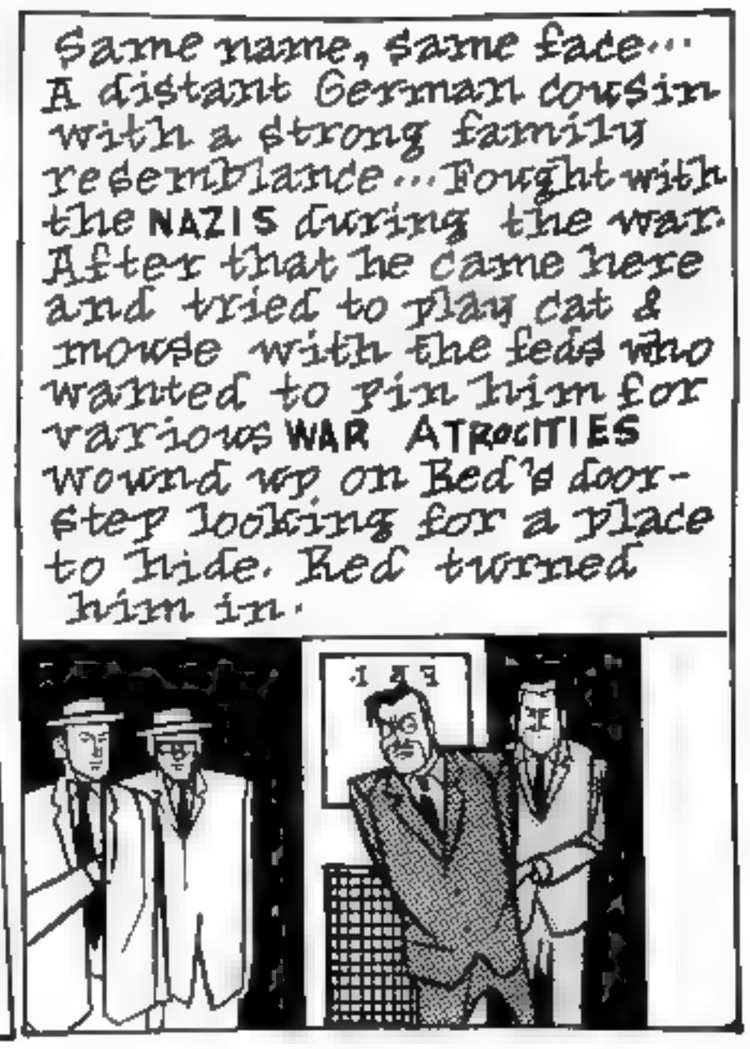
And none of us did sleep. We pushed people around and payed off informants and snooped around dark alleys and threw around threats of force and blackmail and used every sneaky trick we could think of... Four of us were on a wild goose chase... Only one of us could hold the winning envelope...

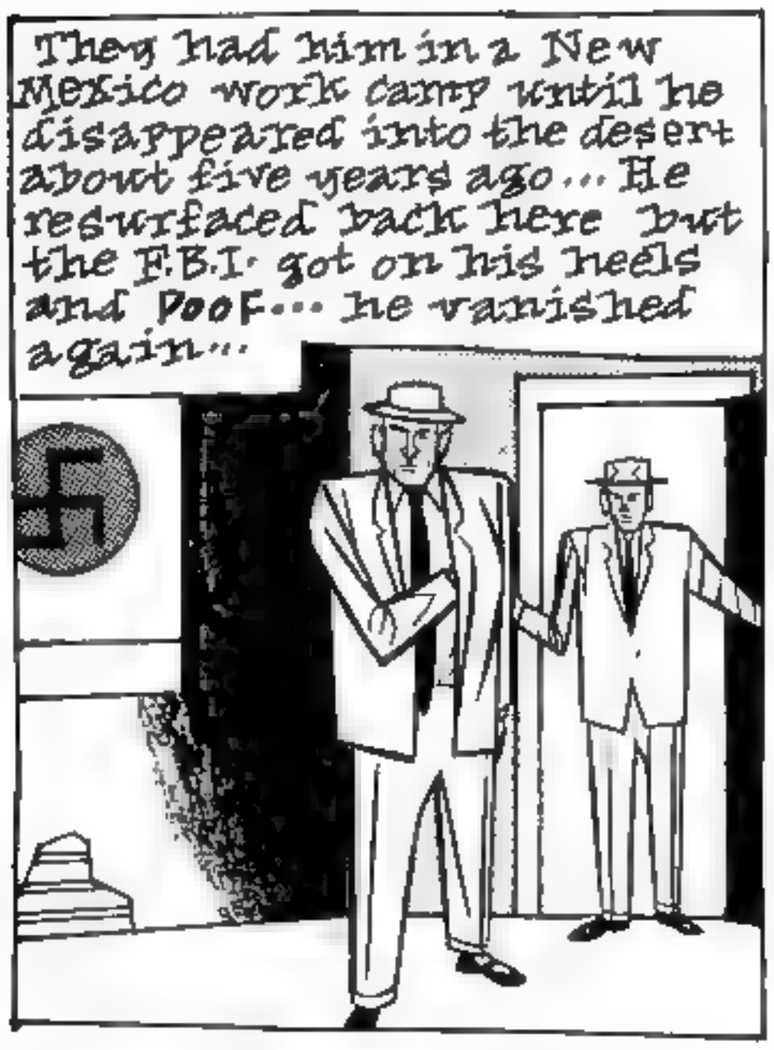


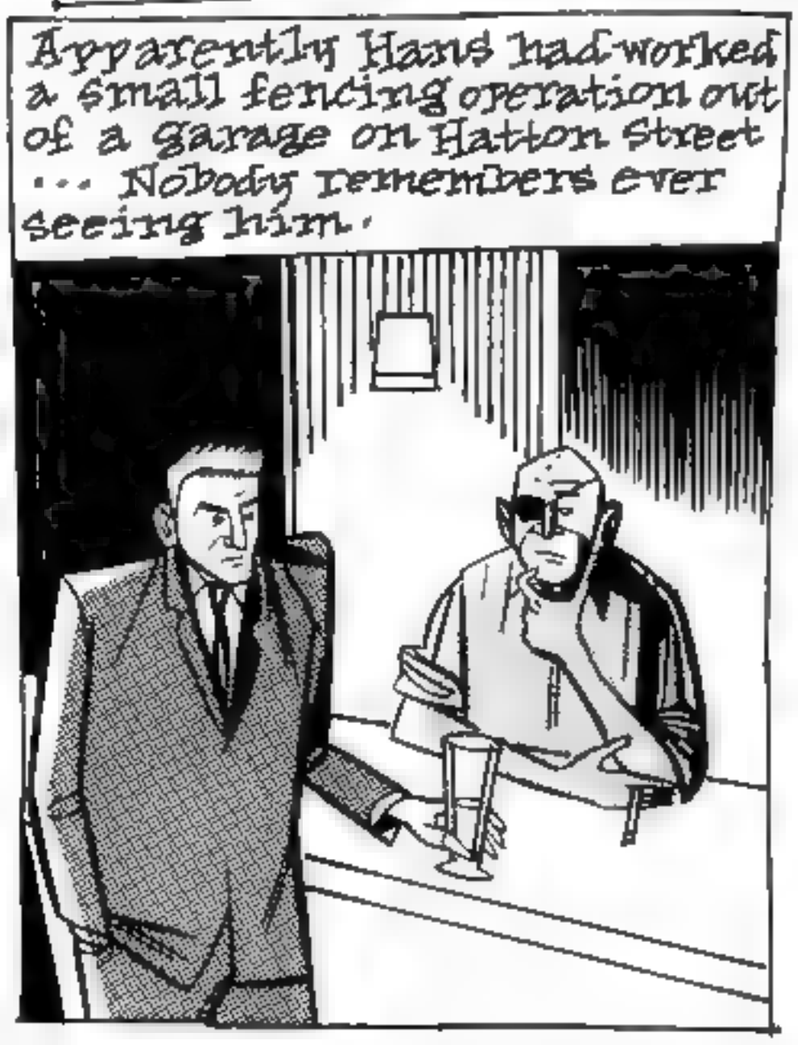
A week had passed since the first midnight meeting... It was time to put the puzzle together... time to find out who held the missing piece...

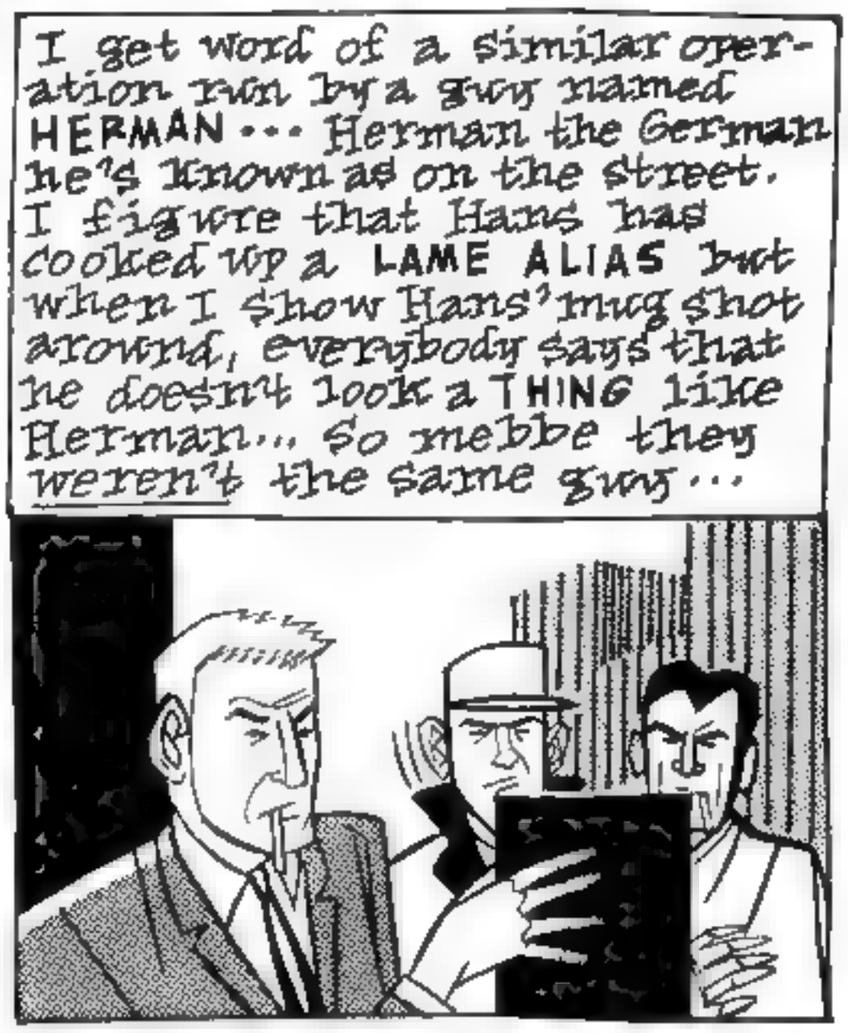
I've got a story... the suspect's name was Hans Hoerring -- sound familiar?




Same name, same face... A distant German cousin with a strong family resemblance... Fought with the NAZIS during the war. After that he came here and tried to play cat & mouse with the feds who wanted to pin him for various WAR ATROCITIES wound up on Red's doorstep looking for a place to hide. Red turned him in.


They had him in a New Mexico work camp until he disappeared into the desert about five years ago... He resurfaced back here but the F.B.I. got on his heels and POOF... he vanished again...

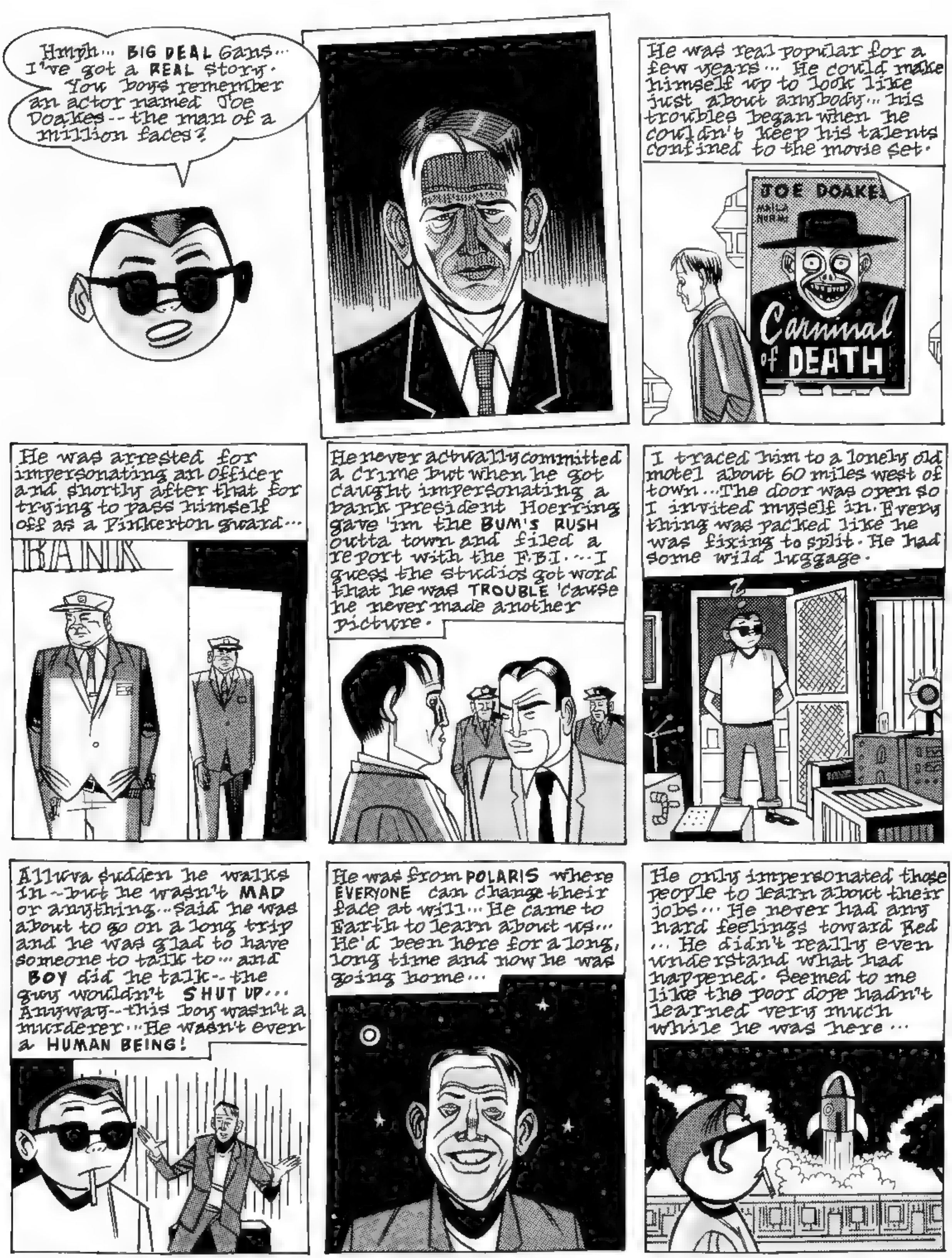

Apparently Hans had worked a small fencing operation out of a garage on Hatton Street ... Nobody remembers ever seeing him.


I get word of a similar operation run by a guy named HERMAN... Herman the German he's known as on the street. I figure that Hans has cooked up a LAME ALIAS but when I show Hans' mug shot around, everybody says that he doesn't look a THING like Herman... So mebbe they weren't the same guy...

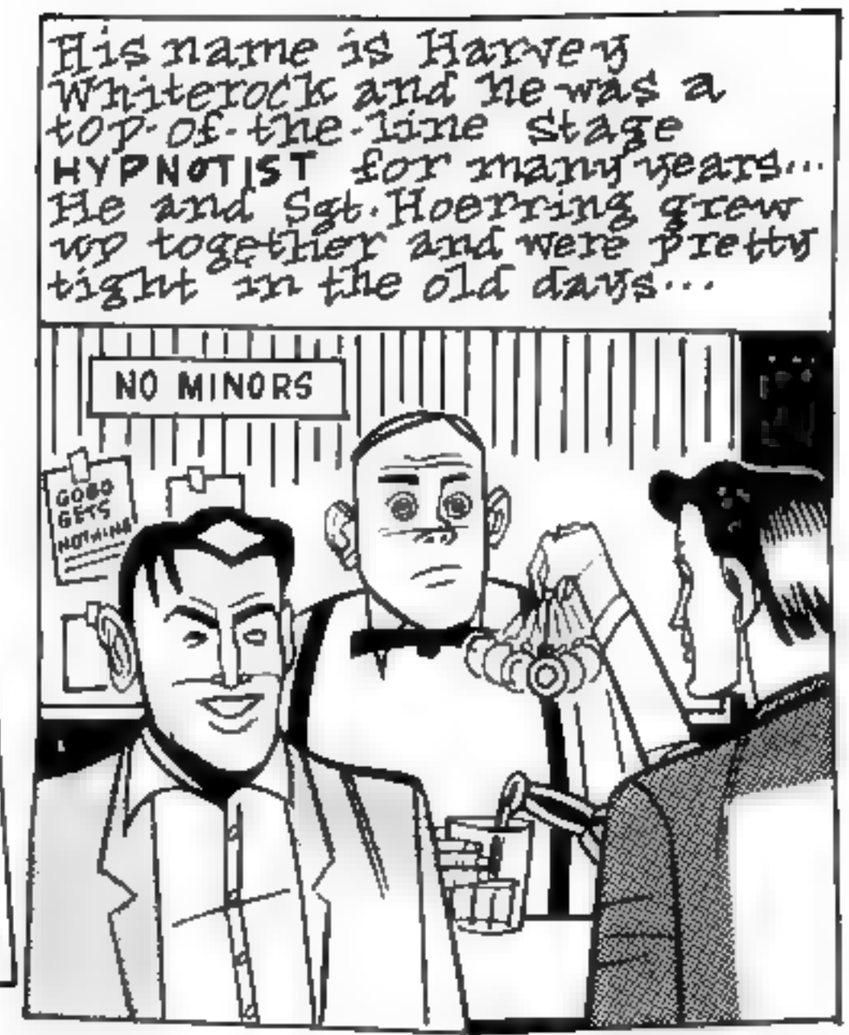
I pay ol' Herman a visit... told him it was off the record and I wouldn't bust his operation... or his skull... if he talked...

HE talked. Turned out Herman was Hans... He'd had his face redone to keep the F.B.I. off his tail... He didn't resemble Red in the least any more so he couldn't have done it.

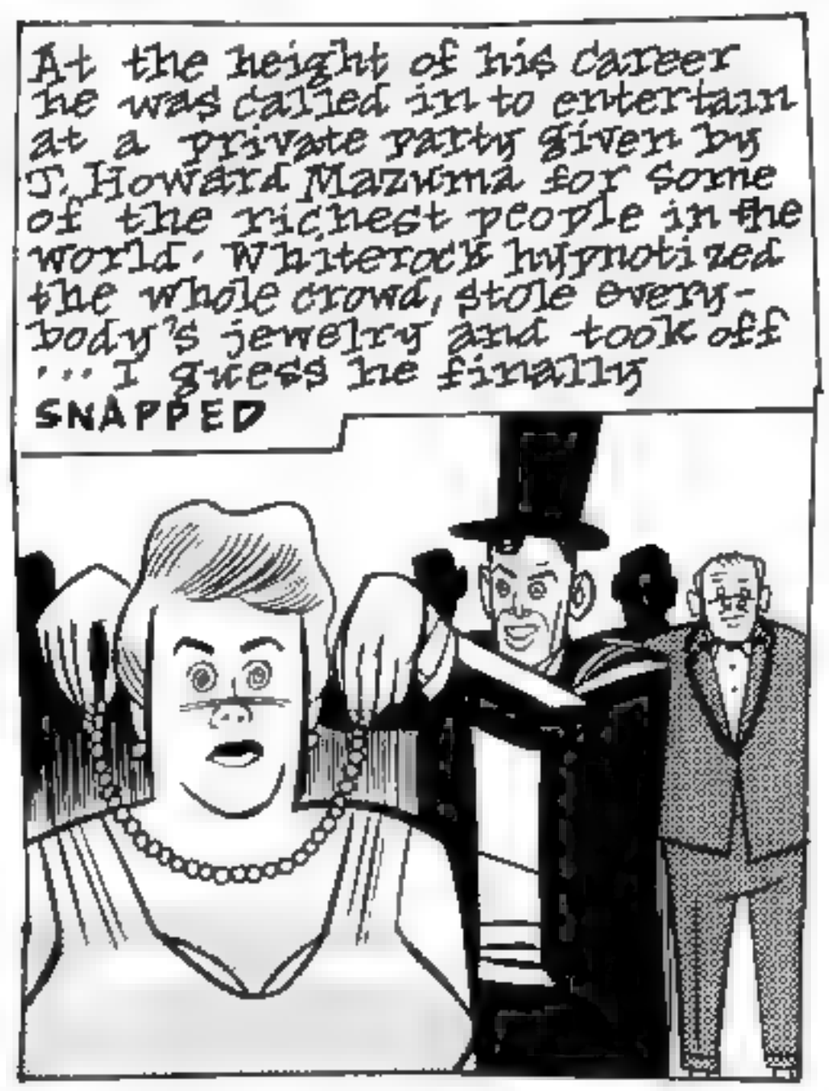
...I decided to bust his operation anyway... And his skull.

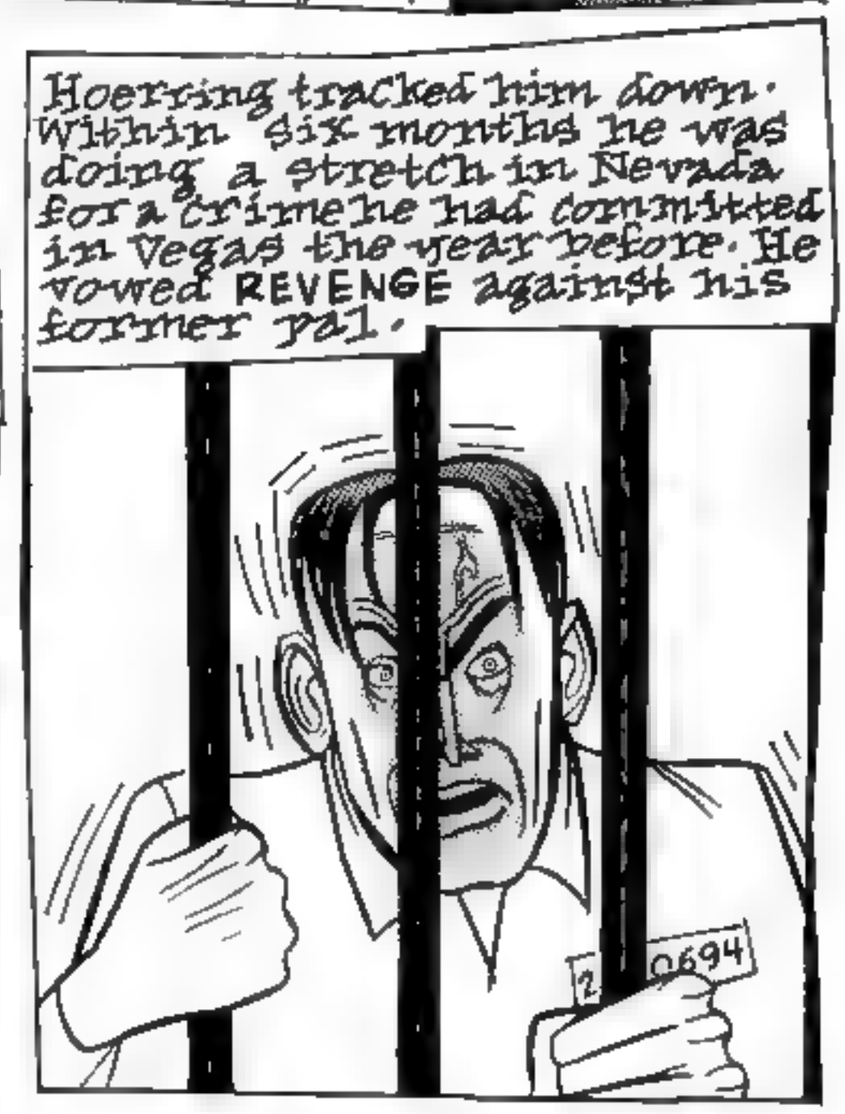

Hmph... BIG DEAL Gans... I've got a REAL story. You boys remember an actor named Joe Doakes -- the man of a million faces?
He was real popular for a few years... He could make himself up to look like just about anybody... his troubles began when he couldn't keep his talents confined to the movie set.
JOE DOAKES
Carnival of DEATH
He was arrested for impersonating an officer and shortly after that for trying to pass himself off as a Pinkerton guard...
BANK
He never actually committed a crime but when he got caught impersonating a bank President Hoerring gave 'im the BUM'S RUSH outta town and filed a report with the F.B.I. ... I guess the studios got word that he was TROUBLE 'cause he never made another picture.
I traced him to a lonely old motel about 60 miles west of town... The door was open so I invited myself in. Everything was packed like he was fixing to split. He had some wild luggage.
Allurva sudden he walks in -- but he wasn't MAD or anything... said he was about to go on a long trip and he was glad to have someone to talk to... and BOY did he talk -- the guy wouldn't SHUT UP... Anyway -- this boy wasn't a murderer... He wasn't even a HUMAN BEING!
He was from POLARIS where EVERYONE can change their face at will... He came to Earth to learn about us... He'd been here for a long, long time and now he was going home...
He only impersonated those people to learn about their jobs... He never had any hard feelings toward Red ... He didn't really even understand what had happened. Seemed to me like the poor dope hadn't learned very much while he was here...

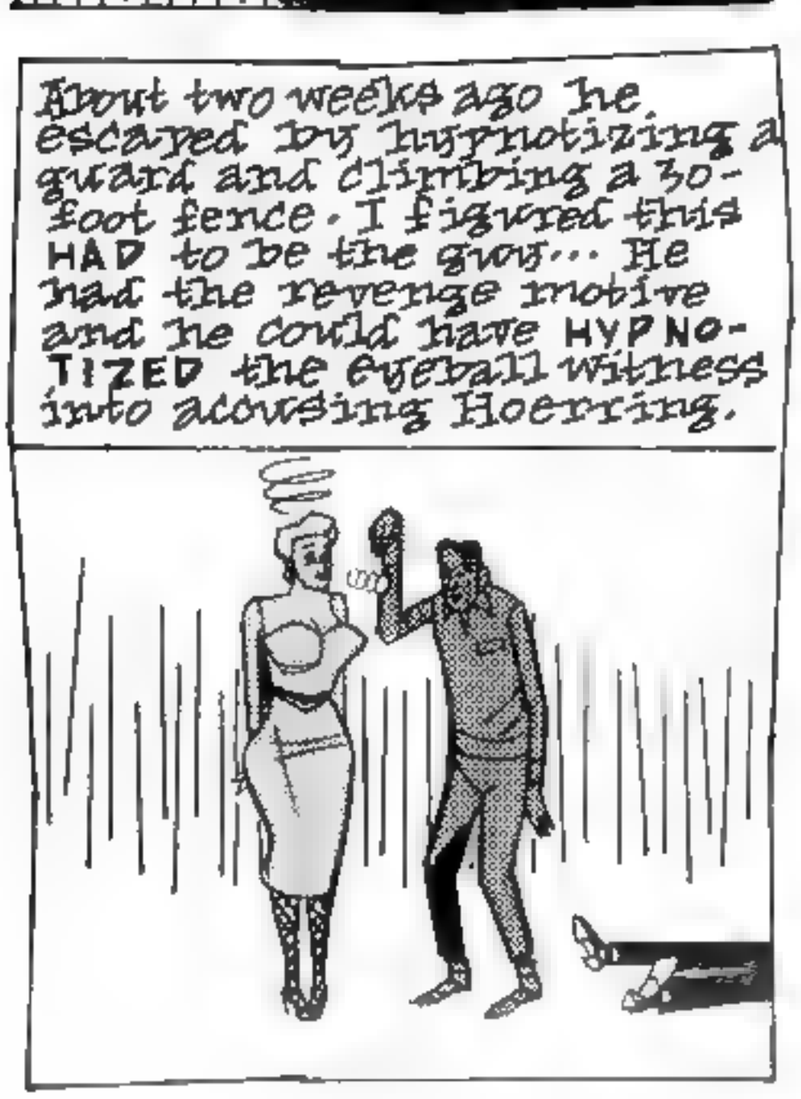
Boy, I hope I don't put you guys to SLEEP My suspect turned out to be an ordinary EARTHLING...


His name is Harvey Whiterock and he was a top-of-the-line stage HYPNOTIST for many years... He and Sgt. Hoerring grew up together and were pretty tight in the old days...
NO MINORS
GOBO GETS NOTHING

When he first broke into the big time it did something to him... he got stagestruck ... He wanted MORE... more everything - fame... girls... money...


At the height of his career he was called in to entertain at a private party given by J. Howard Mazuma for some of the richest people in the world. Whiterock hypnotized the whole crowd, stole everybody's jewelry and took off ... I guess he finally SNAPPED


Hoerring tracked him down. Within six months he was doing a stretch in Nevada for a crime he had committed in Vegas the year before. He vowed REVENGE against his former pal.
2 0694


About two weeks ago he escaped by hypnotizing a guard and climbing a 30-foot fence. I figured this HAD to be the guy... He had the revenge motive and he could have HYPNOTIZED the eyeball witness into accusing Hoerring.

As it turned out, Whiterock had a pretty good alibi...
What's that?!

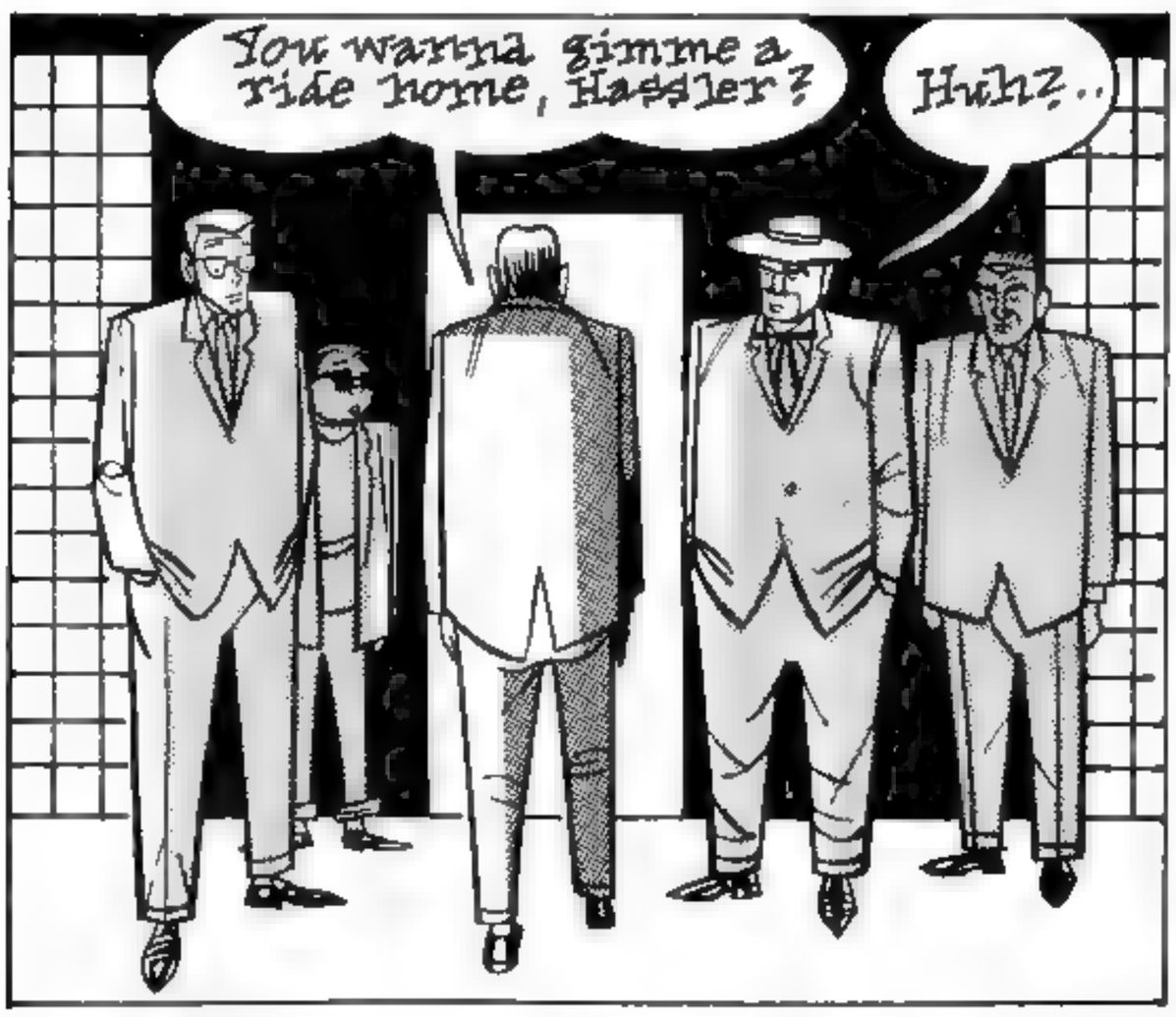
He was killed by a hit and run driver in Iowa six hours before the murder!

Llewellyn?
Red... I... I...

You don't have to say it, Llewellyn.

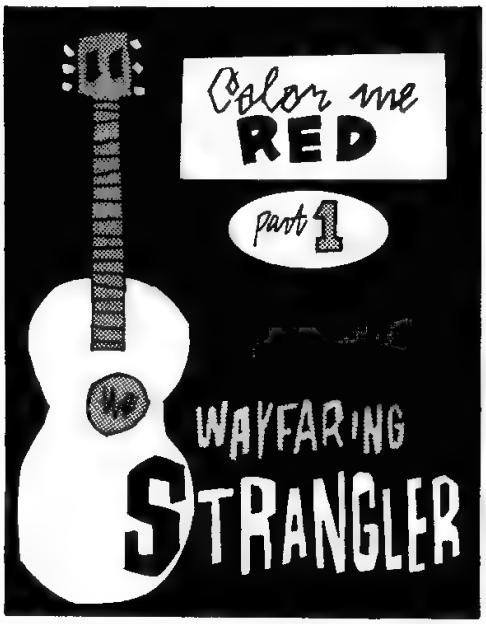
B-But what about YOUR investigation... Who did you-

Same guy you did Llewellyn... Looked at him from a different angle, that's all...
...From the INSIDE out...


You wanna gimme a ride home, Hassler?
Huh?..

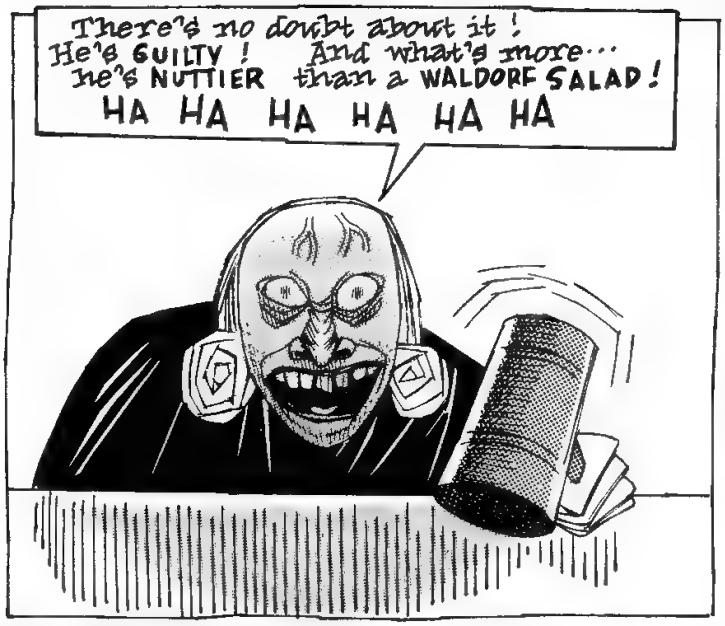
Y'mean right now?! But--
The meeting's over, Hassler.

NEXT: "Color me RED"


Color me RED
part 1
WAYFARING STRANGLER

HE did it! HE'S the one! Take him away! He's a MENACE! A MADMAN! A MURDERER! Ha Ha Ha Ha

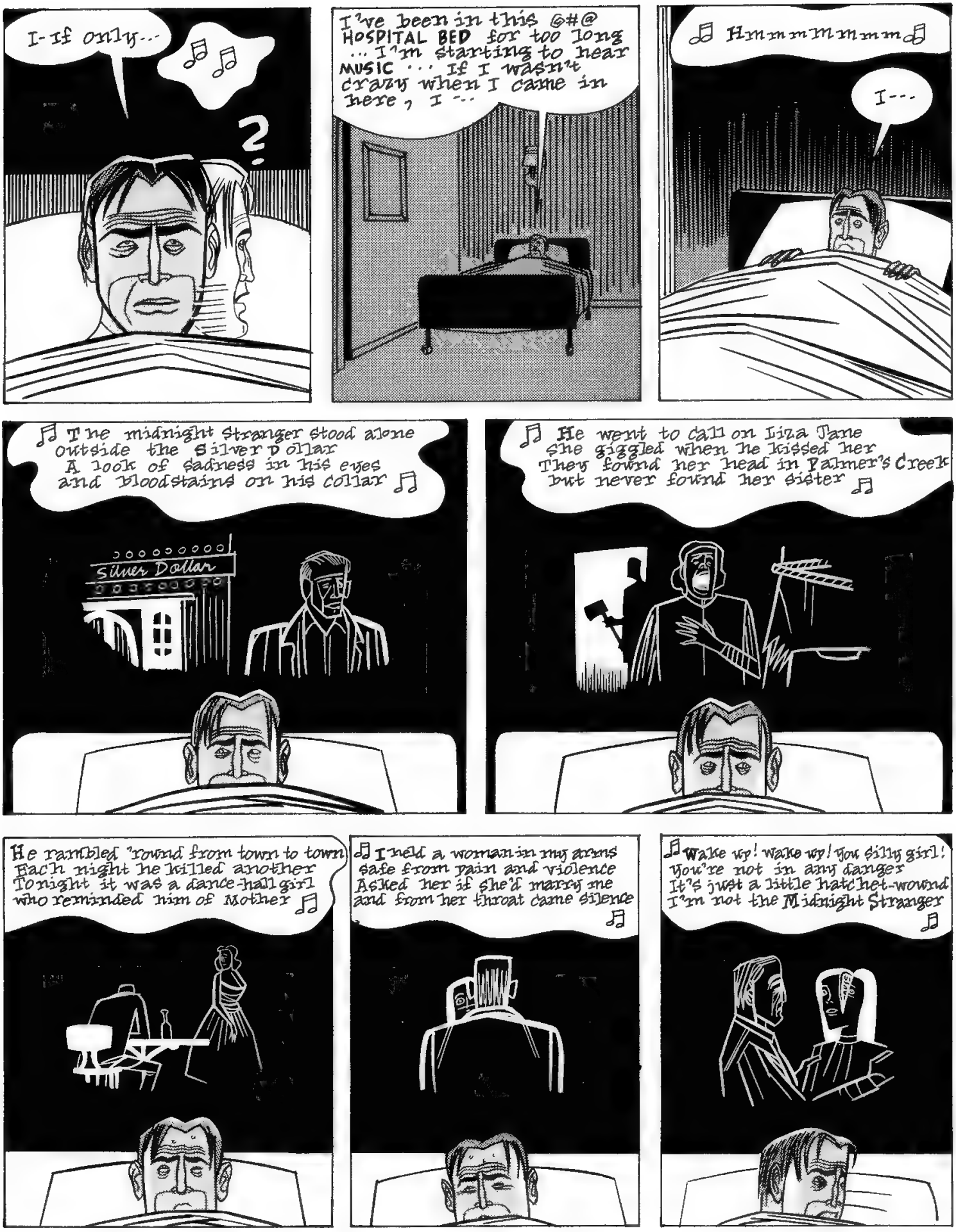
...of course, he must receive a FAIR TRIAL first... HA HA HA HA HA HA

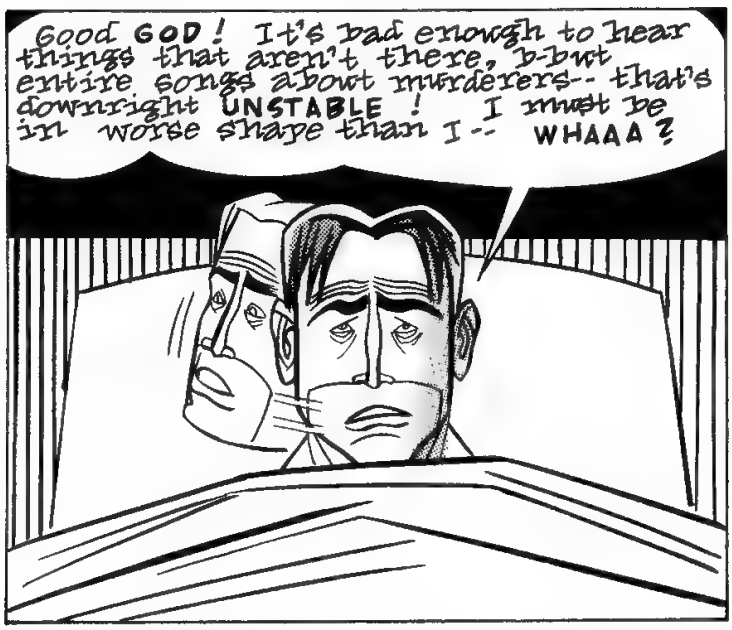

There's no doubt about it! He's GUILTY! And what's more... he's NUTTIER than a WALDORF SALAD! HA HA HA HA HA HA

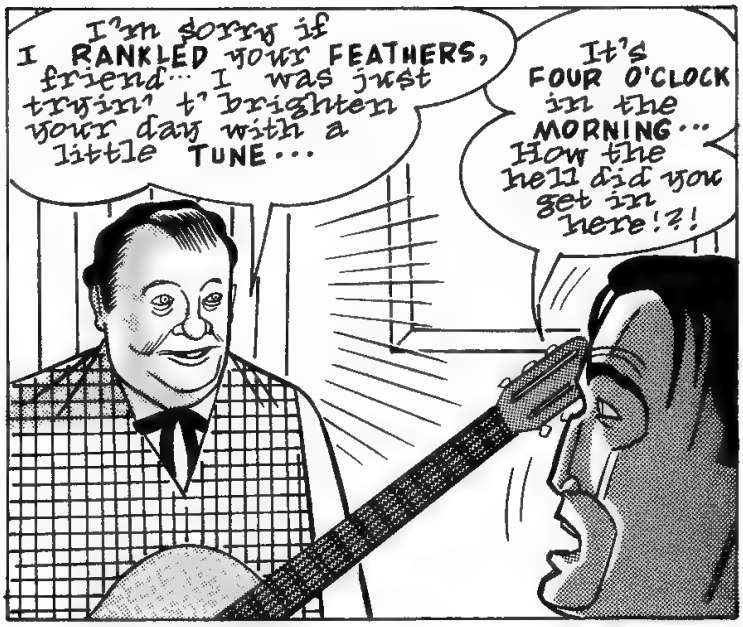
Take him away! HA HA HA HA HA HA
No!... NO!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
NO!
NO!
NO!

N-uuhhnt... ...E-Every night the same dream... ...the same GHASTLY NIGHTMARE ...I-If only it wasn't so close to the truth... i-if only it wasn't more than just a dream...


I-If only...
♫ ♫
?
I've been in this @#@ HOSPITAL BED for too long ... I'm starting to hear MUSIC ... If I wasn't crazy when I came in here, I ...
♫ Hmmmmmmmm ♫
I...
♫ The midnight stranger stood alone
outside the Silver Dollar
A look of sadness in his eyes
and bloodstains on his collar ♫
Silver Dollar
♫ He went to call on Liza Jane
she giggled when he kissed her
They found her head in Palmer's Creek
but never found her sister ♫
He rambled 'round from town to town
Each night he killed another
Tonight it was a dance-hall girl
who reminded him of Mother ♫
♫ I held a woman in my arms
safe from pain and violence
Asked her if she'd marry me
and from her throat came silence ♫
♫ Wake up! Wake up! You silly girl!
You're not in any danger
It's just a little hatchet-wound
I'm not the Midnight Stranger ♫

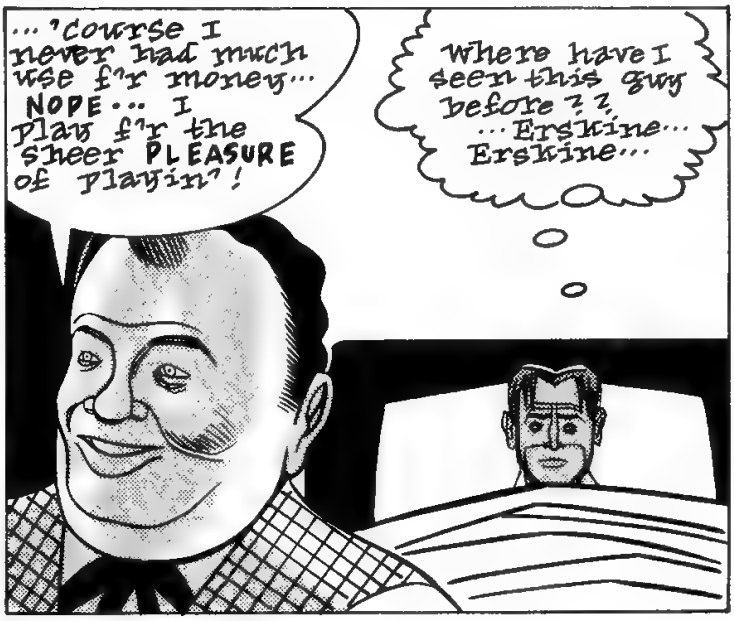

Good GOD! It's bad enough to hear things that aren't there, b-but entire songs about murderers-- that's downright UNSTABLE! I must be in worse shape than I-- WHAAA?

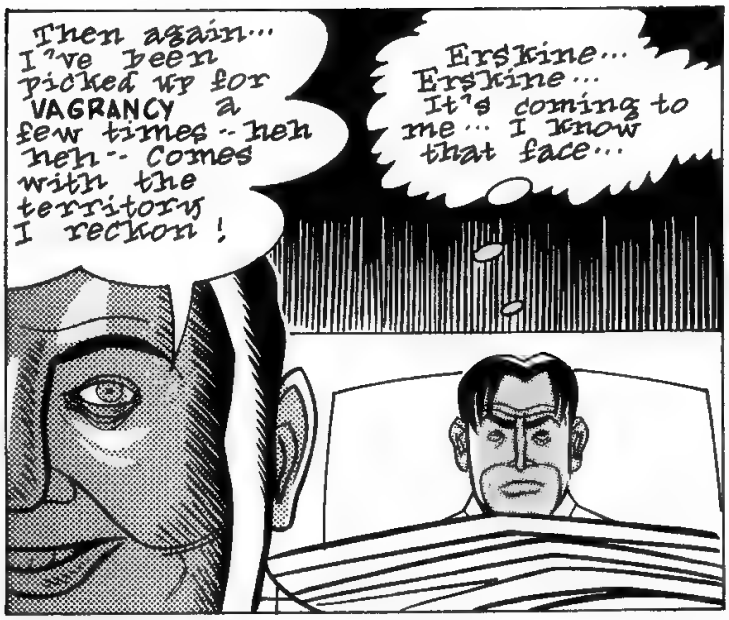

I'm sorry if I RANKLED your FEATHERS, friend... I was just tryin' t' brighten your day with a little TUNE...
It's FOUR O'CLOCK in the MORNING... How the hell did you get in here!?!

My name's ERSKINE... And who might YOU be, friend?
What are you doing here?! I'm not ALLOWED any visitors!

I-I'm SORRY if I TROUBLED you so... I just thought I might be able to shed some light into your GLOOMY LIFE through the JOY of MUSIC!...

That's why the good Lord created me I reckon... Makin' people HAPPY... Been travelin' the countryside pretty near my whole LIFE... Playin' on street corners for nickels an' dimes if I had to...
He said his name was 'Erskine..'


...'course I never had much use f'r money... NOPE... I play f'r the sheer PLEASURE of playin'!
Where have I seen this guy before??
...Erskine... Erskine...

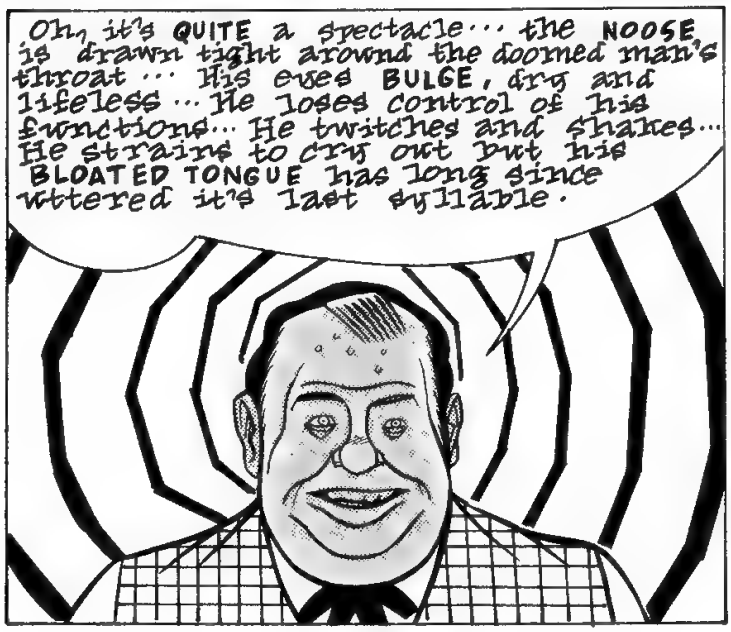

Then again... I've been picked up for VAGRANCY a few times -- heh heh -- Comes with the territory I reckon!
Erskine... Erskine... It's coming to me... I know that face...

Oh my GOSH... that's it! He's Erskine FORD... WAYFARING STRANGLER... He killed 30 or 40 people while traveling the country as a folksinger! ...All of his victims were STRANGLED!
ERSKINE FORD AKA The W
Ht. 5' 8" Wt. 250 Hai

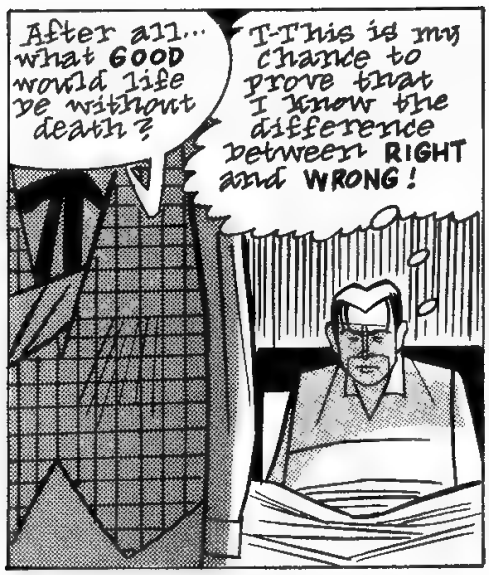
That must've been 20 years ago... If the F.B.I. ever caught up with him he'd be in a... a =gulp= a mental hospital.
...He must've escaped from the VIOLENT WARD!

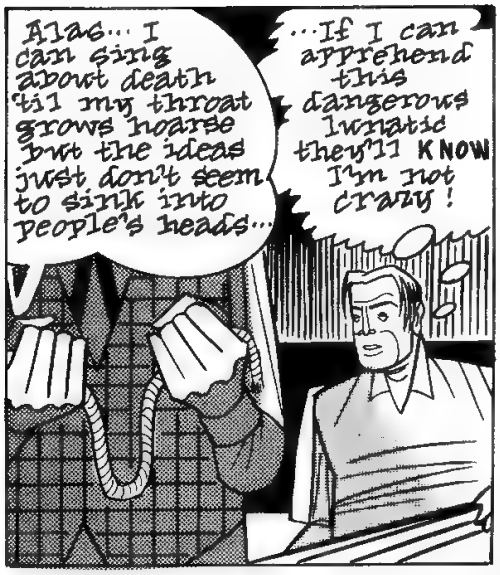
Tell me friend...
H-He seems harmless enough ...maybe he's been cured of his HOMICIDAL COMPULSION... maybe he...

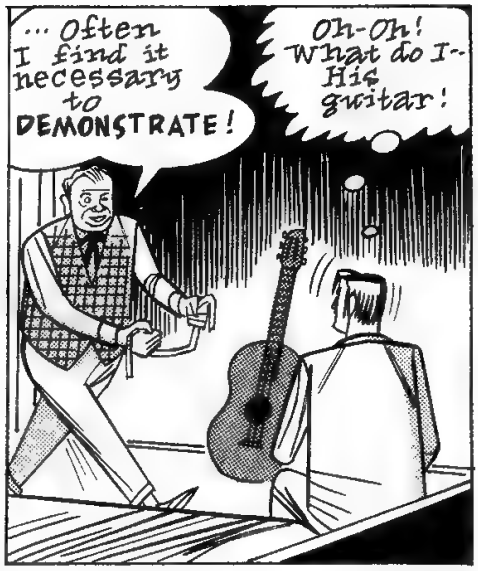
...Have you ever witnessed a hanging?
GULP!


Oh, it's QUITE a spectacle... the NOOSE is drawn tight around the doomed man's throat... His eyes BULGE, dry and lifeless... He loses control of his functions... He twitches and shakes... He strains to cry out but his BLOATED TONGUE has long since uttered it's last syllable.

Yessir... it's quite a spectacle... Even in death... ESPECIALLY in death... there is such humanity ... such LIFE!

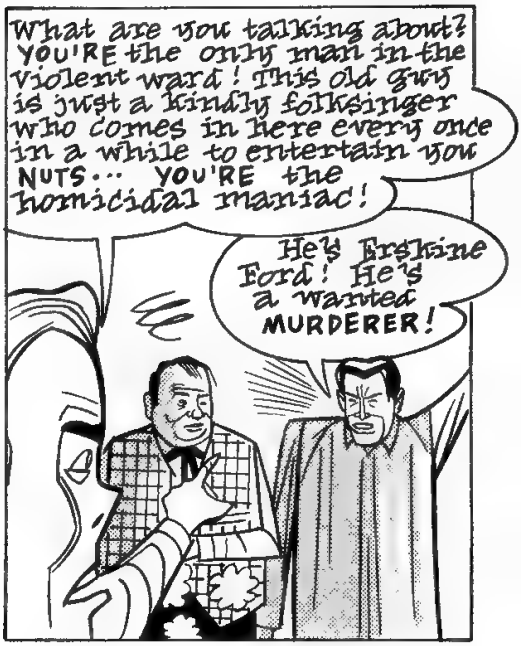

After all... what GOOD would life be without death?
T-This is my chance to prove that I know the difference between RIGHT and WRONG!


Alas... I can sing about death til my throat grows hoarse but the ideas just don't seem to sink into people's heads...
...If I can apprehend this dangerous lunatic they'll KNOW I'm not crazy!


...Often I find it necessary to DEMONSTRATE!
Oh-Oh! What do I-- His guitar!

SHA-LANG

What's going ON in here, Hoerring!?
Here he is, boys ...your escaped lunatic from the violent ward! I got him SINGLE-HANDED!


What are you talking about? YOU'RE the only man in the violent ward! This old guy is just a kindly folksinger who comes in here every once in a while to entertain you NUTS... YOU'RE the homicidal maniac!
He's Erskine Ford! He's a wanted MURDERER!

I don't recollect tellin' you my last name, friend... At any rate ...you have me MIXED UP with some other feller...I'm just a travelin' singer... Never been arrested for more than a vagrancy charge heh heh...
I-It's IMPOSSIBLE! You're a wanted man!
Ha Ha! Hoerring's CRAZIER than we thought!

...I'll call on you again the NEXT TIME I pass through town, friend ...I reckon you'll still be here.
You can BET on it!

We can finish our little discussion ...Until then I guess I'll leave you HANGIN'! Heh Heh Heh Heh Heh HAH HA HAH
END?

THE WORRY BIRD

BY: D. Clowes
ADAPTED FROM A STORY BY: Chas. Schneider

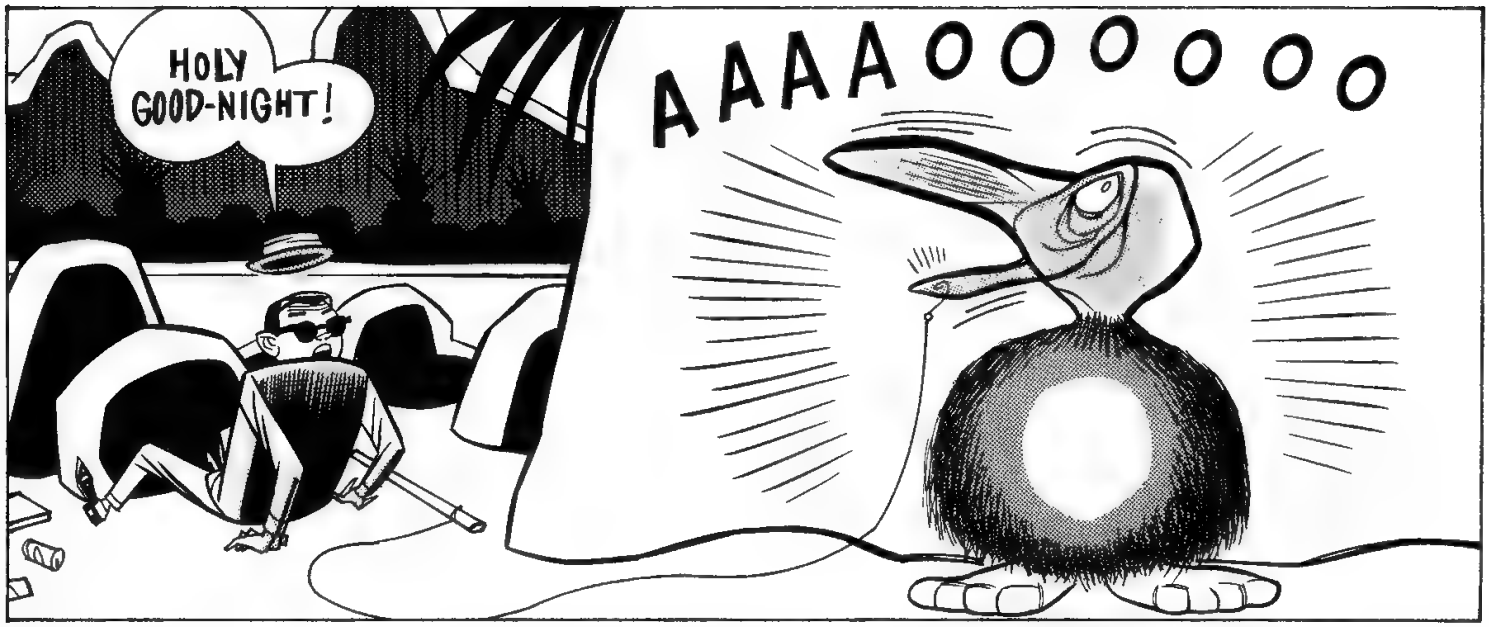
Howdy NATURE LOVERS ...Hoyle here. You didn't figure an urbane, cosmopolitan creep like me for the OUTDOORS type, didja? ... The fact is, between hunting WILD BOARS and poin' for CRAWDADS I barely have enough time to fulfill my contractual obligations as a SIDEKICK!

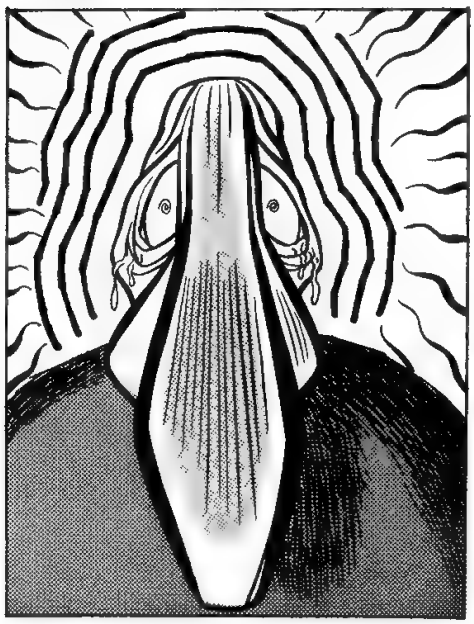
YEAH, I thought I'd seen everything... Sharks and rattlers and buffalos and spiders ...but nothing prepared me for that day and that THING on the mountain!

Ahhhh! You can't beat fun at the old fishin' hole! GLUG GLUG

Mmmp...SNAG!

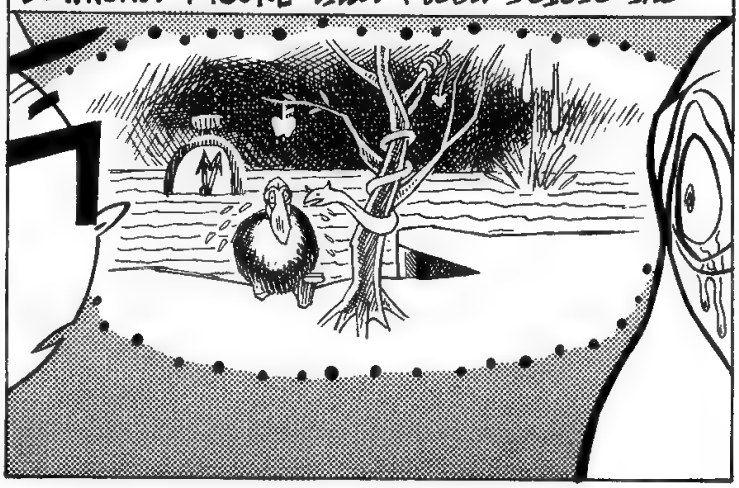
YAAAGH!





But before I had a chance to duck out, the thing spoke to me... not with words exactly but with THOUGHTS... thoughts of words... the words of a REAL DEPRESSED BIRD!

This was a TELEPATHIC bird with a STORY to tell ... in HI-FI CINEMASCOPE yet... and GOSH was it a tear-jerker... The TRAGIC TALE of a doomed race that began around the DAWN of TIME and ended with the DOWNCAST FIGURE that stood before me...



He was the WORRY BIRD ... A feathered textbook of Freudian dogma... Doomed to forever prowl the BACK ALLEYS of the world in quest of a DETOUR off the ROAD of PAIN that lay outstretched before him... (His words)

OBLIVION

The origin of his despair remained clouded in mystery ... It didn't matter much... Sorrow was as much a part of the Worry Bird as those blue feathers on his back...

Gosh! That's real ROUGH pal... wish I could help...

And I really DID but it brought out my UGLY side when I was forced into company with real heavy-duty SAD SACKS...

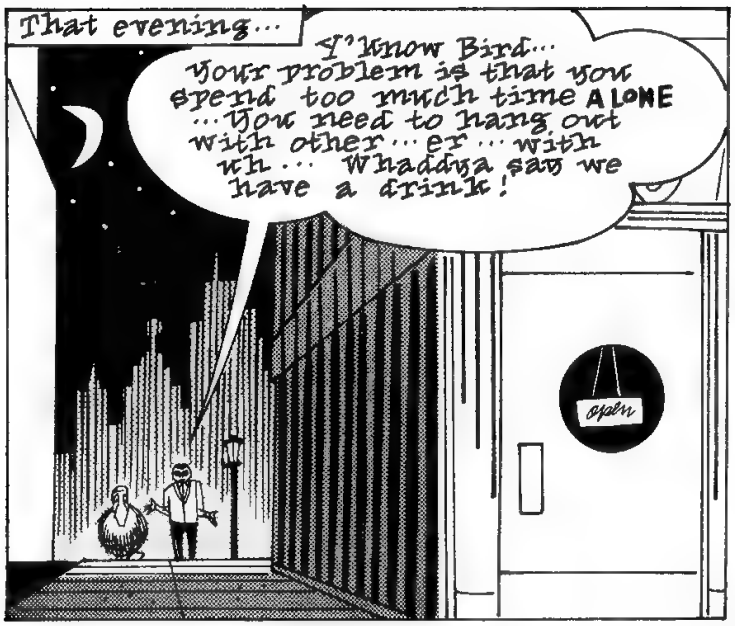
But ... uh.. like I said .. I ... uh.. I better get going... S-so long...

SOB

Lissen pal... Why dontcha come back to town with me... We'll have a few laughs... C'mon, whaddya say?!

Yeah... sometimes I could be a real SAP

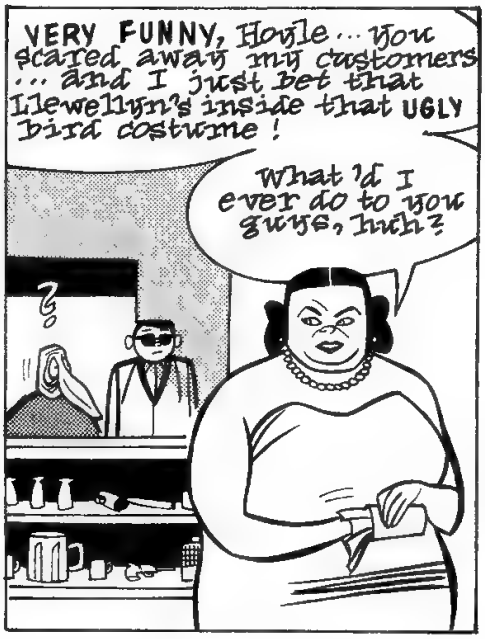
SKLORCH


That evening...
Y'know Bird... Your problem is that you spend too much time ALONE ...You need to hang out with other... er... with wh... Whaddya say we have a drink!
open

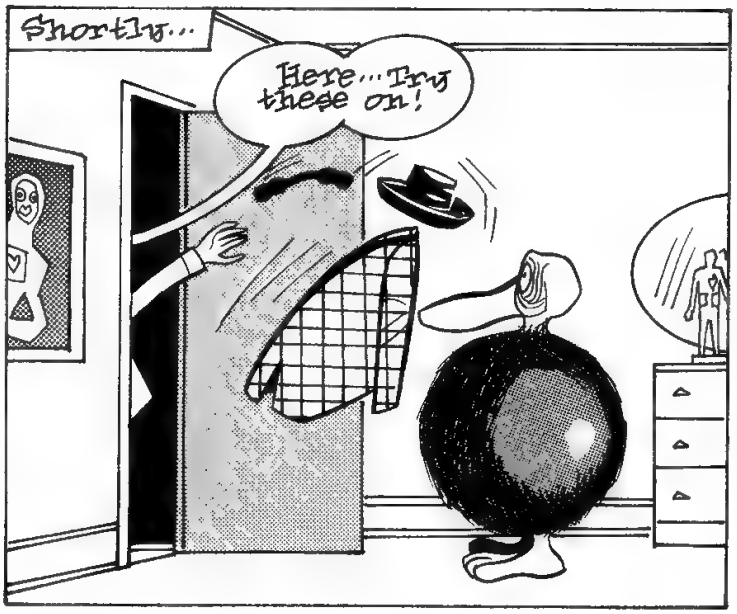
Welcome to the Big White Dot: The HUB of MODERN CIVILIZATION... A friendlier group of folks you'll NEVER MEET!
Hey gang... Say hello to my pal, the WORRY BIRD...

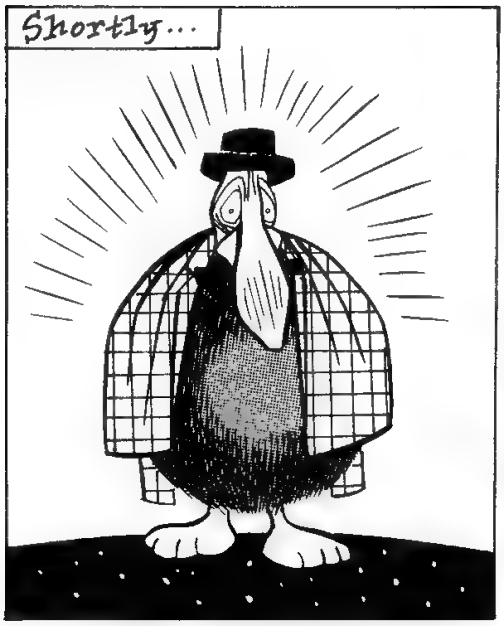
YAAA! A FREAK!!
A MONSTER!
EEK!
I'M NEVER DRINKIN' AGAIN!

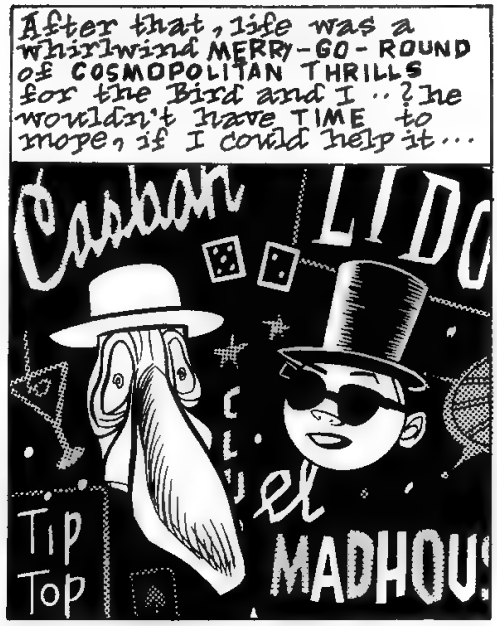
GLEEP
Nonsense, Pal... They were KIDDING... They LIKED you...


VERY FUNNY, Hoyle... You scared away my customers ... and I just bet that Llewellyn's inside that UGLY bird costume!
What'd I ever do to you guys, huh?

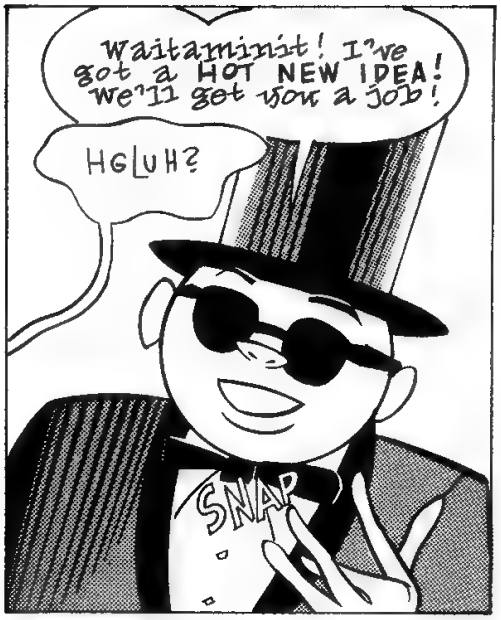
Don't go away mad... JUST GO AWAY!
Look, Bird... Maybe it's the way you DRESS ...Those blue feathers are nice and everything but CLOTHES make the bird! My pal Llewellyn happens to be out of town... Whaddya say we go raid his closet!


Shortly...
Here... Try these on!


Shortly...

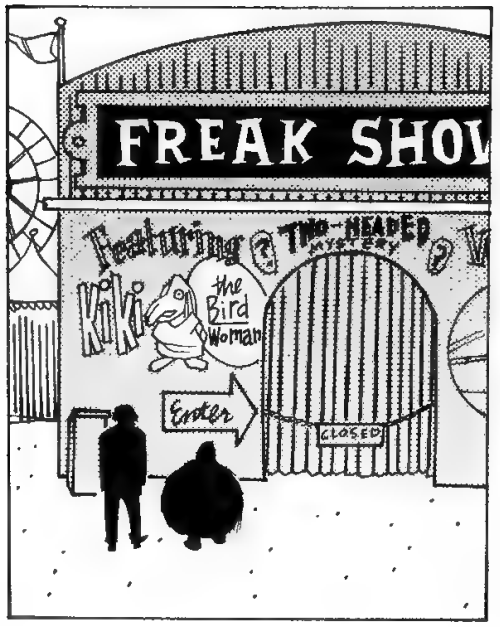

After that, life was a whirlwind MERRY-GO-ROUND of COSMOPOLITAN THRILLS for the Bird and I..? he wouldn't have TIME to mope, if I could help it...
Casbah
LIDO
Tip Top
MADHOUS

...But you know what they say about the best-laid plans of mice and morons...
I don't get it... you're the toast of the town... and yet you continue to be a DRAG!

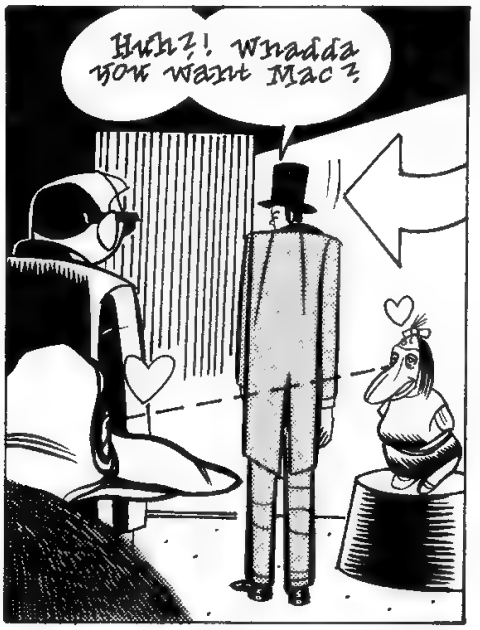

Waitaminit! I've got a HOT NEW IDEA! We'll get you a job!
HGLUH?
SNAP

Job hunting was a real morale-booster... guess I should've expected that...
Eh... we don't have any openings ...try our competitor!
..With a mug like that!? What is this-- a gag?! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
I'm sorry, but all our models must be at least six feet tall!

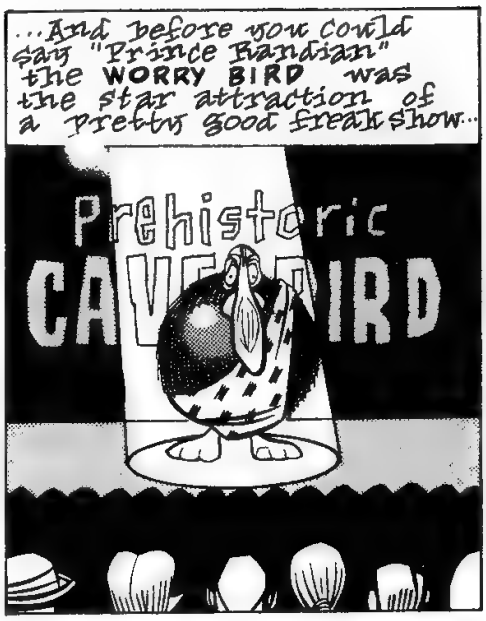
Don't worry, Bird... There are still plenty of job opportunities that await us... You're the answer to some lucky employer's dream... YOU'LL SEE.


FREAK SHOW
Featuring
TWO-HEADED MYSTERY
Kiki
the Bird Woman
Enter
CLOSED

...Don't give 'em so much in the first show ...make 'em pay to see the late show!
Ehh 'scuse me buddy!

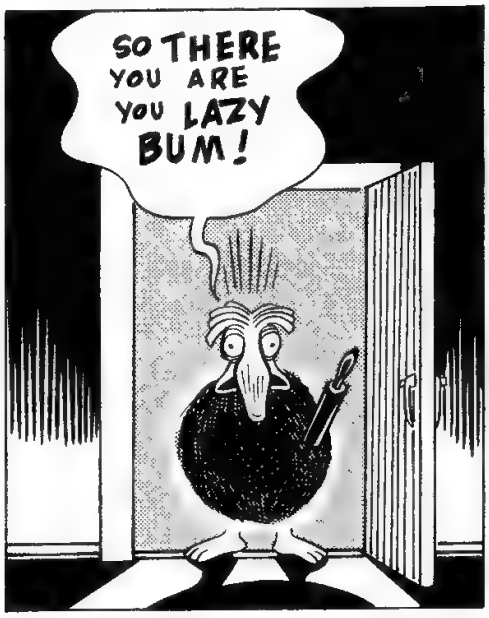

Huh?! Whadda you want Mac?

Who told you you could... HOLY CROW-- WHAT A FREAK!!


...And before you could say "Prince Randian" the WORRY BIRD was the star attraction of a pretty good freak show...
Prehistoric
CAVE BIRD

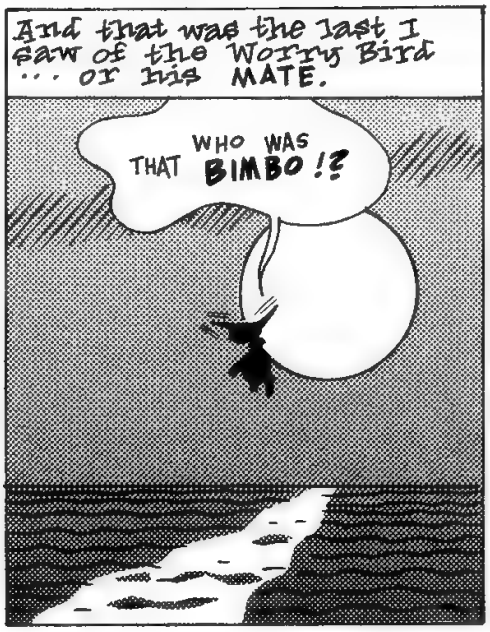
...and what's more... the Bird found a...er...a "friend" among the misfits and cast aside his worries...

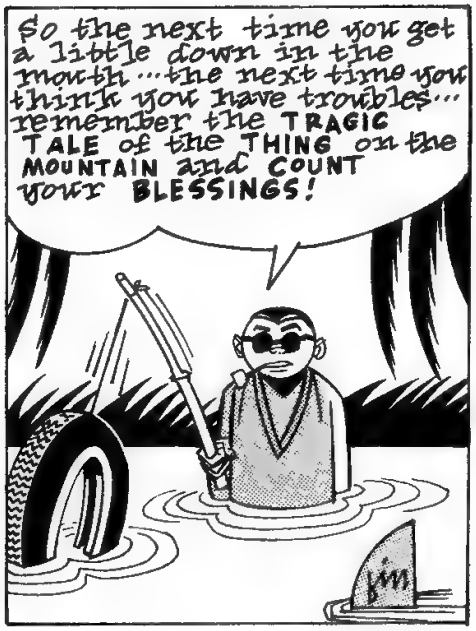
for awhile...
KNOCK KNOCK
CLICK


SO THERE YOU ARE YOU LAZY BUM!

...I'VE BEEN HUNTING ALL OVER FOR YOU! I WAS WORRIED SICK! OOOH WHEN I GET YOU HOME...

WHOOOOORSH

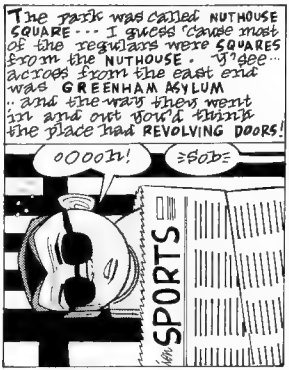

And that was the last I saw of the Worry Bird ... or his MATE.
WHO WAS THAT BIMBO!?

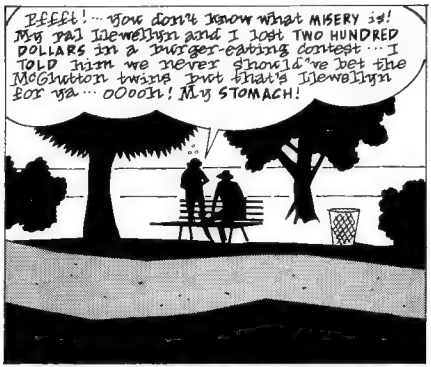

So the next time you get a little down in the mouth... the next time you think you have troubles... remember the TRAGIC TALE of the THING on the MOUNTAIN and COUNT your BLESSINGS!
jim

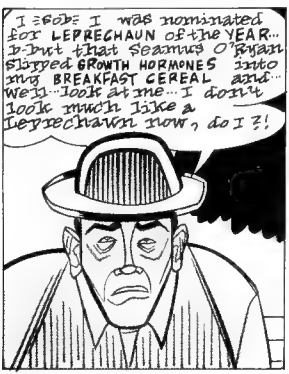
The EATNIKS

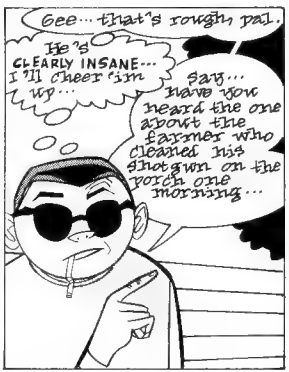
featuring ERNIE HOYLE

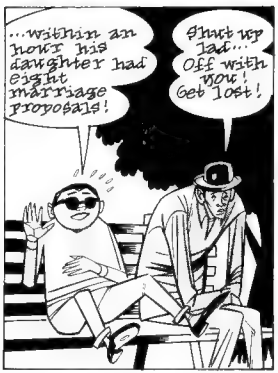
By: D. Clowes







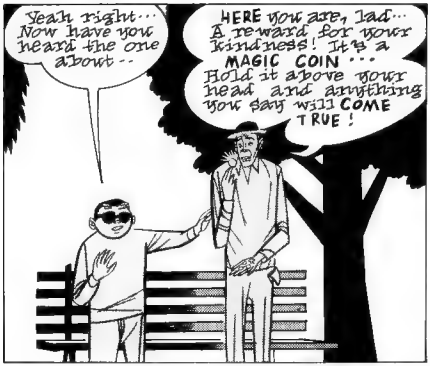




Wait WAIT! y'GOTTA hear this one··· Two psychiatrists meet at a convention··· When they pass, one says 'Hello' ···

The other shrink takes about five steps, stops and mutters, 'I wonder what he MEANT by that!?' HAW! HAW! HAW!

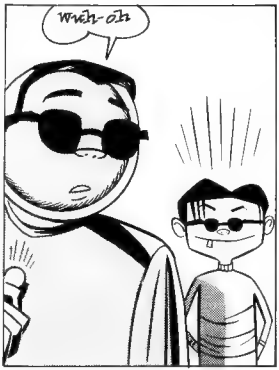
And if you liked that one you GOTTA hear··
HOLD it, lad ···I-I'm SORRY I snapped at you··· You're only trying to help···


Yeah right··· Now have you heard the one about··
HERE you are, lad··· A reward for your kindness! It's a MAGIC COIN··· Hold it above your head and anything you say will COME TRUE!

Use it wisely, lad··· you only get three wishes!
Wait! y'just GOTTA hear this one···

THERE'S THIS BEATNIK CANNIBAL, SEE···
BLINK!

····he eats three squares a day···
···Blink?···

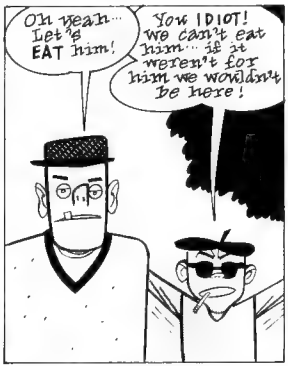

Wuh-oh

Oh GREAT! ...A Beatnik Cannibal ...What could be WORSE !?

...A whole FAMILY of 'em I suppose...
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK

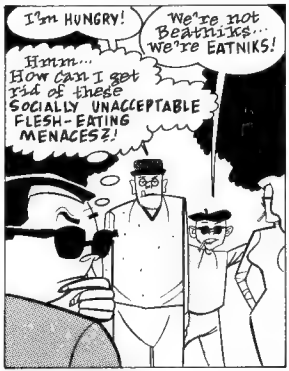
@#@&!

Who's this guy?
That's Ernie Hoyle, you NUMBSKULL... The guy who just CREATED us!

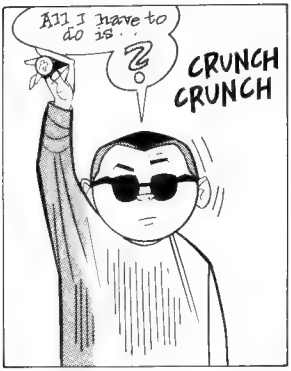

Oh yeah... Let's EAT him!
You IDIOT! We can't eat him... if it weren't for him we wouldn't be here!

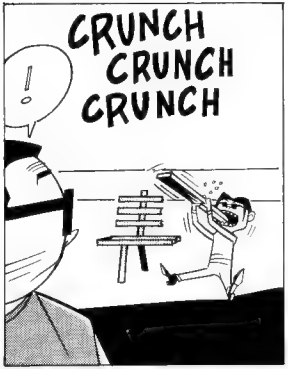
Who are YOU to say we shouldn't ought'a eat him?!
Hmm. GOOD POINT ...Who am I?

You're RIP, he's FANG, I'm ETTA and that's CHEW-CHEW
GNGGH!
...We're CANNIBAL BEATNIKS.

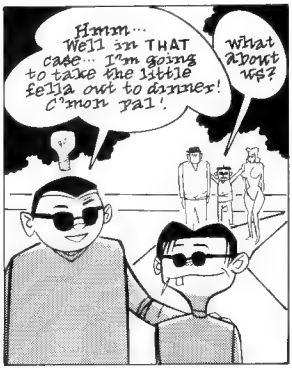

I'm HUNGRY!
We're not Beatniks... we're EATNIKS!
Hmm... How can I get rid of these SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE FLESH-EATING MENACES?!

...OF COURSE! It's so simple.. I can just make 'em DISAPPEAR!


All I have to do is...
?
CRUNCH CRUNCH

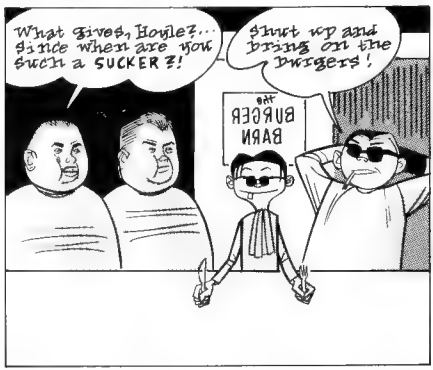

CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH
!

C-Can he ALWAYS do that?
How do I know? You just created us!
He's HUNGRY!
CRUNCH


Hmm... We'll in THAT case... I'm going to take the little fella out to dinner! C'mon pal!
What about us?

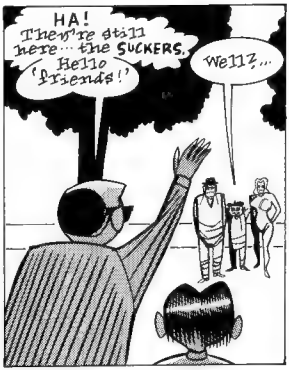
If you wait RIGHT HERE until we get back I-I-I'll have something for you--a BIG SURPRISE!
Nice fella!
Wow!

One hour later...
...Let me get this straight, Hoyle ...THIS is your new partner?
That's right McGlutton ...care to raise the bet?


What gives, Hoyle?... Since when are you such a SUCKER?!
Shut up and bring on the burgers!
BURGER BARN

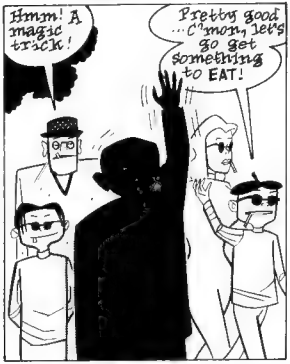
Several platters later...
A-All right Hoyle... We give up! You've won the contest already! T-Tell him to stop eating!
YOU tell him.

Shortly...
Get a move on Chew-Chew... Boy! I sure hope your ÷ugh÷ friends are still where I left 'em...


HA! They're still here... the SUCKERS.
Hello 'friends!'
Well?...

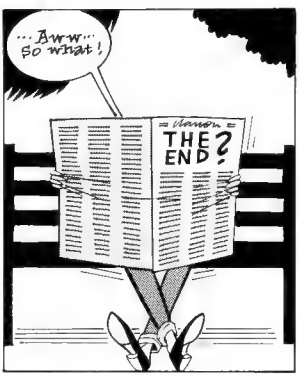
...How about that SURPRISE?!
We waited like you said!
Okay... Get ready...
Heh-heh! This is too easy!

...DISAPPEAR!
BLINK


Hmm! A magic trick!
Pretty good... C'mon, let's go get something to EAT!

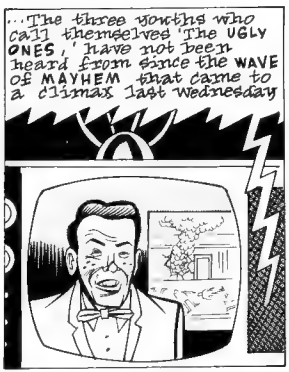
... I hear there's a hospital around the corner... maybe we can get some LEFTOVERS!
Stop! WAIT! Come BACK!

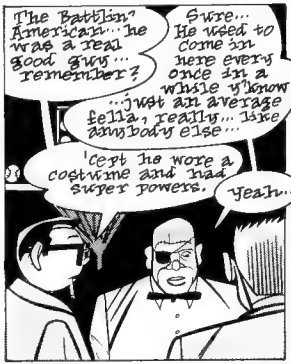
What am I to do? I created them! I'm responsible! If they were to ÷chatter÷ commit ACTS AGAINST NATURE --Acts too HIDEOUS to talk about in mixed company--the loathsome yoke of guilt would rest on MY SHOULDERS!

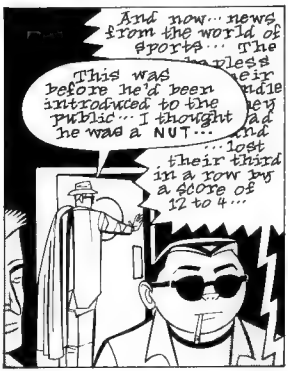

...Awww... So what!
THE END?

Watch for more fun with the CUTEST, CUDDLYEST most HUGGABLE CARNIVORES of ALL!

THE BATTLIN' AMERICAN

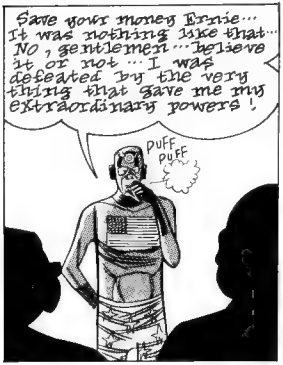




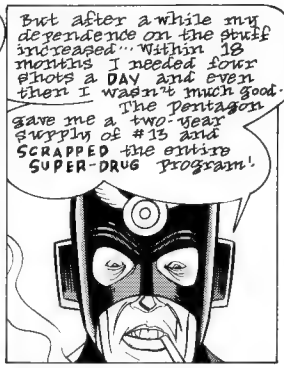


HOLY IT'S HAT! HIM!
The BATTLIN' AMERICAN!
It CAN'T BE ... A-And yet ... it IS!

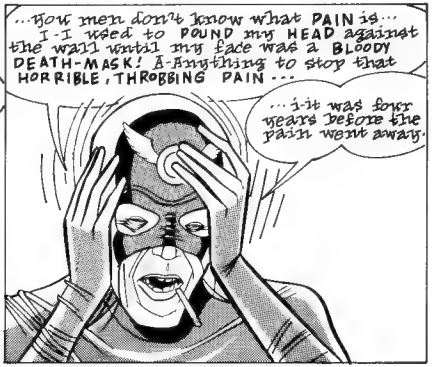
All these years we had you figgered for a DEAD MAN ... WHAT GIVES?!
... I -
WAIT! Before you answer ... 5 bucks says he was abducted by the REDS Any takers? Gang?
Which Reds? Cincinnati or Russia?

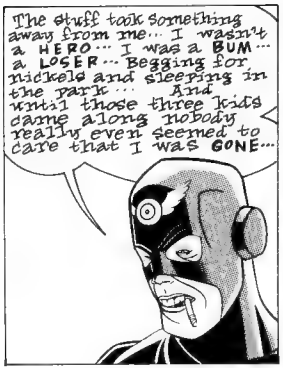

Save your money Ernie ... It was nothing like that ... No, gentlemen ... believe it or not ... I was defeated by the very thing that gave me my extraordinary powers!
PUFF PUFF

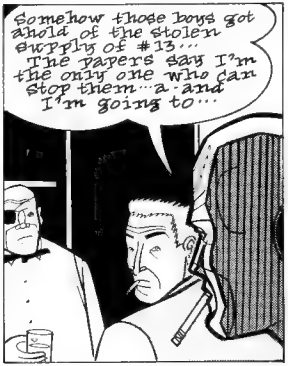
FORMULA 13: An experimental SUPER DRUG ... An injection every two days and I became a DYNAMO ... a JUGGERNAUT ... a ... well, you men remember how great I was ...
Sure B.A.
Oh yeah


But after a while my dependence on the stuff increased ... Within 18 months I needed four shots a DAY and even then I wasn't much good ... The Pentagon gave me a two-year supply of #13 and SCRAPPED the entire SUPER-DRUG program!

LOOK ... Look at my arm ... I was a JUNKIE ... A JUNKIE! HOOKED on the stuff ... FORMULA 13 was my WHOLE LIFE ...
... u-until somebody stole my supply ...


... You men don't know what PAIN is ... I-I used to POUND my HEAD against the wall until my face was a BLOODY DEATH-MASK! A-Anything to stop that HORRIBLE, THROBBING PAIN ...
... i-it was four years before the pain went away.

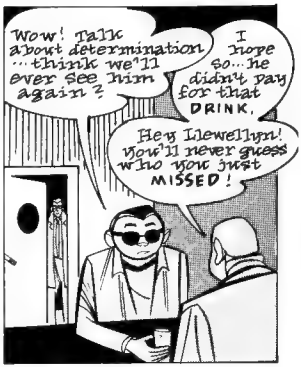

The stuff took something away from me... I wasn't a HERO... I was a BUM... a LOSER... Begging for nickels and sleeping in the park... And until those three kids came along nobody really even seemed to care that I was GONE...


Somehow those boys got ahold of the stolen supply of #13... The papers say I'm the only one who can stop them...a-and I'm going to...

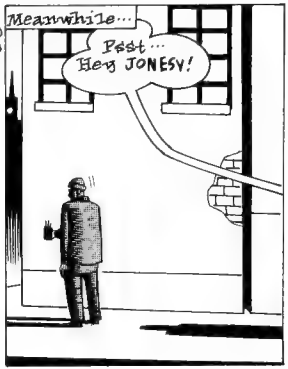
GEE, Battlin'...no offence, but LOOK at you... aren't you kinda outta shape? Mebbe you oughtta tackle somethin' SMALLER first... Build up your weight a bit...do some chin-ups...

NONSENSE...All I need is a little DUTCH COURAGE...
GLUG GLUG

GOODNIGHT gentlemen!
Wait B.A.! There's still time to reconsider! Sleep on it!


Wow! Talk about determination...think we'll ever see him again?
I hope so...he didn't pay for that DRINK.
Hey Llewellyn! You'll never guess who you just MISSED!

Lessee...I bet it was Anita Ekberg asking you for a date...
No,no,no.
HMMM! It's funny how you never see Llewellyn and the Battlin' American together... I wonder...?


Meanwhile...
Pst... Hey JONESY!

T-The BATTL-- I thought you were DEAD!
BLIND

Man, B.A.... You don't look so good... but HEY! It's great to see ya!
I'm gonna GET those punks, Jonesy... Do you know where they are!?
SURE... They're holin' up in the old Powell building... by the river... I shoulda known you weren't dead.. I-I shoulda figured you'd be back some day...
That's right, Jonesy. It's gonna be just like the OLD DAYS!
=choke=
Later, on the doorstep of destiny and the abandoned Powell building...
They're HERE all right...
I-I need some INSPIRATION...
GLUG GLUG
WOOF!
...steady, boy ...deep breath ...oooh boy...
SLAM!
OUCH!
oooaaaooghhh oo god ohgodhh
...mmm...?

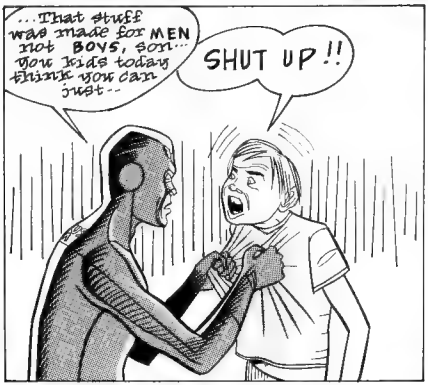
Well! We-e-e-e-e-ell! Look here comrades··· it's the BATTLIN' AMERICAN!

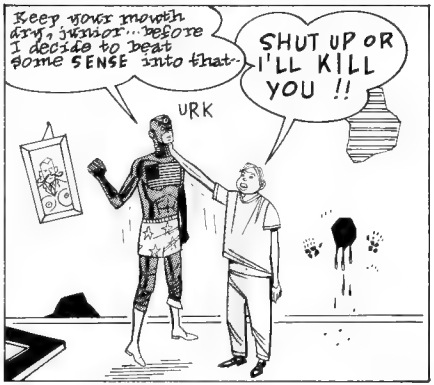
I-I hope you're not mad at us, sir··· W-We didn't steal your serum··· We stole it from the man who stole it ··en heh heh··· ·tell 'im Alfred··· we're not to blame··· ··· ···I-I hope you don't want it back···

···WHY!?! WHY!? BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ANY MORE···THAT'S WHY!!

···I-I'm sorry··· Huck is dead a-and Alfred i-is s-er-sick and = kaff kaff = and we need some more of the stuff, sir··· b-but like I said···there isn't any more···
···DO YOU HEAR ME!?

You punks got what was coming to you! You had NO BUSINESS messing around with Formula 13···
Oh you're right s-s-sir···


···That stuff was made for MEN not BOYS, son··· you kids today think you can just···
SHUT UP!!

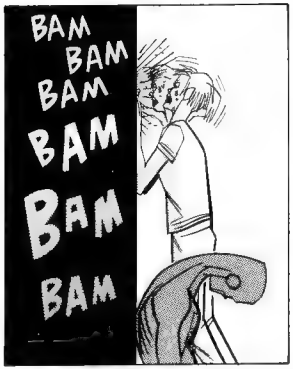

Keep your mouth dry, junior···before I decide to beat some SENSE into that···
SHUT UP OR I'LL KILL YOU!!
URK

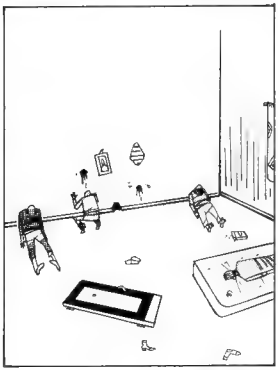
You=
OOF
SHUT UP!
WUMP!

B=
OOF
=S-SOD=

I=
ULK
T-Tell me, Mr. "Battling American"...

CLUNK
CLUNK
CLUNK
HOW DO YOU...
...STOP...
...THE PAIN!?


BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM



Later...
Hey Ernie Didja hear the news?!
They're calling it the STORY of the YEAR... police have taken the UGLY ONES into CUSTODY... They were apparently BEATEN into SUBMISSION by the BATTLIN' AMERICAN! Authorities arrived after they were alerted of the situation by the B.A.'s long-time sidekick, I.Q. JONES... Forsaking glory, the SUPER CHAMPION of URBAN JUSTICE left before reporters arrived... For a special report we go to Mike Hunt outside the Powell building...

You bet I did... "Battlin' American"
...Don't worry ol' pal... your secret is safe with me!
?
THE END

Yeah... it's me, LLOYD LLEWELLYN, unraveling another tangled yarn from the tapestry of my life. This time it's about a courageous, determined woman and her battle for honor in a world gone mad... Scorned by death and betrayal, hell hath no fury like

MAIDEN JAPAN

I waited for him to return after the war but he never did. I thought I had been betrayed but, according to your government, Doyle died in the service of your country many years ago. I'm sorry for thinking poorly of him.
B-But... M-My apartment...

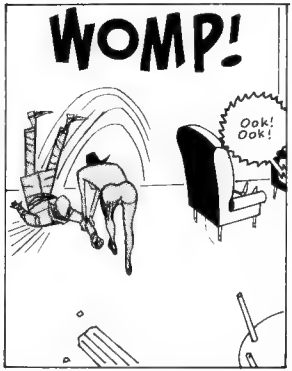
I apologize for Sparky's behavior. Life is difficult for a child who has no father.
I suppose SO, but...
Gnggh!

That is why you must preserve your brother's honor by MARRYING me and ADOPTING Sparky as your own son.

WHAT?! What are you talking about?! I don't even know you!...

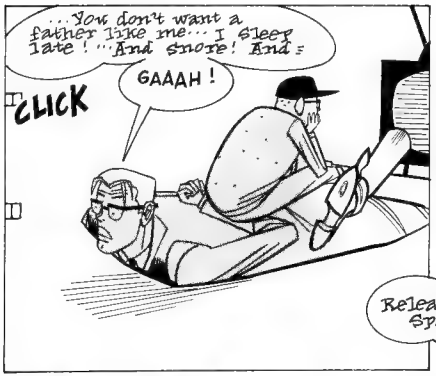
Waitaminit... I get it... you want to become a U.S. CITIZEN so you're trying to CON me into...
You STONEHEAD! This isn't the Mach Five!

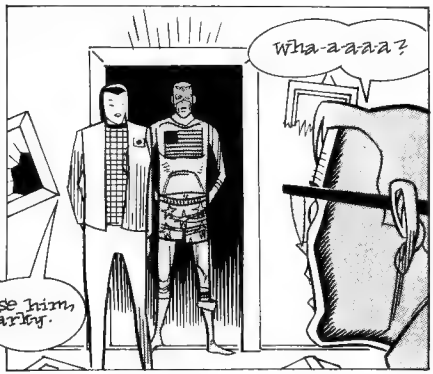
CRACK!
Gee Boss... it MUST be... we found this MONKEY in the glove compartment!


WOMP!
Ook! Ook!

SQUAWK! We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin... After his HEROIC REAPPEARANCE last week, The BATTLIN' AMERICAN was found by police moments ago on a SKID-ROW roof-top...
BAM... BAM

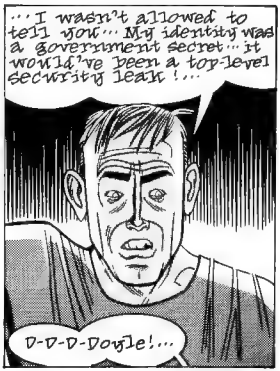
.. He has been taken to ST. VINCENT'S hospital where he is now undergoing observation... We go to Richard Hurtz with a SPECIAL REPORT...
Hold it... HOLD IT!... STOP! ... Okay Okay... I'll tell you why I can't marry you... Doyle is STILL ALIVE!
..T-They told you he was dead because now he's the BATTLIN'AMERICAN... H-HONEST! N-Nobody knows about his secret but ME and the PRESIDENT! Go to the hospital and see for yourself! It's the truth! Scout's honor!
Very well. I will go to see him. Please take care of Sparky while I'm gone.
HUH? I-I mean... OKAY!
FLAP FLAP FLAP
SLAM!
Boy oh boy oh boy am I ever ONE LUCKY BASTARD! I NEVER thought she'd believe that! I'd better get outta here FAST because when she finds out what a LIAR I am she's gonna KILL me!
...I'll get myself a one-way ticket to--
DEATH Valley
AA
Going somewhere?
Later...
Please kid, this is INHUMAN! She'll be back any minute! Gimme a HEAD START... a SPORTING CHANCE... ANYTHING!
.. And the WINNER of the Underwater Grand Prix is...


...You don't want a father like me... I sleep late!...And snore! And =
GAAAH!
CLICK

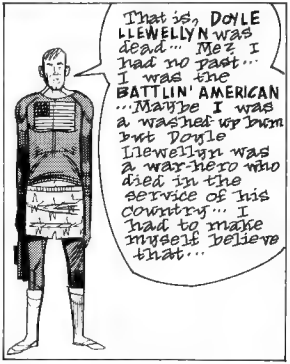

Wha-a-a-a-a?
Release him, Sparky.

Lloyd..

Lloyd... how did you know?...

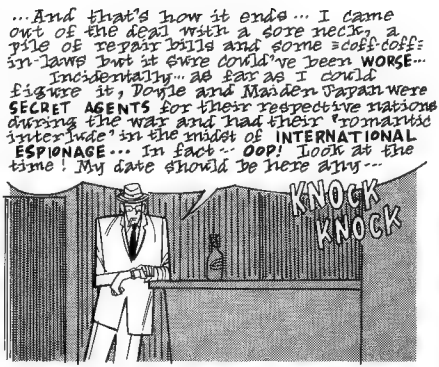

...I wasn't allowed to tell you... My identity was a government secret... it would've been a top-level security leak!...
D-D-D-Doyle!...

B-B-B-But I I-I-I b-but I-I th-th-thought y-y-you were d-de-ch d-de
I WAS dead...


That is, DOYLE LLEWELLYN was dead... Me? I had no past... I was the BATTLIN' AMERICAN ...Maybe I was a washed up bum but Doyle Llewellyn was a war-hero who died in the service of his country... I had to make myself believe that...

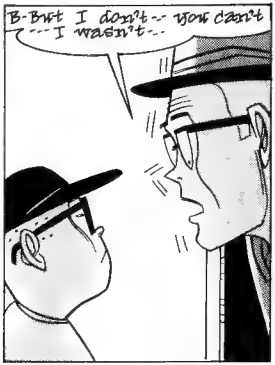
...And now, after all these years in the GRAVE, Doyle Llewellyn has a reason to live.

C'mon Baby... Junior... let's go to VEGAS and get HITCHED!
PUBLIC ENEMY

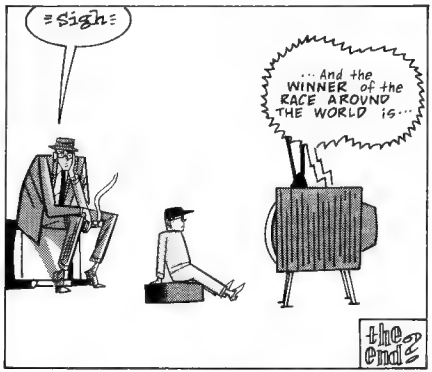

...And that's how it ends... I came out of the deal with a sore neck, a pile of repair bills and some =cough-cough= in-laws but it ever could've been WORSE...
Incidentally... as far as I could figure it, Doyle and Maiden Japan were SECRET AGENTS for their respective nations during the war and had their 'romantic interlude' in the midst of INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE... In fact... OOP! Look at the time! My date should be here any...
KNOCK KNOCK

...Hello there DOLL-BABY...
Hi Uncle Lloyd!

YOU! What are you doing here!?! I thought...
You think they want ME along on their HONEYMOON


B-But I don't... you can't... I wasn't...

...I...


=Sigh=
...And the WINNER of the RACE AROUND THE WORLD is...
the end

UWANNA
You TIME-TRAVELING II readers will recall that UWANNA the FEMALE WRESTLING CHAMP was, in fact, Lloyd's beautiful cousin LOVELLA LLEWELLYN who took to the carried square after tragically LOSING HER MEMORY. Go into the future and check IIIII no. 7 for details ...
by Daniel Clowes
'UWANNA' to be created by MORT TODD © 1987
Back already? ... FINE! ... Say! Why don't we see what's happening at the DOT on this beautiful, sunny day...
Morning Ernie...
Llewellyn is gonna KILL ME! ... I'm DEAD... DEAD!
Yeah?
I was supposed to keep an eye on his cousin Uwanna while she's in the hospital recovering from AMNESIA, right? ...
...But I got mixed up in the WORRY BIRD caper and when I finally went to St. Vincent's they told me that she was GONE... I said, "I must be hearing things... GONE?" And he said, "That's right, GONE!"
...Or four-eyes will be back in two days and he's gonna KILL me if I don't... GANG! You gotta help me find 'er, y'gotta y'gotta y'gotta
No thanks, Hoyle...
HASSLER! C'mon ol' pal... Show 'em why you're the BEST cop in the business!
Beat it, Shrimp.
Ahh... You're a JERK anyways...
...What am I gonna do? Llewellyn trusted me and I let 'im down... I'm a RAT a HEEL ... A FINK!
HONK!

What GIVES!? Oh... Hi Galileo ... Hi Hoyle... What's up?
Hoyle says he might be able to help you... HELP YOU!

How so?
Hoyle works as the night janitor at St. Vincent's ... He says he saw this UWANNA chick leave...
...SAW HER LEAVE!

He says she left with...
HOLD IT!

Will THIS get me some answers?

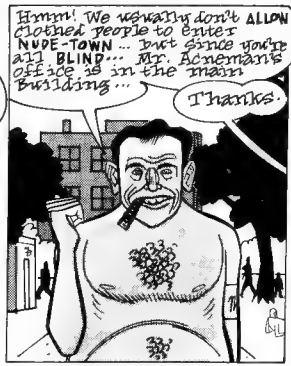
All right... I've played your little game... now TALK!
...He says she left with Foster Acneman ...REPEAT: FOSTER ACNEMAN!

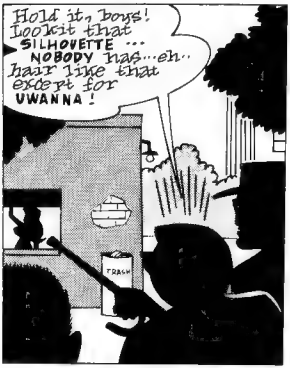
FOSTER ACNEMAN! The publisher of, among other things, NUDENIK magazine! He's the world's most famous SUN-WORSHIPPER! ...He runs his empire from NUDE-TOWN ... a self-styled 'NATURE COLONY!'

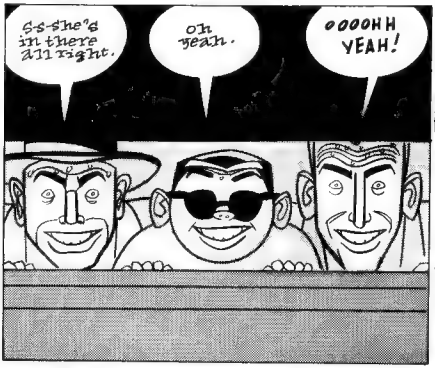
...He's, no doubt, got poor, innocent UWANNA held there against her will... Perhaps even forcing her to indulge in this NAKED business!
STOP, Hoyle!
Wait!

I was just kidding before... you can count on my help!
You can count on my help... I was just kidding before!
But I don't really need...
WE'RE GOING TO HELP YOU ...OKAY!?

Later... just beyond the gates of Nude-town...
Are you SURE about this NUTTY SCHEME, Hoyle?
Trust me... I know the way these nudists think!
NUDE TOWN







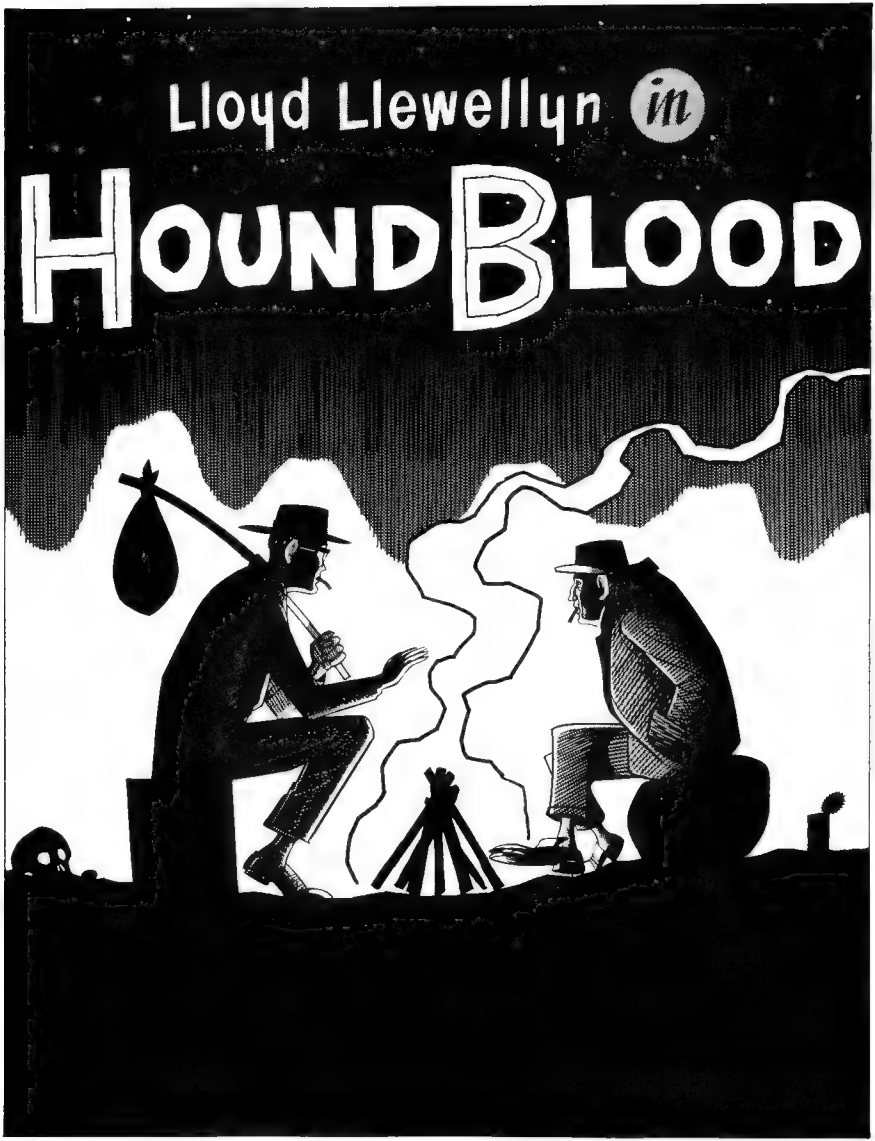
For the last panel of this story send $5.00 (check or money order -- no stamps) to:

D. Clowes
5545 Woodlawn Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60637

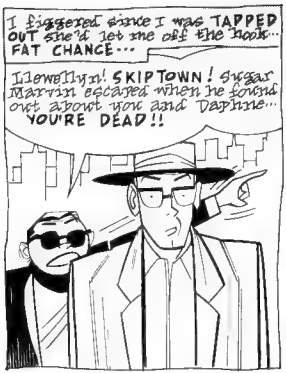
Allow 3-5 weeks for delivery.
Shipped in plain wrapper.
No salesman will call.

Lloyd Llewellyn *in*

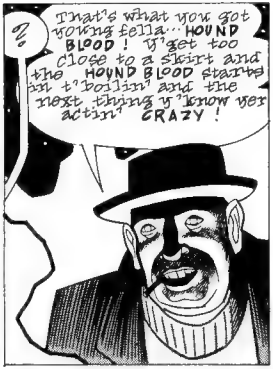
HOUND BLOOD



Who am I? ... Nobody special...
just another LOSER with a HARD LUCK story...
This one begins with a dame ... I guess they're all alike -- hard-luck stories I mean... Her name was Daphne. She told me she was a dental assistant...
Cast
Lloyd DOLL... wait right here while I fix my eyebrows...
But things turned ugly fast when my buddy Hoyle came across with some BAD NEWS...
Llewellyn you MEATHEAD! Don't you know who she is!? That's SUGAR MARVIN'S girl!!
S-Sugar Marvin-- the MURDERER!? Are you sure!? Isn't he in the slammer!?
My first instinct was to TAKE OFF... until SHE caught my eye...
Sure... but THAT won't keep him from stomping a MUDHOLE in your head... you better watch out!
eh... excuse me Ernie...
Ordinarily I'm not a TWO-TIMER but seeing as how Daphne was SPOKEN FOR I didn't see any harm in making a new friend...
Hiya
I'll keep it short... her name was Marge... she was Daphne's LITTLE SISTER...
That's right EIGHT-BALL... you make the payments like a good little soldier and I won't tell SUGAR or the boys about you and my sister!
...and I had to hand it to her ... she was a pretty good bread-winner for a girl...
wip
on THERE you are doll...
Marge had me over a barrel ... after a month of payments she practically had me WEARING a barrel...
Friend of yours Llewellyn?
What the @#@! does she want now?!
Allright EIGHT BALL... You're four days late! Cough it up!
...sorry BABY ...You've CLEANED me OUT... I'm BROKE... It was fun while it lasted but it's OVER... find yourself ANOTHER PIGEON!


I figgered since I was TAPPED OUT she'd let me off the hook... FAT CHANCE...
Llewellyn! SKIP TOWN! Sugar Marvin escaped when he found out about you and Daphne... YOU'RE DEAD!!

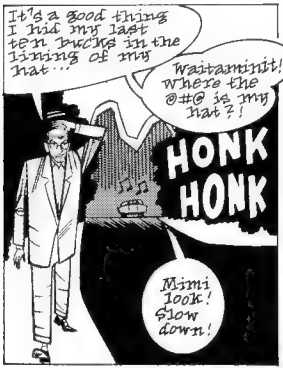
...How do you like that girl... She takes every penny I've got and then she..
HOUND BLOOD

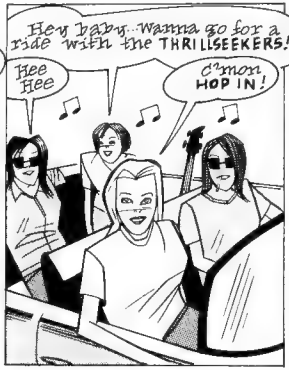

?
That's what you got young fella... HOUND BLOOD! Y'get too close to a skirt and the HOUND BLOOD starts an t'boilin' and the next thing y'know yer actin' CRAZY!

Me... I don't TRUST them wimmen... I'be truthful I don't trust NOBODY anymore ...No Sir... There ain't no honest folks LEFT in this world!
Mm-hm

The next morning...
BZAWK! Huh... Hey?!

HEY! That old creep stole my BINDLE! My gun was in there... and my lucky socks... and my toothbrush!


It's a good thing I hid my last ten bucks in the lining of my hat...
Waitaminit! Where the @#@ is my hat?!
HONK HONK
Mimi look! Slow down!


Hey baby... Wanna go for a ride with the THRILLSEEKERS!?
Hee Hee
C'mon HOP IN!

I'm Vicki... That's Mimi and Barbie Doll and the short, ugly one on your left is Keechee... She's our drummer!

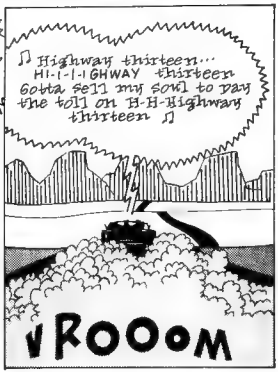
I'm... OOOF!
Hi oooh! Can I try on your glasses?

Sorry... they're surgically attached.
Awww PLEEEASE
Don't pressure him Keech... he looks like the SENSITIVE type!

Here y'go stranger... had breakfast yet?

WOOO! A REAL man!
GLUG
...That was the EYEBALLS and their fabulous hit "Chicken Heart Soup" ...and now here's the latest bullet from HOWLIN' THURSTON... "HIGHWAY THIRTEEN!"
Yeah!

CRANK IT UP!
♫ A hundred miles an hour in a hot-rod heap Engine's so loud you know I'll never get to sleep Got no brakes so I'll drive with my horn Been drinkin' gasoline since the day I was born... ♫


♫ Highway thirteen... HI-I-I-IGHWAY thirteen Gotta sell my soul to pay the toll on H-H-Highway thirteen ♫
VROOOM

About an hour later...
♫ Got four tires made of rattlesnake hide Room in the trunk if you're lookin' for a ride... ♫

♫ Forty-five dollars and a shotgun shell... Ain't no exits on the HIGHWAY to HELL ♫

♫ Highway thirteen... HI-I-I-IGHWAY thirteen ♫

HIGHWAY THIRTEEN ♫
Wail, baby, WAIL!

Some time later···
ZZZZ
Do you guys think he really knows Howlin' Thurston?
Remind me never to marry a guy who snores!
Oh GOD Keechie··· You probably even believed that story he told about the MARTIAN!

Hey girls··· wake up SLEEPING BEAUTY and see if he's got any money to chip in for gas··· we're past empty···
THIS guy?···Don't count on it!

Hey Slugger··· Stay out of it!
SLAP!
GZZHK!? Are we there yet?
Where?
··I-I dunno?

As long as I was breathing I didn't care ONE WHIT where we were going··· Right now I was mostly concerned with finding my way to the MEN'S ROOM···
···Don't leave without me girls··· I'll be right back!
Have fun!

♫ ♫ Hiighway thirteen ♫ ♫
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL HUrlong 2-2700
Oh-oh···

···Look at this··· Gone for two minutes and allready there's some JOKER trying to BEAT my TIME···
···Waitaminit No···NO···I-I-It's i-i-impossible

H-H-H-H-Holy G-G-Goodnight!

···I-I-It's HIM! It's MARVIN!··· I-I'm as good as DEAD!
Allow me, Vera darling
Thank you Paul ···honey

Here's the rest room, Precious...I'm going to ask directions - oh! Excuse me...
Eh... sorry...
I'll try to hurry, darling!
...I-I've got a chance... i-if this guy and Marvin can keep each other BUSY for a few seconds...
I think we've had enough driving for one day...don't you Honey? There's a motel about ten miles up the road...
Y-yes! That sounds fine... darling.
C'mon 'S-weetie' ...let's hit the road!
...Aren't you glad you're with ME instead of Dean, Vera?! Don't I make a better husband?!
Y-y-yes Paul..
4QZU2
...I'm stronger...got a better looking car...you never loved him, DID you honey?
N-N-NO N-NO
Who do you love, baby?
Y-Y-You, Paul
Are you gonna show me how much you love me...tonight...in that motel room?
Y-Y-Y-- o-of course...sob:
GODDAMMIT! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STOP CRYING!!?
Y-Y-yes Paul... I-I'm sorry.
YOU'RE HAPPY, VERA... HAPPY! GOT THAT?
I-I-I'll stop crying Paul...
DARLING, DAMMIT!!
motel
I-Paul darling...
...Wait here precious...I'll see if they have a vacancy...
Motel
OFFICE

=SOB= ... =SNIFF= Oh Dean honey... what should I do? ... =SNIFF=
Ahem...

Hwhhh!
Shhh! It's okay... I-I can help you!

GET OUT OF HERE! If he finds you here he'll KILL US BOTH! PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU -- GET OUT! GET OUT!!

HEY! What's going on!?
...oh no...
oh-oh...

HEY!... VERA!

VERA!!
SCREEEE
CLUNK

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID VERA! ...

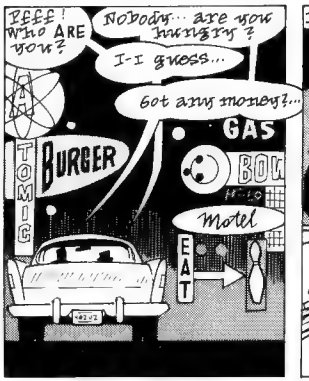
..... Remember what happened to Dean...

That night...
Hwh?... M-my head ... Paul?
Lloyd.

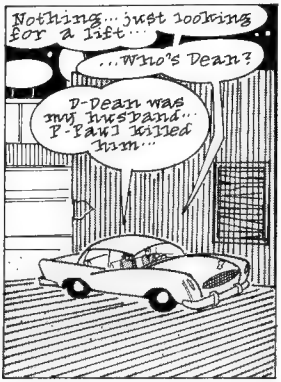
...Oh God... Where are we? ...Wh-Where's Paul?...
...
Why did you have to go and do this...?

...It sounded to me like you were in trouble... Vera...
He'll find us and kill us... He's CRAZY... ... H-He told me he once killed a man just for snoring too loud...

Look... You're SAFE now... We've put 350 miles between us and him and anyway... he's not gonna hurt you while I'm around ... I'm pretty handy when there's danger afoot!


Pfff! Who ARE you?
Nobody... are you hungry?
I-I guess...
Got any money?...
GAS
BURGER
TOMIC
BOL
Motel
EAT

Later...
Mmgh... you want my slaw...
Mm-Uh...
...What were you doing in Paul's car?


Nothing... just looking for a lift...
...Who's Dean?
D-Dean was my husband... P-Paul killed him...

P-Paul... he just showed up on our wedding night... H-He killed Dean with a CHAMPAGNE bottle after dragging him b-behind the car 1-like a-a ...a TIN CAN...

H-He thinks I'm married to HIM... H-He's got pictures of me from high school... He says he's always loved me... I swear I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE ...not before that night...

...Gods why did he pick ME? ...Wh-what did I ever do to anybody?...
...Y-Your hand...
...Th-That's where my wedding ring was...

What about... the police?...

NO! No... I-I can't... Paul set the whole thing up to make it look like we killed Dean TOGETHER... like we were lovers and I married Dean for his money and...

...Vera...

...Paul may be crazy but he's not stupid... He left behind enough phony clues to get me thrown in the state pen for the REST of my LIFE!

...Vera...

I oughtta KILL him... That's what I oughtta do... I don't even CARE what happens to ME anymore... I-I just sob: I... I j-ju-- ...I...

It's okay, Vera...

...W-what did you say your name was?

We got up before dawn the next morning, bought a bag of Atomic burgers and hit the road... We were being stalked by a pair of murderous lunatics, but things could've been worse...

...Ever been to Mexico City Vera?

Where?... In Mexico?

...I got some friends there... We could hide out for awhile...

She never quite said yes but I kept heading south and later, when it was her turn to drive, she kept heading south so I guess we were headed to Mexico...

Anyhow... thanks to Vera's appetite, we ended up about 30 miles north of Laredo...

Lloyd... LLOYD! Wake up!... You hungry?

CLOSED WEEKDAYS

OOOHH... Anything but Atomic burgers!

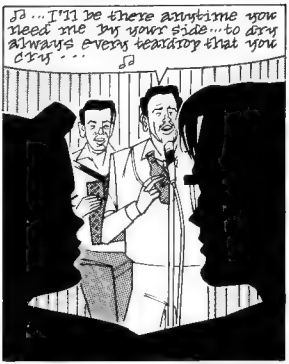
C'mon!... Look -- "Live on stage -- Luis Santiago y su conjunto"

...Sue who?

CLAP CLAP
Over here, Lloyd...
Oh.. Dos cervezas por favor..
...thank you ...thank you
Sure thing, hombre

...This last song is for all you YOUNG LOVERS in the audience...
♫...If he brings you happiness.. then I wish you all the best

♫...for it's your happiness that matters most of all... But if he ever makes you blue, just remember I love you .. And I'll be there before the next teardrop falls...♫


♫...I'll be there anytime you need me by your side...to dry always every teardrop that you cry...♫

...So Santiago and his boys finished off their set and slipped off into the kitchen to play cards. By the time we finished eating, the place was pretty quiet..just a handful of last-chancers and the occasional carload of disenchanted motorists...

♫ A hundred miles an hour in a hot-rod heap ♫
...Oh no...

...What?
Nothing...it's just this song... ...I--

♫...Highway Thirteen...♫

Omnigod... T-T-The Thrillseekers!...
I thought this was Howlin' Thurston...

C'mon... let's go!
What? But I thought we--
LET'S GO!

Hey!

Hold it... LLOYD! What's going ON!?
LLO---

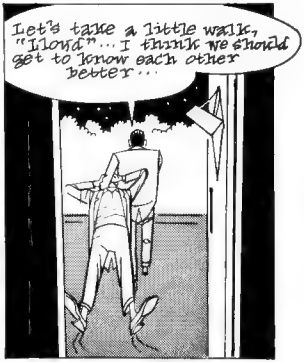
Excuse me... C'mon girls...

HEY! Wasn't that--
YEAH... Howdy stranger!
WHOA! How did HE get here!?

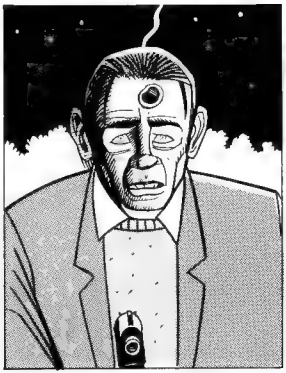
You girls go ahead and order for me... I'll be right back... I think I spot some old friends!

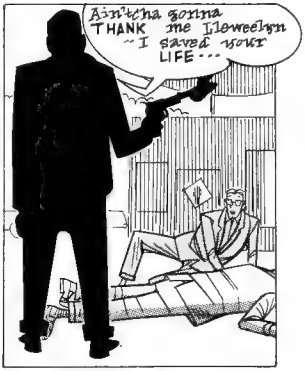
Oh God... Lloyd...

LLOY--
CRACK!


Let's take a little walk, "Lloyd"... I think we should get to know each other better...

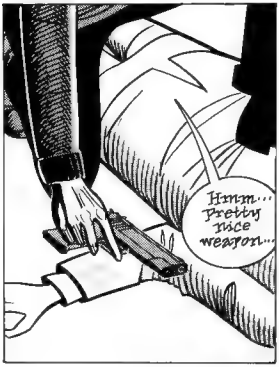
MY, but isn't this a COINCIDENCE! ... IMAGINE running into you here in the middle of NOWHERE! ...It's a good thing I spotted your car in the parking lot or we might not have...
Ha Ha Ha ...did I say YOUR car...
SPLAT!
THUK!
CRACK!
Coincidences like this... they make you think about the BIG PICTURE, don't they Lloyd?
CREDIT LOND
...Just whose side is fate really on?
BANG!




Ain'tcha gonna THANK me Ilweelyn ~I saved your LIFE...

...for a few minutes anyway...

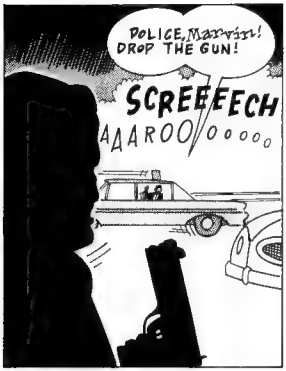
...Unless you're growin'-- SIT DOWN !


Hmm... Pretty nice weapon...

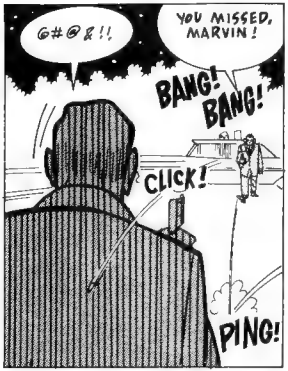
...Pre-tty nice...
BAM! BAM!

AAROOOOOOO
BAM!

Tsk! Sights are off!...
AAAAAROOOO


POLICE, Marvin! DROP THE GUN!
SCREEEECH
AAAROOOOOOO

GET LOST! STOP BOTHERING ME!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!


@#@&!!
YOU MISSED, MARVIN!
BANG!
BANG!
CLICK!
PING!

BANG!
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE SHOOTING!
PING!

BANG!
BANG!
Drop the gun, Marvin!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
@#!@!

BANG!
BANG!

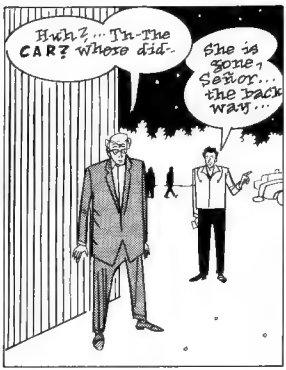
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
CLICK!

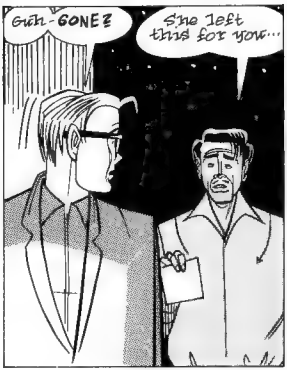
...Let that be a lesson to you, Marvin... you just don't fool around with the law and expect to get away with it!

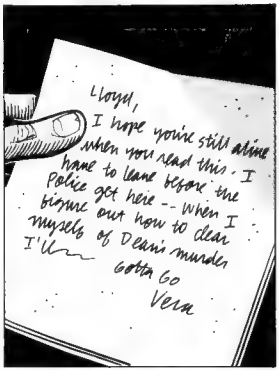
I just talked to the county sheriff ... said some gal called from the bar to report an altercation...what should I tell him?

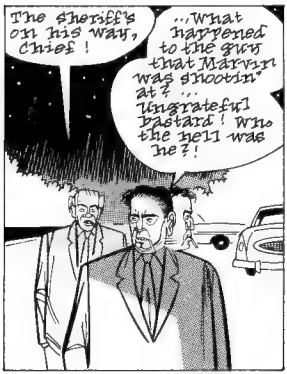
Tell him to bring some body bags!
Vera!

VERA!
...?


Huh?...In-The CAR? Where did-
She is gone, Señor... the back way...


Gah-GONE?
She left this for you...


Lloyd,
I hope you're still alive when you read this. I have to leave before the Police get here -- When I figure out how to clear myself of Dean's murder I'll
Gotta Go
Vera

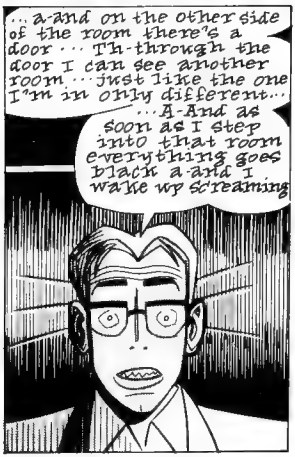

The sheriff's on his way, Chief!
...What happened to the guy that Marvin was shootin' at? ... Ungrateful bastard! Who the hell was he?!

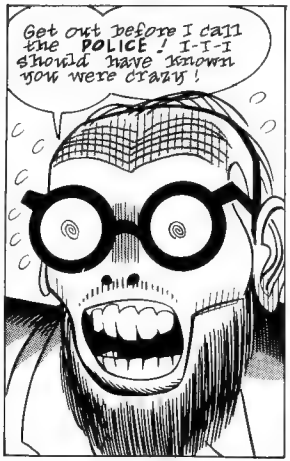
He was just a stranger, Señor...
I never seen him before...

..Hey! These glasses ARE surgically attached!
AUGGGH!!
End

The NIGHTMARE

© Daniel Clowes 1987





GO ON! I can hear you breathing! BEAT IT!

I-I'm so tired =yawn= I-I should go home and go to b-b-b---
Maybe I'll see what's going on at the Dot!

Later...
WOOF! Lookit the THORAX on that one, willya Llewellyn!...
Hmm?... Ernie? =yawn= did you say something?

Llewellyn!?! What's with you tonight anyway... I've seen LIVLIER CORPSES at a ZOMBIE CONVENTION!
I =yawn= I haven't gotten a good night's sleep in over a week... Every night--the SAME CRAZY DREAM!

Speaking of which... Eyeball the MOUSE at twelve o'clock! Some crazy dream, eh?
Last call, fellows!

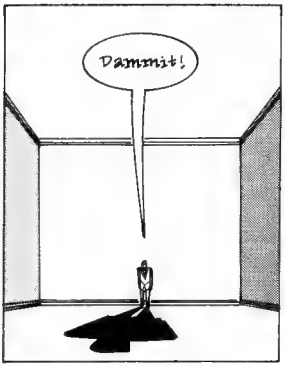
She's got a bead on me, Llewellyn... Looks like there's a friend for you!

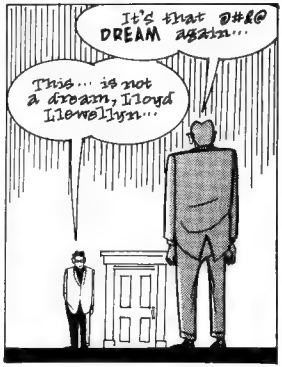
=yawn= I'll see you later, Ernie...
=sputter= Well I never!

If I can yawn: stay up all night maybe my sleep patterns will be disrupted or something and I won't have that stupid dream anymore!
What?
OPEN ALL NIGHT
CONTINUOUS SHOW

UH-OH... Looks like a love story...

Dammit! ...They always... put... me... to...


Dammit!


It's that D#R@ DREAM again...
This... is not a dream, Lloyd Llewellyn...

This... is a voyage across the... THRESHOLD of TIME... ...A journey into the... RUMPUS ROOM of the UNKNOWN!...

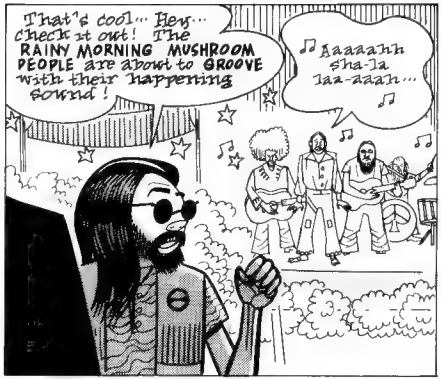
Follow me...
for I am the doorman to the FUTURE!
The... the WHAT?

Follow me...

What the...
Remember... this is NOT a dream...

Hi Llewellyn... That's a FAR-OUT dashiki!
Huh?
...O-oh NO!

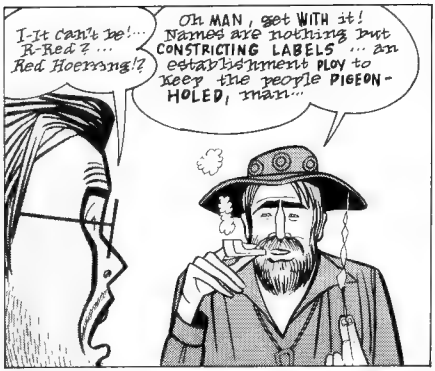
E-E-E-Ernie?
Whassamatter man, Do some bad acid?
What?


That's cool... Hey... check it out! The RAINY MORNING MUSHROOM PEOPLE are about to GROOVE with their happening sound!
♫ Aaaaah sha-la laa-aaah... ♫

♫ Omelets and Amulets seasoned with thyme... Don't care what words I sing as long as they rhyme... ♫

♫ Let's freak-out and smoke bananas... Wake me when... we reach nirvana... ♫
unngh!

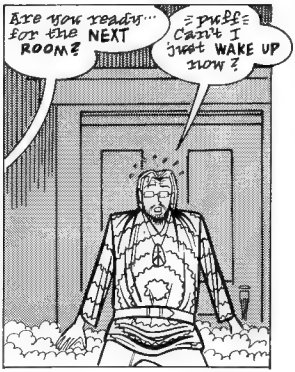
Brother Llewellyn!
Oh NO! N-Not now... I-I-I-It's IMPOSSIBLE!
♫ Omelets and amulets ♫


I-It can't be!... R-Red?... Red Hoerring!?
Oh MAN, get WITH it! Names are nothing but CONSTRICTING LABELS ... an establishment PLOY to keep the people PIGEON-HOLED, man...

There is no more "Red Hoerring," man... He was a lousy fink... a PIG... I am CAPTAIN PURPLE: Dreamer... Child of the universe... seeker of truth...
Red... Ernie... what happened to you guys?
SSSVCK

To US? Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha! Turn on... tune in... Turn your eyes around, man... LOOK at YOURSELF!
GAAA-

--AAAAAAAAAA!


Are you ready... for the NEXT ROOM?
=puff= Can't I just WAKE UP now?

I thought I TOLD you...
I know I know I know... not a dream not a dream...

That's right... It's not a dream
CLICK!
HEY! What are you trying to pull!?

CLICK!
Lloyd baby... beautiful to see you!
Guh...

I've REALLY been looking forward to our GROUP THERAPY SESSION this evening... The WOMEN should be here any minute...
♫ ..We made love in my Chevy Van and that's allright by me. ♫
etc.

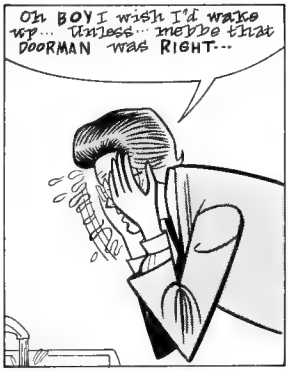
...Until then I guess we can talk about ME for a little while..... I'll bet you're thinking "I'd like to knock upon Ernie's mind and beg to borrow a cup of wisdom..."

"How did he get so in-touch with his feelings?" you ask yourself. "What's his secret? ..How did he find his way to 'Where it's At?'"
DING DONG
Vip! The WOMEN are here!
you're ok. i'm ok. better!
by Dr. Dwayne Boring

Hello Gloria Hi Ms. Doobie!
Ernie, the vibes between us are so beautiful! Look, my mood ring turned ORANGE when I walked in!

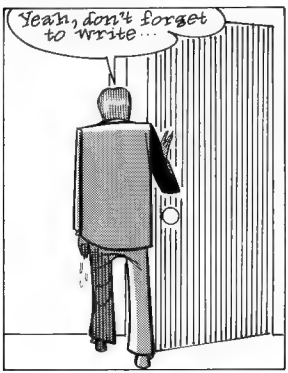
BEAUTIFUL! Say, I'd like you two to meet my friend Lloyd. He's a PISCES!
Just like my third husband!...I can't relate to WATER SIGNS, Ernie...I don't know if he's right for our encounter group..

...I guess I could check his BIORYTHYMS but I'll tell you right now--his aura looks bad!...
Eh...Excuse me, girls...
Did he say "girls?!"...Oh MAN... A Pisces CHAUVINIST is one hassle I DON'T need!


Oh BOY I wish I'd wake up... Unless... mebbe that DOORMAN was RIGHT...

Do I look like a... liar!?
What are you doing in there!?!

I just stopped by to tell you that you're on your own from now on...
So long.

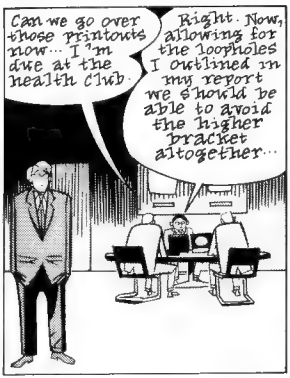

Yeah, don't forget to write...

Woo! Check those pupils! What were you doing in there, Lloyd!?!
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha!
We know WHAT he was doing -- the question is how much! Ha Ha!

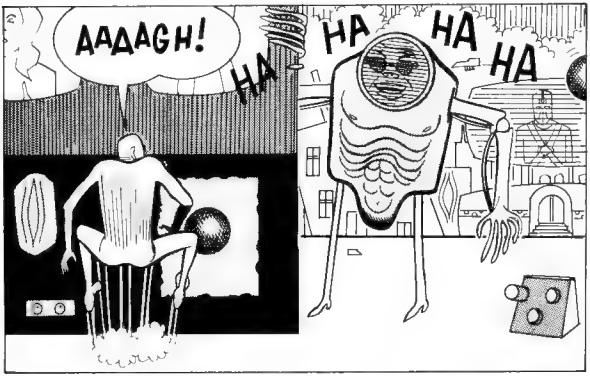
Ernie... what...
Can't you see we're busy, Lloyd... Talk to my secretary on your way out and make an APPOINTMENT... okay, big fella?
Ha Ha Ha Ha!

You were saying, Ern?
I'm saying we should play HARDBALL with the boys upstairs until they give us the video rights and a BIG PERCENTAGE!

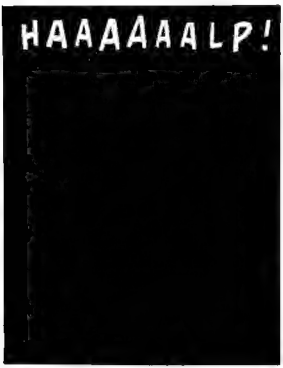
I-If I go through that door everything will probably CHANGE again... M-Maybe I should just stay here where it's safe...
...What a concert... 'Let's Build a Human Pyramid to the Moon for World Peace' -- It has TWICE the selling power of 'Hands across America'
Seven figure potential, MINIMUM!


Can we go over those printouts now... I'm due at the health club.
Right. Now, allowing for the loopholes I outlined in my report we should be able to avoid the higher bracket altogether...

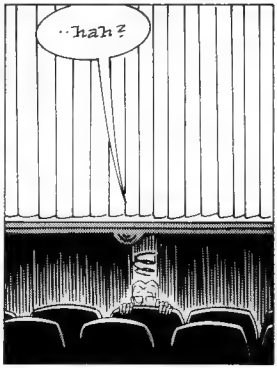
FORGET IT! ANYTHING would be better than this!
...Therefore we stand to make a clear profit of--


AAAAGH!
HA HA HA HA

HAAALP!


HAAAAAALP!

HAAA---?

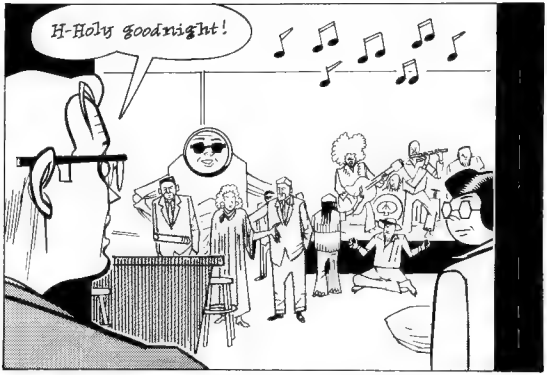

..hah?

...I-It was only a dream...
I figured as much... but for a while there it seemed like the ...the real thing...

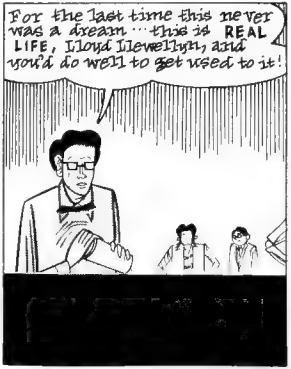
...Man, I could use a drink...or two... or twelve...

♫ omelets and amulets seasoned with thyme... ♫

Waitaminit... what--
♫ ♫


H-Holy goodnight!
♪ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♪
♫

I-I didn't wake up... I'm still dreaming...that's GOTTA be it, right!?
Don't you EVER listen?!
♫ ♪


For the last time this never was a dream...this is REAL LIFE, Lloyd Llewellyn, and you'd do well to get used to it!

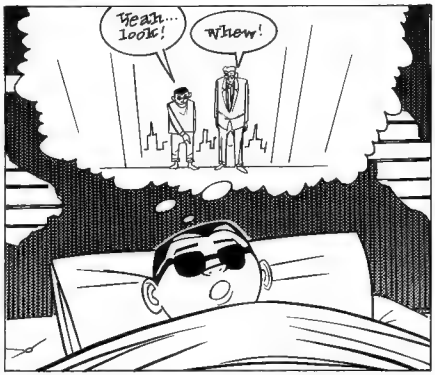
Mumble mumble Real life he says mumble mumble
Llewellyn! HEY LLEWELLYN!
BAR

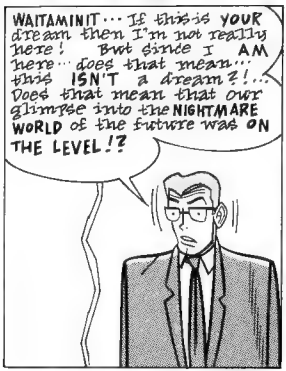
Llewellyn! WAIT UP!
Go away!

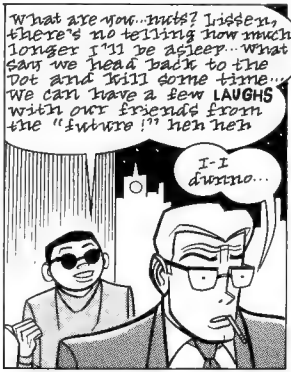
Llewellyn... have you noticed that things around here seem ... well... kind of odd!?
What do you know about it?

I got it all figured out --- this is a dream!
Yeah? Try telling it to that DOORMAN TO THE FUTURE character... Every time I suggest I might be dreaming he shows up and nixes the idea right away!

You're NOT dreaming... I am!
Huh?


Yeah... look!
Whew!

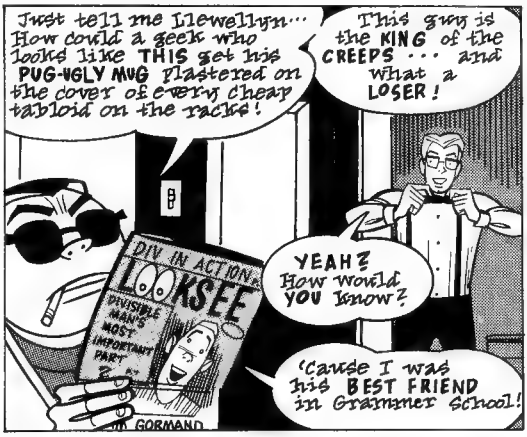

WAITAMINIT... If this is YOUR dream then I'm not really here! But since I AM here... does that mean... this ISN'T a dream?!... Does that mean that our glimpse into the NIGHTMARE WORLD of the future was ON THE LEVEL!?


What are you...nuts? Lissen, there's no telling how much longer I'll be asleep... what say we head back to the Dot and kill some time... We can have a few LAUGHS with our friends from the "future!" hen hen
I-I dunno...

C'mon Llewellyn... Be a SPORT... I'M bugin'!
...Then... ...this IS a dream!
THE END

ERNIE'S ADVENTURE INTO THE BEYOND!

By MORT TODD and DAN CLOWES



CRASH!
ZZZZUP! WUZZAT!?

We need a @#*&@ fourth for a game o' BRIDGE and YOU'RE INVITED! HAW! HAW HAW!

YEEP! It's NO-NOSE! He's been after this DANGEROUS GANGSTER for WEEKS!

Hey! Don't @#&* squirm so @#* much! We need another @&*@ body upstairs for a #&@* contact but you don't gotta be @#&@ AWAKE! Do you want me to @#&* KNOCK YOU OUT?! Yes? No?
I don't know... Do I want to be conscious for this "contact?"

Get that @*#& seance a-brewin'! I got us our @*&@ FIFTH WHEEL!

Okay! You can @#*@ start now, Swami!
Yip!

...Waitaminit!... That's LLEWELLYN... at least I THINK it is... He doesn't seem to recognize me! This is awful WEIRD!
We must JOIN HANDS so the spirits may MANIFEST themselves!

Is the keeper of the spirit world among us?

HERE!
EEK!

HAH! I don't see no @★# ing STRINGS! This is the REAL @#&@ McCOY!
...Someone has a question for a friend or relative who has departed to the OTHER SIDE!?

Yeah! I'd like ta pose a @#*& question to an ex-business associate!
The one you seek will possess the body of one of the living...

HIM!
Gasp!

I... am... HE-E-E-E RE!

You called for me, No-nose?
MAW! Is that really @*# you?!
You @★# BET!
That's m'MAW!

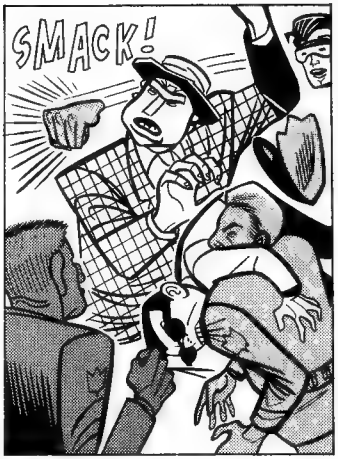
MAW! Ya gotta #@★ tell me what ya @#@ing did with my ★@#* LUCKY RABBIT'S FOOT?
Oh brother!
I been @★# missin' it since last Friday the @#★@ 13th an' I'm SURE it was due to your @#* POLTERGEISTIC INFLUENCE!

Well... er... I... ah...
That doesn't @*# sound like you, Maw!
Gimme a @★*ing second to think, you #@★*head!

...Oh yes... I hid your @#★ rabbit's foot right where you hid the @*#& BODIES of "Unlucky" Leveroni and "It" Itelli!
You mean you @★#ing dumped it in the @*&# CITY TOXIC DUMP!

CRASH!

ARRGH!
SWAT!


SMACK!

You've HAD IT, Neganasal! A stiff jail sentence should keep your NON-NOSE from poking into trouble!
Groan! The DIVISIBLE @#$* MAN!

Man...I can't believe what a SUPERSTITIOUS card that criminal is!
@#*!
Heh heh! This PHOSPHORESCENT FACE PAINT threw him for a LOOP!

...But the real CLINCHER and the best "Supernatural" effect was your partner!
Where did he go?
Oh, he's always working on something, somewhere!

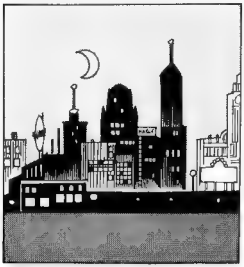
HEY! I went to school with this guy!
When the superstitious No-nose demanded a lucky fifth for the seance, I suggested he go to my apartment downstairs and "invite" ERNIE!
'ERNIE?!' You mean AWOL!
Awol?

Yeah...he used to skip school for YEARS at a time!
HAW HAW HAW...Just dump him in that chair!

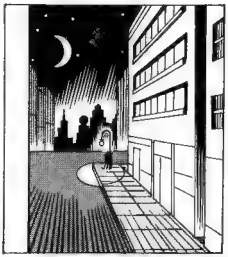
So long!
SLAM!
HUH! Wuzzat?
Wow! II...I'm still in your pad!...I just had the CRAZIEST DREAM...You were in it, and she was in it and---

Oh yeah? Tell me all about it... AWOL!
Awol!?!
End.

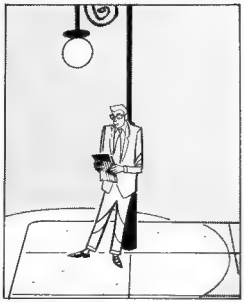
The city is a woman. A SULTRY, FICKLE goddess of stone and mortar. A crumbling VENUS coarsely veiled in a cloak of steel-sinewed seduction... forever casting an icy shadow over all who dare cling too tightly to her bosom. Not your ordinary WHISTLE-BAIT.



This is my city. ENDSVILLE, THE NAKED JUNGLE, SIN-ATROPOLIS, THE LAND OF THE LOST, A TOWN CALLED TROUBLE... Listen for the knell of the DEATH-BELLS... You can't miss it. All roads lead here... Just follow the one paved with good intentions...



They call me by many names: THE KING OF THE LOSERS, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BORED, THE MAYOR OF LONELY STREET... My friends call me Lloyd. You may call me 'MR. LLEWELLYN.'



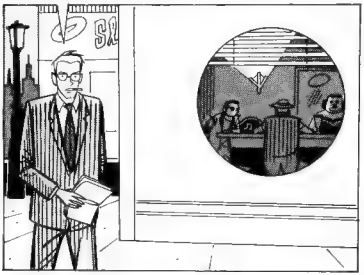
None but the blind can resist her tender web of sin. A laughing Jezebel... A neon gorgon sprawled naked before the frozen eyes of the damned. None but the lost may walk with me through the dark vistas of the haunted arcade that lies in the womb of the...

CONCRETE VIXEN

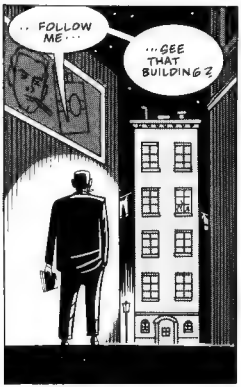
D. Chomer 1988

ERNIE HOYLE: 5 and a half feet, 140 lbs. (eye color unknown) of walking RAW NERVE-FIBER. Caught in a NO-MAN'S-LAND between desire and desperation. A man who could count his blessings on a hand that had been maimed in an industrial accident!

Like others, he finds himself on the wrong side of Lonely Street... Drawn in an alcoholic undertow toward a Monument to Lost Souls called THE DOT. ...The Dot; Long have the briny waves left wrecks upon her shore. Forever clinging, like barstool barnacles, to floating debris after a wreck...

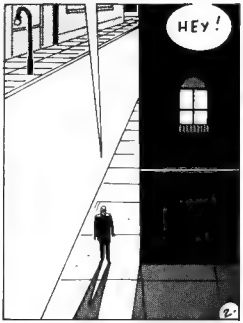


Somewhere down the street, hiding beneath a hi-fi haystack, HOWLIN' THURSTON, inter-stellar recording sensation and Maestro of musical mayhem, holds court over a streaming throng of ponytailed culture-vultures.



Second window from the top on the right--that's my brother and his family... just the sort of friendly folks you'd expect to find in a town like that. ...Exactly like every one of their neighbors--each one seperated from the rest only by a unique combination of their tragic imperfections...

Walk down any street, knock on any door, peer in any window... and you're liable to get beat-up or arrested...



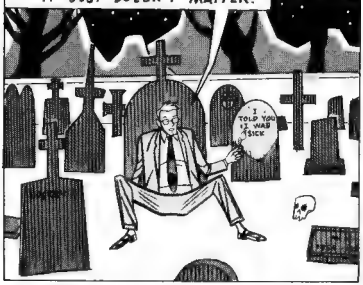
HEY YOU KIDS ... GET OFFA MY CAR!

Her name is Lolita.. She may not look like anything special but I love her as much as I'd love my own little sister if I had one. I'll over to avoid the vacuum when she passes. No interstate motorist has ever seen anything more than her TAIL-LIGHTS.

She's so fast, in fact, that in the fraction-of-a-second it took for you to shift your attention to this panel I drove all the way out to this truck stop in Biddeford, Maine.

...And now all-of-a-sudden just like that here I am at a parking-lot carnival in Ohio. Why? No particular reason other than to underline the memorial nature of life on this side of the proscenium arch. Witness, friends, the MIRACLE OF THE COMIC-BOOK.

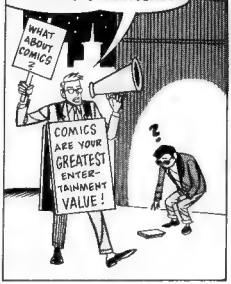
Sure... I guess they could needlessly change locations at random like this in a movie or a TV show but the point is they wouldn't. It just isn't 'COST-EFFECTIVE!' Thankfully, those of us in the comic-book racket can do pretty near whatever we d'amn well please! ... IT JUST DOESN'T MATTER!



"BUT COMIC-BOOKS DON'T FEATURE APPEARANCES BY FASCINATING CELEBRITIES LIKE MOVIES AND TELEVISION DO." I hear you whine ... BAH! Only because we don't want to! We could get big stars to do unbelievably embarrassing things and it wouldn't cost us a cent!

I HATE PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIKE COMIC BOOKS--HATE 'EM! THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH WITLESS CREEPS WHO WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE AN INTRINSICALLY DYNAMIC NARRATIVE ART-FORM IF IT SMACKED 'EM IN THE FACE!!

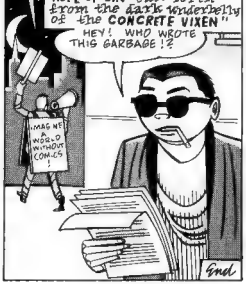
WELL THEY CAN BURN IN HELL FOR ALL I CARE! LET'S SPREAD THE WORD BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! DON'T JUST SIT THERE, MAN-- JOIN THE CAUSE! TELL EVERYONE HOW YOU FEEL INCLUDING STRANGERS!



...AND ANOTHER THING...

"Lloyd Llewellyn: Beneath the callow veneer he writhes-a gasping MAN-CHILD strangled by his own umbilical cord -- a ROPE OF SIN cast forth from the dark underbelly of the CONCRETE VIXEN"

HEY! WHO WROTE THIS GARBAGE!?



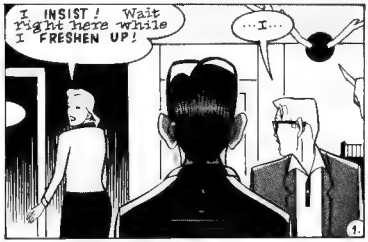
End

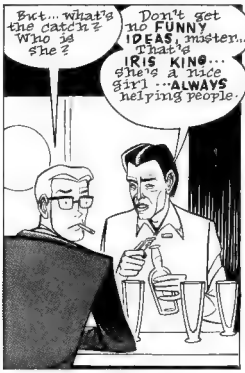
She waited until I was about four million miles from nowhere, outside some crappy little one-horse whistle-stop on Rte. 49 before she decided to con'x out for good. This car'd had it in for me ever since I called her a Rustbucket back at that gas station in Riverdale and as a form of revenge she had left me stranded in a town with no name, no hotel and no earmarks of modern civilization other than a bait stand and a dumpy little roadhouse called the Walkright Inn...

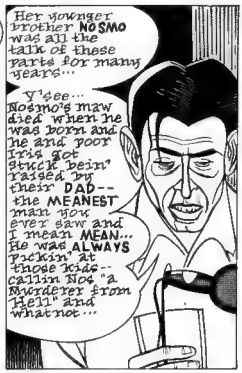
LLOYD LLEWELLYN IN

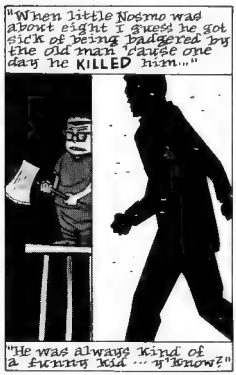
DEMENTIA PRAECOX

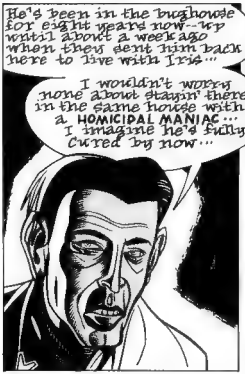
OR MY PARENTS WENT TO HELL AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT




But... what's the catch? Who is she?
Don't get no FUNNY IDEAS mister... That's IRIS KING... she's a nice girl ...ALWAYS helping people.

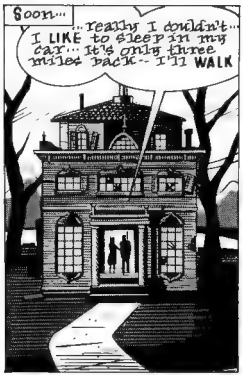

Her younger brother NOSMO was all the talk of these parts for many years...
Y'see... Nosmo's maw died when he was born and he and poor Iris got stuck bein' raised by their DAD-- the MEANEST man you ever saw and I mean MEAN... He was ALWAYS pickin' at those kids-- callin Nos "a murderer from Hell" and what not...


"When little Nosmo was about eight I guess he got sick of being badgered by the old man 'cause one day he KILLED him..."
"He was always kind of a funny kid ... y'know?"


He's been in the bughouse for eight years now-- up until about a week ago when they sent him back here to live with Iris...
I wouldn't worry none about stayin' there in the same house with a HOMICIDAL MANIAC... I imagine he's fully cured by now...

Ready?

No... really... I couldn't impose...
Oh come on.

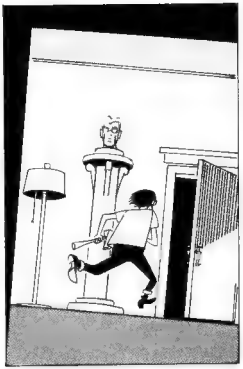

Soon...
...really I couldn't... I LIKE to sleep in my car... It's only three miles back-- I'll WALK

You're FUNNY!
Go on in... I apologize for the darkness but we're trying to cut down on utility bills!

Eh! N-Nice place you've g-- GUHH! THAT PAINTING!
What painting?
...Oh HIM That's my father...
He's PASSED ON I'm afraid...

I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE STOMACH, I'LL KICK YOU IN THE HEAD, I'LL GRAB YOU BY THE NECK AND I'LL CHOKE YOU 'TILL YOU'RE DEAD
What the!
NOSMO! Turn that down! NOSMO!
BECAUSE I HATE YOU... I HATE YOU... I HATE YOU, MY DA-ARLING
Excuse me for just a minute, Lloyd...
NOSMO!
I HATE YOU WITH ALL OF MY HEART
I-I'm letting this creepy old dump get to me-- Why should I believe that bartender's story anyway-- All kids listen to noisy music-- there's nothing so strange about that --- What's this?
D-Dementia Praecox V-V-Violent schizophrenic-- U-U-U-UNCURED
KING, NOSMO
Dementia Praecox
UNCURED
NOSMO! YOU ARE TO STAY IN THIS ROOM! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME!? NOSMO!
THAT'S MY NAME DON'T WEAR IT OUT!
Heh! I-I think I'll take a little walk-- it's such a nice evening and I could sure use the exercise and boy is it stuffy in here and--
YAAAA!
WOOOSH
CLIP!
3.

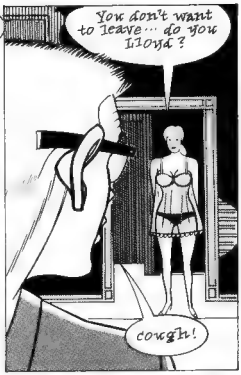
CRACK!

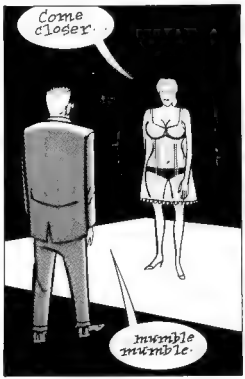


P-P-Poor Iris! S-S-She's in REAL DANGER -- trapped in the house with a HOMICIDAL MANIAC! I'll go for help!

RATTLE
RATTLE

LOCKED! A-A-And this door is nearly a foot thick! If only I had Nosmo's axe! I'll have to break a wi---
Lloyd...
ndow...


You don't want to leave... do you Lloyd?
cough!


Come closer.
mumble mumble.

Kiss me, Lloyd...
mmmgghh...

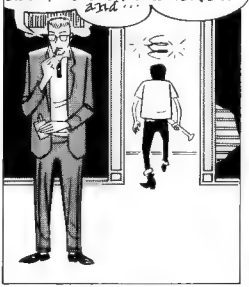
WAAHH!

Hey!... HEY!... C'MON! This isn't FAIR!!

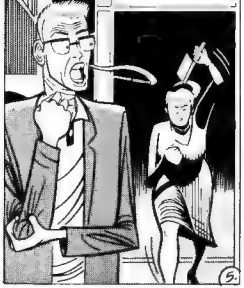
CLUNK!

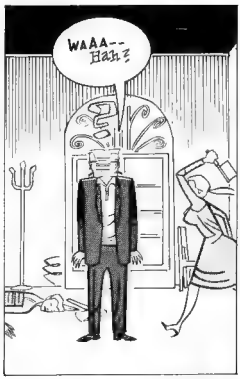
...You can relax, man... that wasn't ME before. Y'know, with the AXE... That was my sister in a disguise. Y'know ...IRIS... she used that same gimmick when she HACKED UP the OLD MAN but just TRY tellin' that story to the cops... 'course, they'll believe ANYTHING Miss goody-two-shoes tells 'em, man... I really thought she was PAST this phase, y'know? ...I wonder what there is about YOU that made her...

I think I've got it! It must have something to do with the STRIKING RESEMBLANCE I bear to your father!

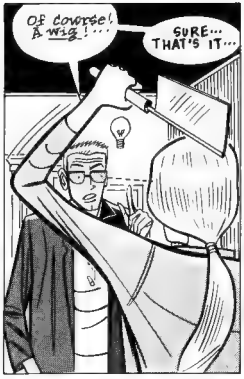

Sure, it all fits together.. When she spotted me in that roadhouse it stirred the deep-rooted feelings of hatred she had for dear old Dad... So she brought me back here, created a diversion and...

No wait... that doesn't really make sense... how could she have.. why didn't she just..


WAAAH!

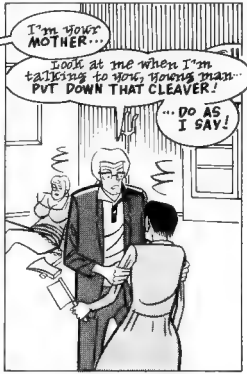

WAAA-- Hah?

Now wait just one-- Two Irises, no Nosmos-- I'm not sure I--
CHOP!

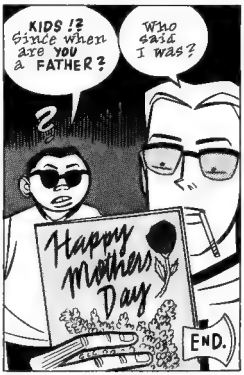

Of course! A wig!...
SURE... THAT'S IT...

Hold it, Nosmo!

Listen to me, son... I'M NOT YOUR FATHER...


I'm your MOTHER...
Look at me when I'm talking to you, young man... PUT DOWN THAT CLEAVER!
...DO AS I SAY!

That spring...
Hiya Llewellyn... I brought up your mail... Say! what's this... a letter from the State Institution for HOMICIDAL MANIACS!
That must be from my KIDS!


KIDS!? Since when are YOU a FATHER?
Who said I was?
Happy Mothers Day
END.

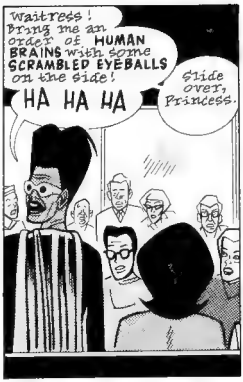
WILD NIGHT IN TIGER-TOWN

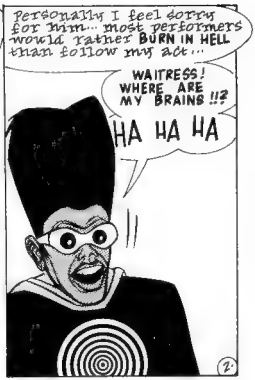
"Well we were young and didn't know no better and we figured here's our chance so we take out our guitars and start playin "SHE'S UGLY" as wild as we could..."

"He and his band hollered and clapped when we finished ...they really dug us..."

"Wow, you must've flipped!" "Didn't even charge him for the flat, man!"

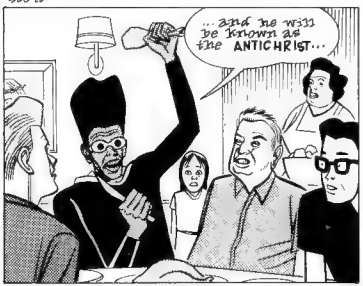
"Anyway... the next day we was eating lunch at this place called Sammy's tellin' our story about the night before, which of course nobody believed..."



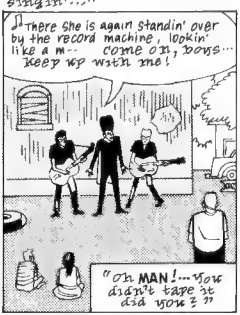


"Anyway... so we didn't open for Thurston and the show got cancelled anyway but he stuck around town for another day and before he split he stopped by the station to see us..."

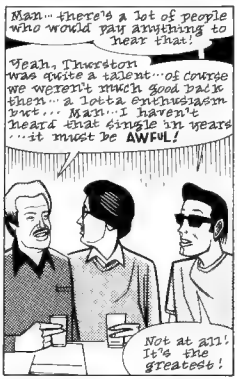
"We took him home to dinner which didn't get too well with our daddy... Our daddy wasn't prejudiced or nothin' but I mean here's a guy with two feet of hair wearin' a cape ... and all through dinner he kept talkin' about how the world was gonna end soon..."

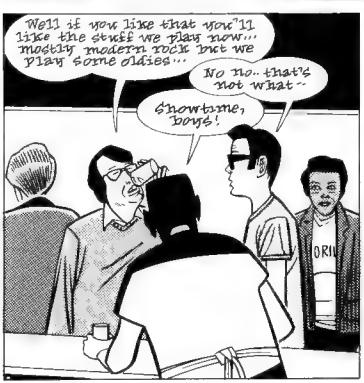


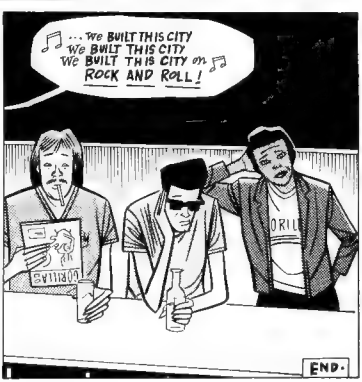
"After dinner we went out back and jammed I guess you'd call it... us playin' the guitar and Thurston singin'..."



"Ha ha no.. I wish we had.. I remember he sang his own version of 'SHE'S UGLY' makin' up funny lyrics off the top of his head when he couldn't remember the words..."

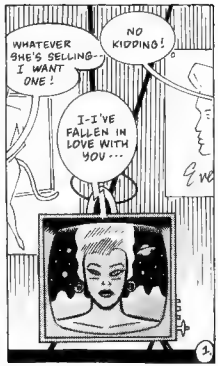






QUEEN OF VENUS

Daniel Clowes



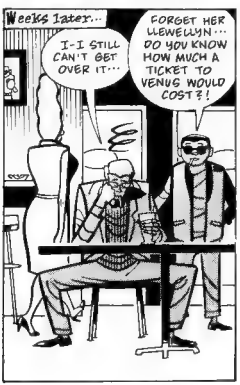
I LOVE YOU TOO, SWEETIE =SMUVURP=
HAW HAW HAW HAW
OH LLOYD... I'VE WAITED SO LONG TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT...

DID YOU HEAR THAT, ERNIE- SHE SA-- SHE S-S-S-SAID- S-SHE--
COME TO ME, LLOYD... FIND A WAY TO END MY LONLINESS...

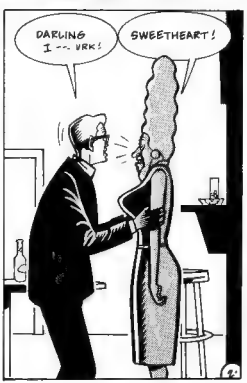
PLEASE DARLING... SPEND YOUR LIFE WITH ME ON VENUS... BRING ERNIE IF YOU LIKE... I LOVE YOU... I L--
SQUAWK!

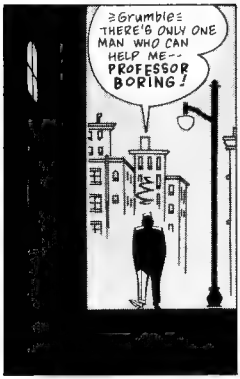
ZZZZZZ--LLO FIENDS! IT'S ME- GHASTLINA! SHERLOCK AND I HAVE BEEN EATING FISH & CHIPS--- SILVERFISH AND BUFFALO CHIPS!...
I-- EH--I-- I'LL SEE YOU LATER, ERNIE..
UH... YEAH... G-G'NIGHT LLEWELLYN...

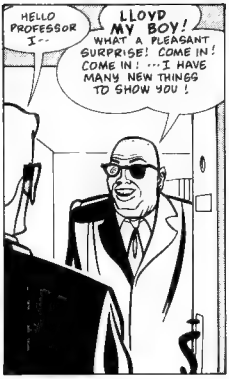
S-SHE WAS TALKING TO ME ... THE QUEEN OF VENUS... SHE WAS TALKING TO ME!... ME!


Weeks later...
I-I STILL CAN'T GET OVER IT...
FORGET HER LLEWELLYN... DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH A TICKET TO VENUS WOULD COST?!

GHASP! IT'S HER! THE QUEEN OF VENUS!


DARLING I --. URK!
SWEETHEART!

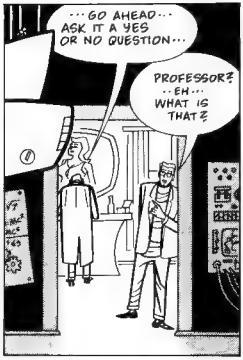

≡Grumble≡ THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP ME-- PROFESSOR BORING!

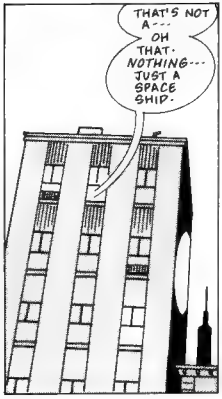

HELLO PROFESSOR I--
LLOYD MY BOY! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE! COME IN! COME IN! ···I HAVE MANY NEW THINGS TO SHOW YOU!

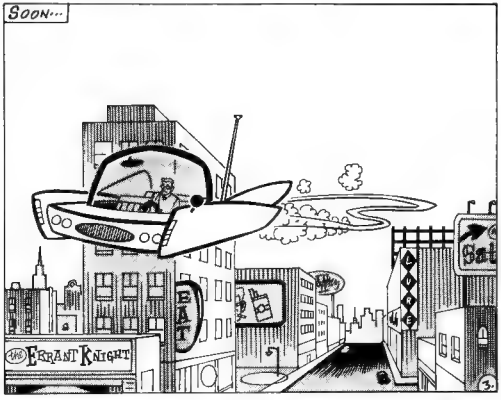
PROFESSOR··· I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF SPACE TRA--
RIGHT THIS WAY M'BOY--HOW'S YOUR MOTHER?
DEAD, PROFESSOR.
SPLENDID!

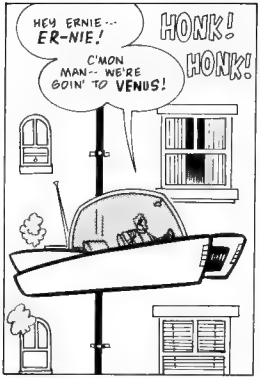
NOW THEN·· I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN MY LATEST INVENTION-- A CIGARETTE LIGHTER THAT LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE TOILET!
VERY NICE PROFESSOR--- BUT AS I WAS SAYING--

HOW ABOUT THIS-- LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY HEAD OF CABBAGE, DOESN'T IT?


···GO AHEAD··· ASK IT A YES OR NO QUESTION···
PROFESSOR? ··EH··· WHAT IS THAT?


THAT'S NOT A--
OH THAT· NOTHING--- JUST A SPACE SHIP·


SOON···
THE FERRANT KNIGHT
EAT

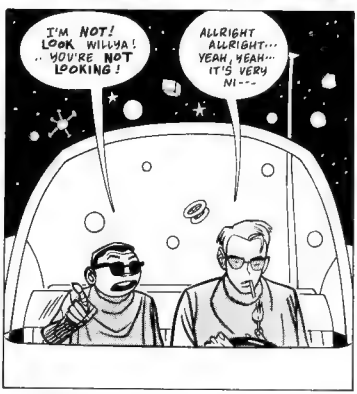

HEY ERNIE··· ER-NIE!
C'MON MAN-- WE'RE GOIN' TO VENUS!
HONK!
HONK!

LLEWELLYN-- VENUS IS QUITE A WAYS AWAY-- I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE ALONG SOME PROVISIONS-- JUST IN CASE!
GOOD THINKING!
Grocery

cigarettes
OR-LIEBS BAG

NOW··· LET THE HUMAN ADVENTURE BEGIN!

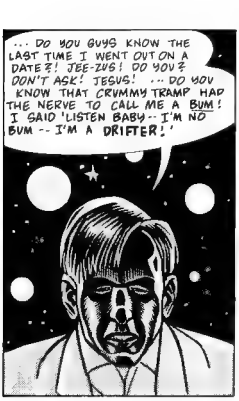
SEVERAL HOURS LATER···
HEY LLEWELLYN! LOOK AT THAT ASTEROID!
I SEE IT! I SEE IT! FOR GOD'S SAKE, ERNIE··· I'VE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH YOUR C#@&! BACKSEAT DRIVING!


I'M NOT! LOOK WILLYA! .. YOU'RE NOT LOOKING!
ALLRIGHT ALLRIGHT··· YEAH, YEAH··· IT'S VERY NI---

HOLY GOOD-NIGHT!

FELLOW WAYFARERS-- I, TOO, AM A VAGABOND OF THE SPACEWAYS. FOREVER WANDERING IN A RELENTLESS SEARCH FOR THAT WHICH ALL MEN SEEK-- THE GREAT WHATSIT THAT LIES JUST BEYOND OUR GRASP···
WHAT HIM SAY?
HE WANTS TO BUM A RIDE.

WHO AM I? JUST A MAN··· A RAMBLING MAN WITH A ROLLED-UP SLEEPING-BAG STASHED BEHIND A COUCH IN EVERY CORNER OF THE GALAXY··· A MAN WHO SPENDS HIS TIME ALONE IN DEEP REFLECTION··· A MAN WHO IS REALLY DESPERATE TO MEET SOME CHICKS···


... DO YOU GUYS KNOW THE LAST TIME I WENT OUT ON A DATE?! JEE-ZUS! DO YOU? DON'T ASK! JESUS! ... DO YOU KNOW THAT CRUMMY TRAMP HAD THE NERVE TO CALL ME A BUM! I SAID 'LISTEN BABY-- I'M NO BUM -- I'M A DRIFTER!'

... MAN, I SHOULDA SLUGGED HER WHEN SHE LAUGHED AT ME... I DUNNO... WOMEN! WHO NEEDS 'EM, RIGHT FELLOW WANDERERS? WE HAVE A LOFTIER PURPOSE THAN MERE CARNAL PLEASURE, HAVEN'T WE? WE'RE SEEKERS... SEEKERS, DAMMIT!
WOO-WEE!

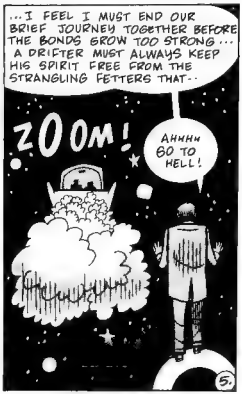
WHO TH--?
GRUMBLE: THOSE -- THOSE SPACE YAHOOS!
YEE-
HAW!

SURE -- THE WOMEN LOVE THEIR KIND-- OVER-GROWN, NON-INTROSPECTIVE CHILDREN!
YEE-HA!
WOOP! WOOP!

... WHILE OUR KIND ARE DISMISSED FOR BEING TOO AWARE -- TOO CHALLENGING -- THOSE SIMPLE-MINDED BABOONS ARE ADORED BY WOMEN OF ALL STRIPE FOR THEIR VERY SHALLOWNESS! IT REALLY MAKES ME WANT TO PUKE MY GUTS OUT!

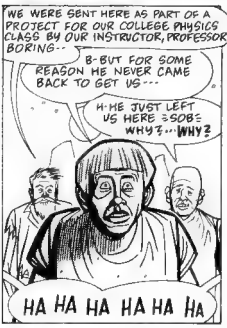
BUT, OF COURSE, THESE ARE MERELY THE OBSERVATIONS OF A WANDERER... I MAKE NO JUDGEMENTS UPON MY FELLOW MAN. THE UNIVERSE IS MY COMPANION AND HER TRUTHS ARE LIFES ONLY REWARD...

HEY ERNIE... WASN'T THAT THE TOPLESS SUNBATHING PLANET WE JUST PASSED?
WHOA. THIS IS MY STOP.


... I FEEL I MUST END OUR BRIEF JOURNEY TOGETHER BEFORE THE BONDS GROW TOO STRONG... A DRIFTER MUST ALWAYS KEEP HIS SPIRIT FREE FROM THE STRANGLING FETTERS THAT--
ZOOM!
AHHHH GO TO HELL!

SOMETIME LATER··
OH MY GOD!
I KNOW I KNOW -- NO MORE BEER··· AND ANOTHER THING - I CAN'T FIND THE MEN'S ROOM ON THIS @#@& RUST-BUCKET!
···SAY LLEWELLYN··· DOESN'T THAT LOOK LIKE THE MEN'S ROOM PLANET RIGHT DOWN THERE!
WELL I'LL BE DARNED! --IT DOES AT THAT! EH! EH!
WHAAAA
HEY LOOK!
PRAISE JESUS! WE'VE BEEN RESCUED!
=SOB= IT'S A MIRACLE!

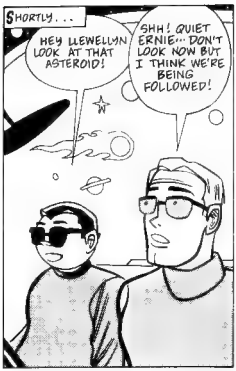
WOW! WE'RE HEROES!
THANK GOD! WE'VE BEEN STRANDED HERE FOR EIGHT YEARS! EIGHT LONG, HORRIBLE, MISERABLE YEARS=SOB!= THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!
EH.. HUH?


WE WERE SENT HERE AS PART OF A PROJECT FOR OUR COLLEGE PHYSICS CLASS BY OUR INSTRUCTOR, PROFESSOR BORING··
B-BUT FOR SOME REASON HE NEVER CAME BACK TO GET US···
H-HE JUST LEFT US HERE =SOB= WHY?··WHY?
HA HA HA HA HA HA

P-PLEASE! WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING? WE'VE SUFFERED THROUGH MUCH HARDSHIP··· ESPECIALLY SINCE THE GIRLS DIED--WE'VE BEEN LIVING ON GRAVEL AND MUD FOR TWO YEARS!
HA HA HA I-I'M SORRY -- THAT MUST BE REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE!
WE DON'T SIT ON IT -- WE EAT IT!

HA HA HA HA HA I'M SORRY --- LOOK--WE HAVE TO RUN A FEW ERRANDS BUT WE'LL STOP BY AND GET YOU BOYS ON THE WAY BACK --FAIR ENOUGH?
NO! DON'T GO WITHOUT US!
PLEASE! WE CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP FELLAS! WE SHALL RETURN!
NO, WAIT!
I BEG OF YOU!
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE US HERE!


SHORTLY...
HEY LLEWELLYN LOOK AT THAT ASTEROID!
SHH! QUIET ERNIE... DON'T LOOK NOW BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOU--
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
HANG ON TIGHT, OL' PAL ... I'M GONNA TRY TO LOSE 'EM!

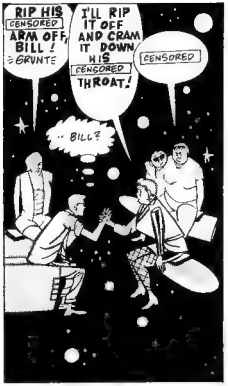
...YOU WERE SAYING?
:GRUNT: HE'S PORTY!
HE'S :UGH: ALL MAN!
I'M IN LOVE! :SNORT:
I-IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWIN' YA, ERNIE... :GROAN: IF ONLY I WASN'T SO DURN IRRESISTABLE!

I-IF ONLY... HUH?
H-HEY! WHAT IS THIS? YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY! TAKE HIM!
WELL I NEVER...
C'MON :GRUNT: GIMME A KISS! :GRUNT:

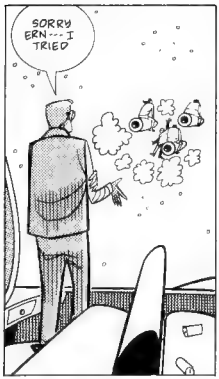
LLEWELLYN!!!
EH... WAIT! UH... STOP!
HEY... SHUT UP YOU SCROUNGY LITTLE [CENSORED]!

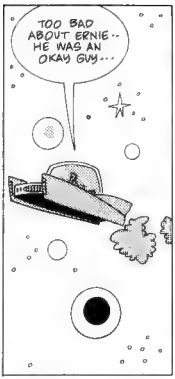
I-I'LL ARM WRESTLE YOU FOR HIM!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HMMM... I WONDER WHAT LL IS UP TO ???

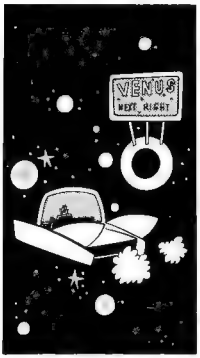

RIP HIS [CENSORED] ARM OFF, BILL! :GRUNT:
I'LL RIP IT OFF AND CRAM IT DOWN HIS [CENSORED] THROAT!
[CENSORED]
.. BILL?

YEOWW!
AGAIN I ASK... JUST WHAT IS LL UP TO ???


SORRY ERN--- I TRIED


TOO BAD ABOUT ERNIE-- HE WAS AN OKAY GUY...

♫ GI-I-I-IRL O-ON MY MI-I-I-IND-- ♫

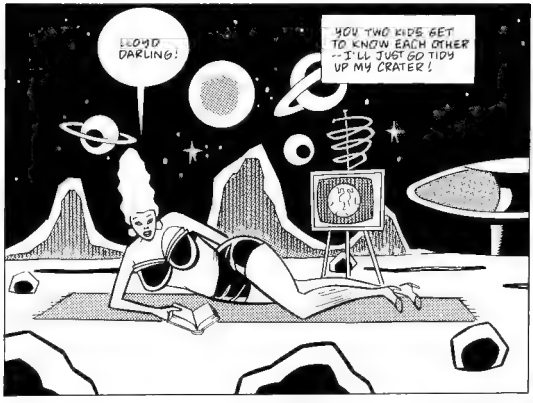

VENUS
NEXT RIGHT

SOON...
HMMM--- WHAT GIVEGZ! I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF--
TWEE-TWEET! ♫ OVER HERE!...

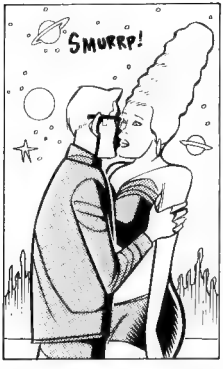
I TOLD HER YOU WERE PROBABLY HELD UP IN TRAFFIC--AM I RIGHT? GOD FORBID SHE SHOULD EVER LISTEN TO ANYTHING I SAY... NOT THAT IT MATTERS ANYWAY--WE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME AROUND HERE...

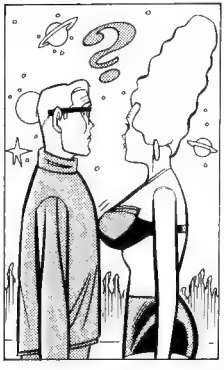
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT TO LISTEN TO HER. 'WHAT DO YOU KNOW--YOU'RE ONLY A ROBOT' SHE SAYS... HOO-BOY! COULD I TELL HER A THING OR TWO!
OOOCH!
MY BACK! IT ALWAYS ACTS UP WHEN I HAVE TO WALK AROUND A LOT... DON'T WORRY --IT'S NOTHING. OOOCH!

EVER SINCE MY OPERATION I-- OH... HERE ALREADY... STAND UP STRAIGHT, TUCK YOUR SHIRT IN AND PREPARE TO BEHOLD HER HIGHNESS...
YONDER LIES THE QUEEN OF VENUS!

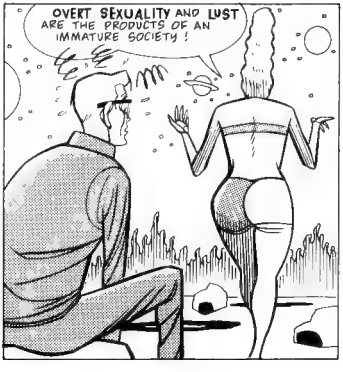

LLOYD DARLING!
YOU TWO KIDS GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER -- I'LL JUST GO TIDY UP MY CRATER!

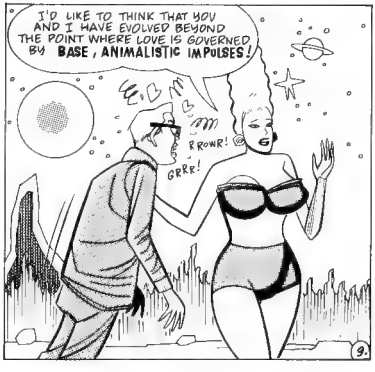
MUMBLE...


SMURRP!


?

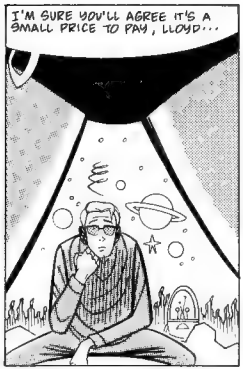
I-I HOPE YOU DIDN'T COME HERE FOR THE WRONG REASONS, LLOYD...
OUR PEOPLE ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH THE PRIMITIVE PASSIONS OF LESSER CREATURES...


OVERT SEXUALITY AND LUST ARE THE PRODUCTS OF AN IMMATURE SOCIETY!


I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT YOU AND I HAVE EVOLVED BEYOND THE POINT WHERE LOVE IS GOVERNED BY BASE, ANIMALISTIC IMPULSES!
RROWR!
GRRR!

THE PEOPLE OF VENUS HAVE TRANSCENDED--
WHAT PEOPLE? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HERE!

WELL... YEAH, OKAY... I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT... ONE OF THE DRAWBACKS OF AN EMOTIONALLY ADVANCED CIVILIZATION, I SUPPOSE...


I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE IT'S A SMALL PRICE TO PAY, LLOYD...

WHAT YOU AND I HAVE IS A SPIRITUAL UNITY-- A FEELING THAT GOES BEYOND PHYSICAL TERMS...
SIGH
BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA?

I COULD FEEL IT WHEN YOU WERE NO MORE THAN AN IMAGE ON THE TV SCREEN- YOU FELT IT TOO... OR YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE...
.. IF ONLY SHE WOULD SHUT UP FOR ONE MINUTE! GOD, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE.. I'D LEAVE RIGHT NOW IF I WERE YOU...

...YOU'RE NOT HER TYPE ANYWAY... SHE SHOULD FIND SOMEONE MORE LIKE HERSELF SO THEY COULD BORE EACH OTHER TO DEATH! ...WHERE YOU COULD FIND SUCH A DULLARD I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW!
CLICK!
500 WATTS

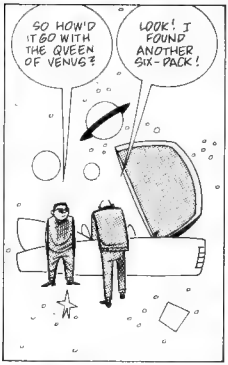
LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

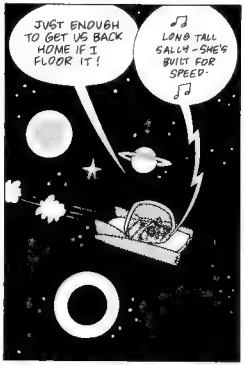
HOO BOY! THIS I NEVER EXPECTED-- NOW WE'RE GOING TO EARTH?! SUCH EXCITEMENT!
NAWW... I'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS I WANT YOU TO MEET...

THAT EVENING, AROUND SUNDOWN.
WE-E-ELL... IF IT AIN'T CENSORED!
GRUNT! WHO'S YER FRIEND?!
HONK! HONK!

WOULD YOU GIRLS BE INTERESTED IN A SWAP?
I'M NOT SO SURE I...
SURE THING, BRO'... C'MON HANDSOME... YOU'RE RIDIN' WITH US!
GRUNT! HE'S BUILT LIKE A BRICK CENSORED!
HEY GIRLS... WHAT ABOUT ME?
BEAT IT, JUNIOR... YOU'VE BEEN REPLACED!

VROOOOM!
COME ON ALREADY - WHAT IS THIS?!
HA HA HA HA HA


SO HOW'D IT GO WITH THE QUEEN OF VENUS?
LOOK! I FOUND ANOTHER SIX-PACK!


JUST ENOUGH TO GET US BACK HOME IF I FLOOR IT!
♫ LONG TALL SALLY - SHE'S BUILT FOR SPEED. ♫

Y'KNOW LLEWELLYN...

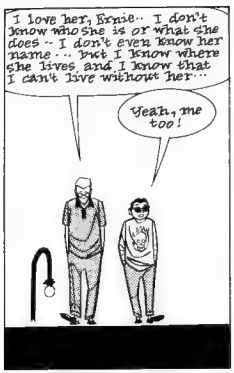
I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL LIKE WE'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING...
END.

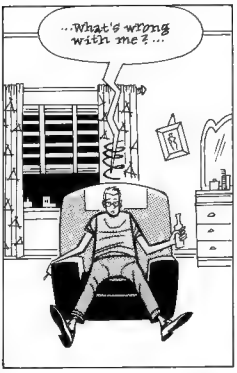
Crawl, Worm!

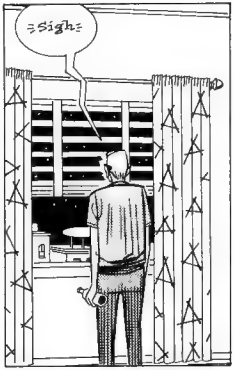
...and the Indian says, "Scrambled!"
..."Scrambled!"
Don'tcha get it, Llewellyn?
I get it!
Where are we anyway...What were you gonna show me?
You'll see
REPENT THE END IS NE
D. Chomes

C'MON Llewellyn.. What is it?
=Gulp= Ta-There she is!
SLURP

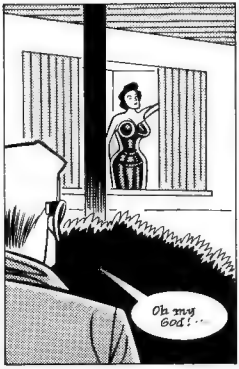
That was it.
I'll say!

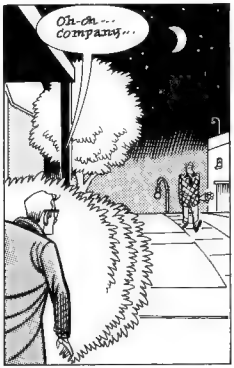

I love her, Ernie.. I don't know who she is or what she does -- I don't even know her name ... but I know where she lives and I know that I can't live without her...
Yeah, me too!

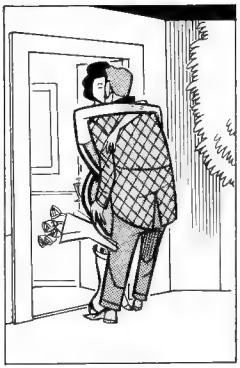

..What's wrong with me?...

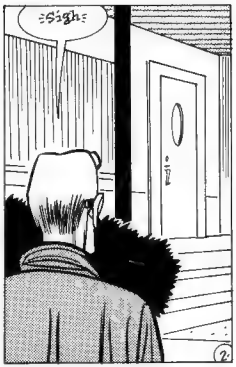

=Sigh=

...This is just a harmless evening stroll - so what if I happen to pass by her house -- no crime against that -- so what if it took me an hour to walk over here...


Oh my God!..


Oh-oh... company...

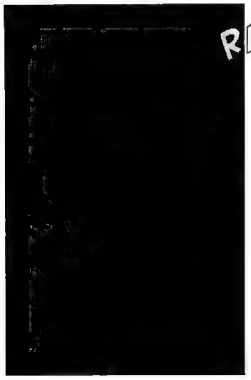



=Sigh=

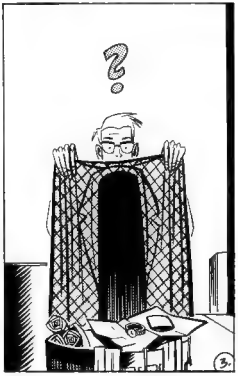
...I shoulda figured she'd go for that type...

...what's the use (yawn) what does it matter anyway...

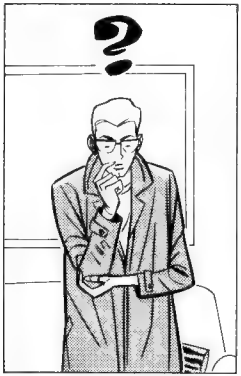
...who the hell... cares.

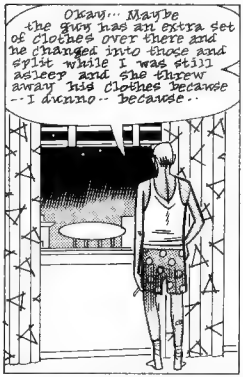


RATTLE
RATTLE
?


?

...No sign of a struggle... no body...
Naah... She's not a murderer
...I don't think anyway




Okay... Maybe the guy has an extra set of clothes over there and he changed into those and split while I was still asleep and she threw away his clothes because --I dunno-- because..

...What's wrong with me?

Excuse me Miss, gotta light? Excuse me Miss, gotta light?

-AHEM- Excuse me Miss, gotta light?

A LIGHT? NO...I DON'T SMOKE! I FIND SMOKING TO BE A TRULY FILTHY HABIT, THOROUGHLY DISGUSTING!

What I meant was-
SAY FELLA... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OVER FOR DINNER TONIGHT ?!
Oh! E-Excuse me ...was I shouting? I'm so sorry...

See you at eight?

Eh... Hi!
C'mon in!

Take off your coat and stay a while!

oops --Almost forgot-- Cigarettes are truly filthy.
C'mere!

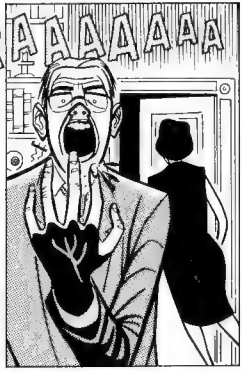
HEY...I thought you didn't smoke...

Who says I do?
TSSSS

YAAAAGH!

WHAT THE HELL!
...THAT HURTS!
Awww! Big strong man burned his wittle hand! Tee hee...
I'm sorry... I was just playing...

RRIP!

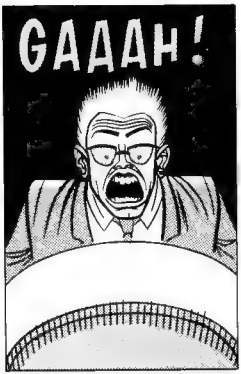

YAAAAAAA

S-S-She's crazy...
YOU'RE CRAZY!
SLAM!

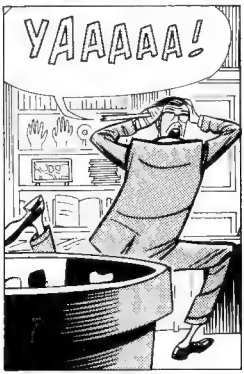
THAT'S IT - I'm gettin' outta--
BOY! What a week!
Not another one..
3 broads it's already crowded enough around here!

You're a JERK pal... She doesn't love you..
SHUT UP, MORON! She doesn't love you either!

YOU'RE the moron!
Why don't BOTH of you shut up... She's mine and you all know it!
Dream on, Casanova!


GAAAH!

QUIET!
What's your PROBLEM!?
SHADDUP!
What are YOU staring at?!
G'wan BEAT IT!
Yeah... GET LOST Romeo!

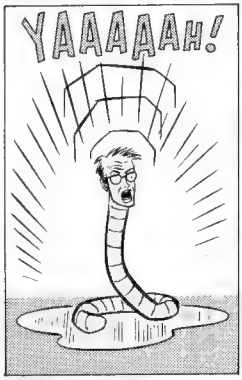

YAAAAA!

OOF!

Gulp!
Fingernails

CLICK!

Crawl, Worm.


YAAAAAH!

Shhh...

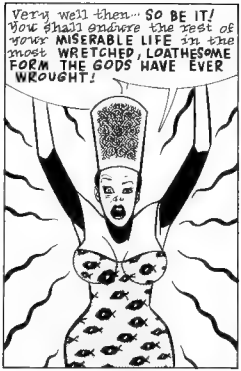
You are beautiful, my dear!
Please! Squash me!

You are now part of an elite brotherhood -- a squirming mass of love-bound together by their complete devotion to me! YOU WILL BE WITH ME FOREVER, MY DARLING WORMS!

PLEASE! I CAN'T STAND THIS! SQUASH ME!
A-Are you trying to say that -- that -- You mean you don't want to be one of my precious babies?

The WORM is a PERFECT VESSEL for the soul of a man! Perhaps, MR. SMARTY-PANTS, you'd prefer to be RECAST in a LESS DESIRABLE FORM !!
HMM?
HMM!?

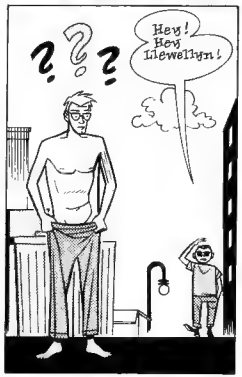
I--uh-
I--uh..
on second thought...


Very well then... SO BE IT! You shall endure the rest of your MISERABLE LIFE in the most WRETCHED, LOATHESOME FORM THE GODS HAVE EVER WROUGHT!

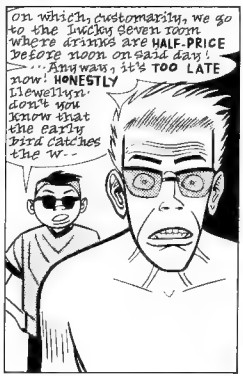
NOOOO

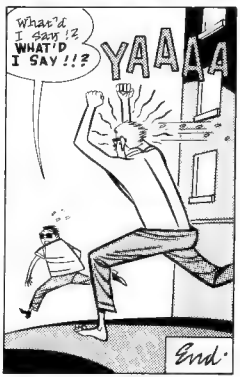
=Gack=
...what th-?
THANK GOD! It was all A DREAM!

wait a minute...


? ? ?
Hey! Hey Llewellyn!

B-Holy goodnight! M-M-My fingernail!
I've been looking all over for you, Llewellyn! ...I guess it slipped your mind that today is the third Thursday of the month...


On which, customarily, we go to the lucky seven room where drinks are HALF-PRICE before noon on said day! ...Anyway, it's TOO LATE now! HONESTLY Llewellyn, don't you know that the early bird catches the w--


What'd I say!? WHAT'D I SAY!!?
YAAAA
End.

THE LAFFIN'SPITTIN'MAN

HA HA HA HA HA HA

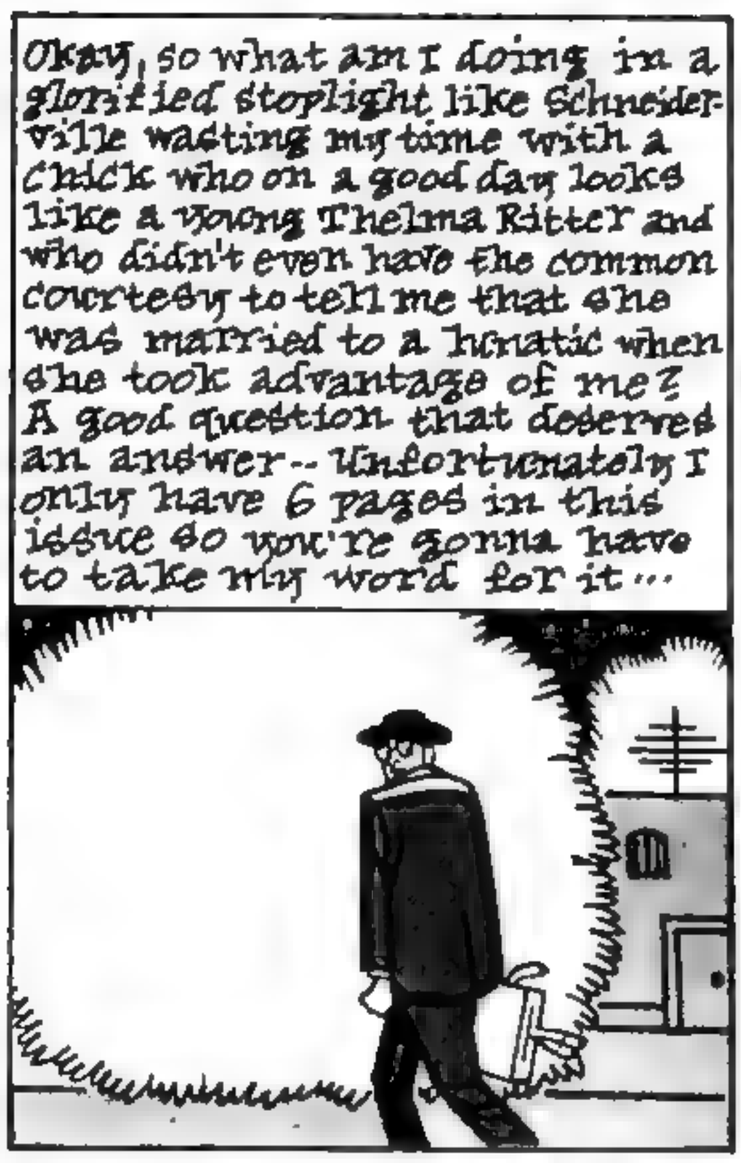
a LLOYD LLEWELLYN adventure

Dan Clowes

=Sob= My HUSBAND! =Sob= He KNOWS EVERYTHING! =Sob=
Now LISSEN HERE ...You NEVER SAID ANYTHING about a--

You don't understand =Sob= He's not like other men... He's a TRAVELING NOVELTY SALESMAN! He's a NUT! He's CAPABLE of ANYTHING!

...GET OUT OF TOWN FAST!


Okay, so what am I doing in a glorified stoplight like Schneidervile wasting my time with a chick who on a good day looks like a young Thelma Ritter and who didn't even have the common courtesy to tell me that she was married to a lunatic when she took advantage of me? A good question that deserves an answer-- Unfortunately I only have 6 pages in this issue so you're gonna have to take my word for it...

Hiya, Mr. Llewellyn! How's your ol' straw hat? Put 'er there!
GAAA!

BUZZZ
HAW HAW HAW! Glad to know you, pal... I'm Bennett Ceeley ...LOUISE'S HUSBAND!

Do you enjoy a good laugh, Mr. Llewellyn? I sure do!
...Do you like me? Some people find me abrasive! AM I ABRASIVE? AM I ANNOYING?

...Oh God... M-My life has... turned to shit! =Sob=

=Whimper= =SNORT=

=Sob=
You made a BIG MISTAKE Pal... Did Louise mention that I'm a TRAVELING NOVELTY SALESMAN !?
HEY!

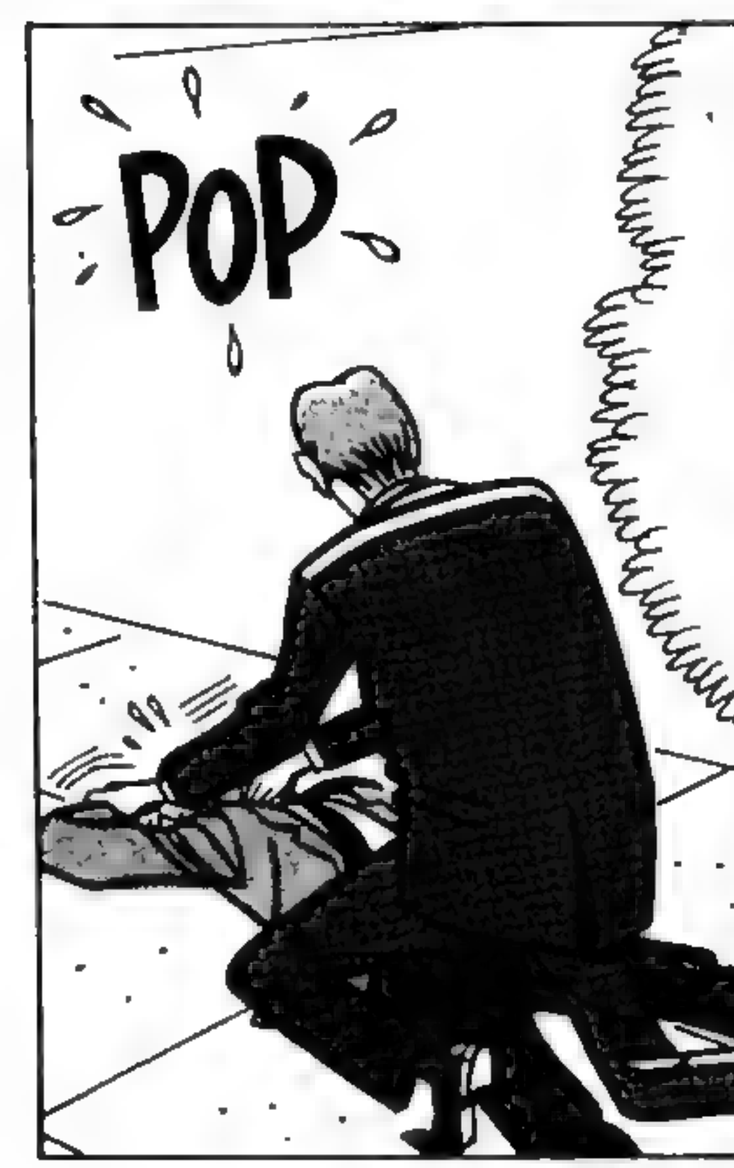
The place of laffs in the universal order is a bigger thing than most people imagine... I am part of a HOLY BROTHERHOOD of PRACTICAL JOKERS, RIB-TICKLERS and AMBASSADORS OF FUN ...The day after man discovered fire he invented the hotfoot. That hijinx has endured since then is not entirely by accident!

"Steal from this world a bearer of mirth and thy debt shall be his burden assumed."

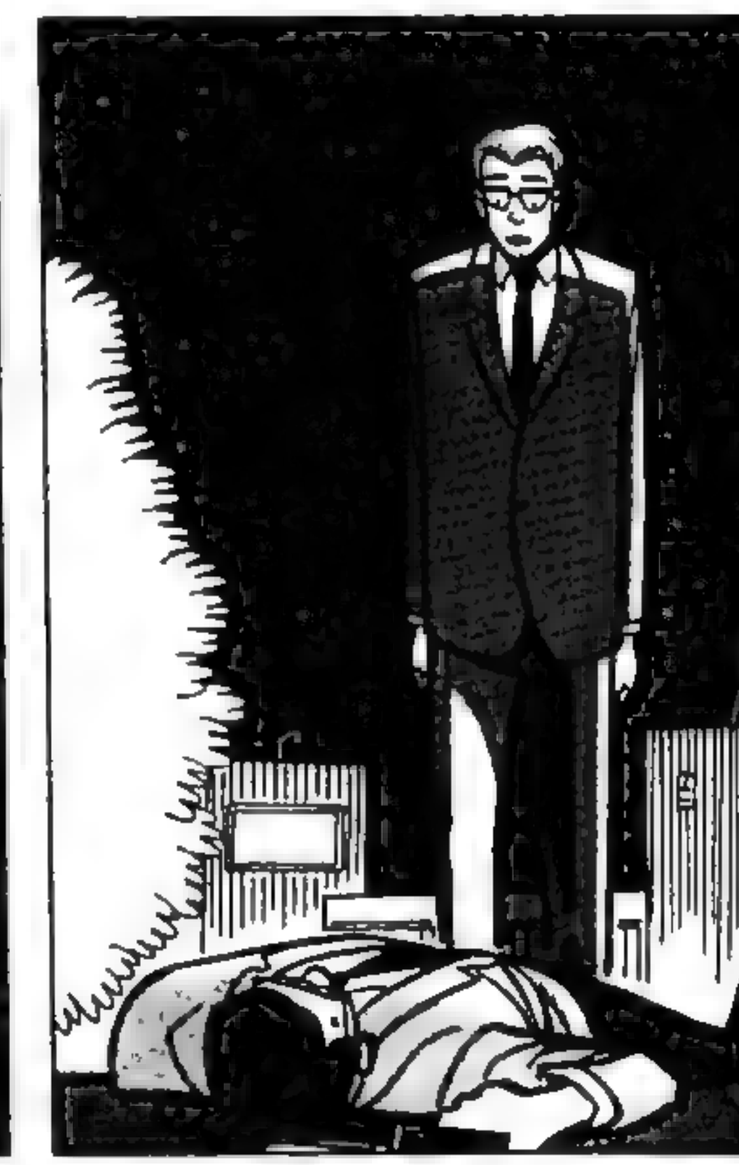
HEY!
...Goodbye, Louise Darling... =Sob=

ARE YOU CRAZY ?! SHE'S NOT WORTH IT!
CLICK!

?


POP

BANG



I-It wasn't MY fault... I-It was SUICIDE... I TRIED to STOP HIM... ...I-If I wait in my room until the whole thing blows over, maybe -- OHOH, THE COPS!
AR

...If I was a decent, honorable American with faith in justice and fair play I'd go tell them the truth and take my chances...
IF!

I need an alibi... what was I doing this evening... HMMMM...

Hey buddy! A double-shot of Slow Joe Crow and bring the young lady a fresh one!
Right away, Sir!

Thanks... y' got another cigarette?
You bet, Honey!

That's a lovely shade of lipstick you're wearing, miss!
:Grunt:

BAM!

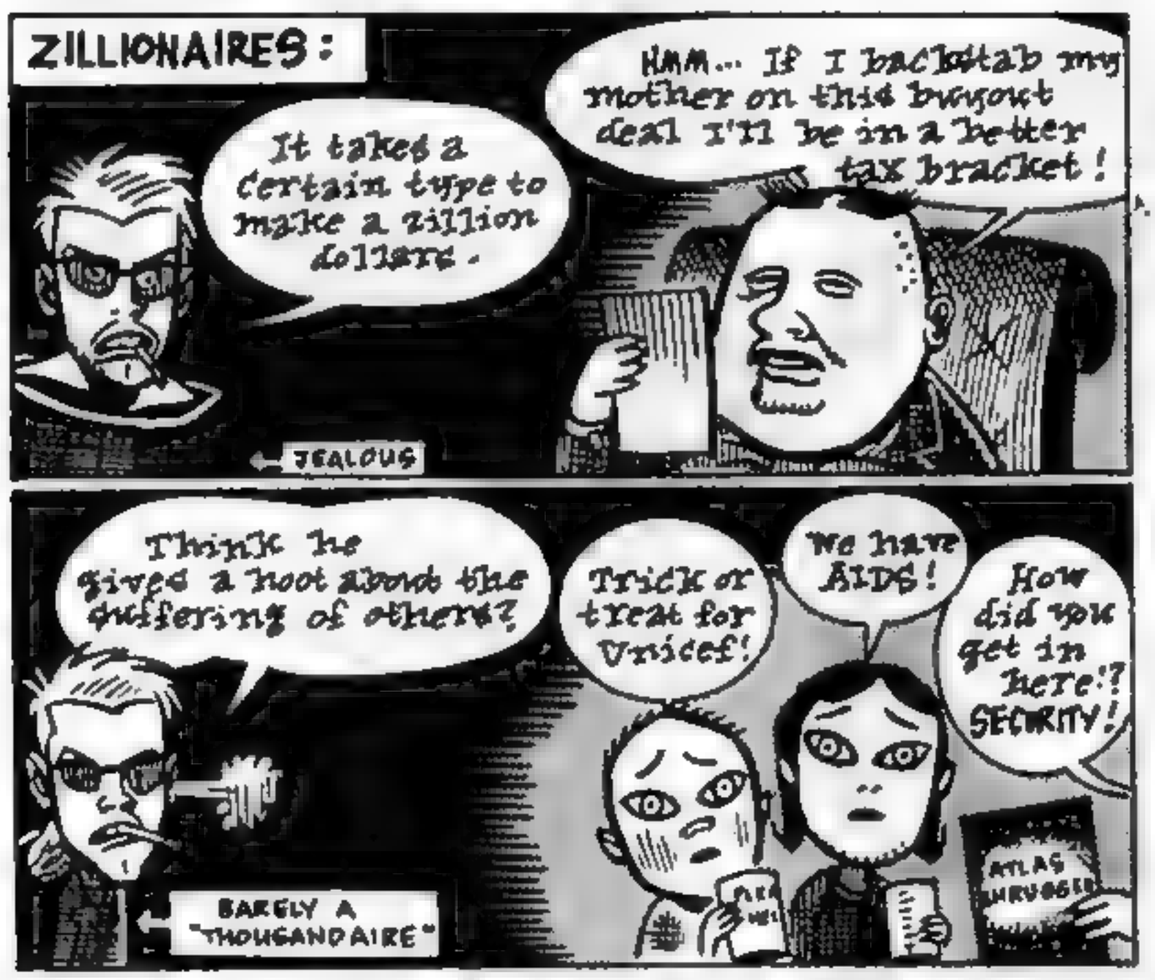
GODDAMMIT! :Coff! Coff!: I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY!? Coff! Coff! Coff!
NO! I-I mean I'm SORRY! I-I don't know how it could have happened...

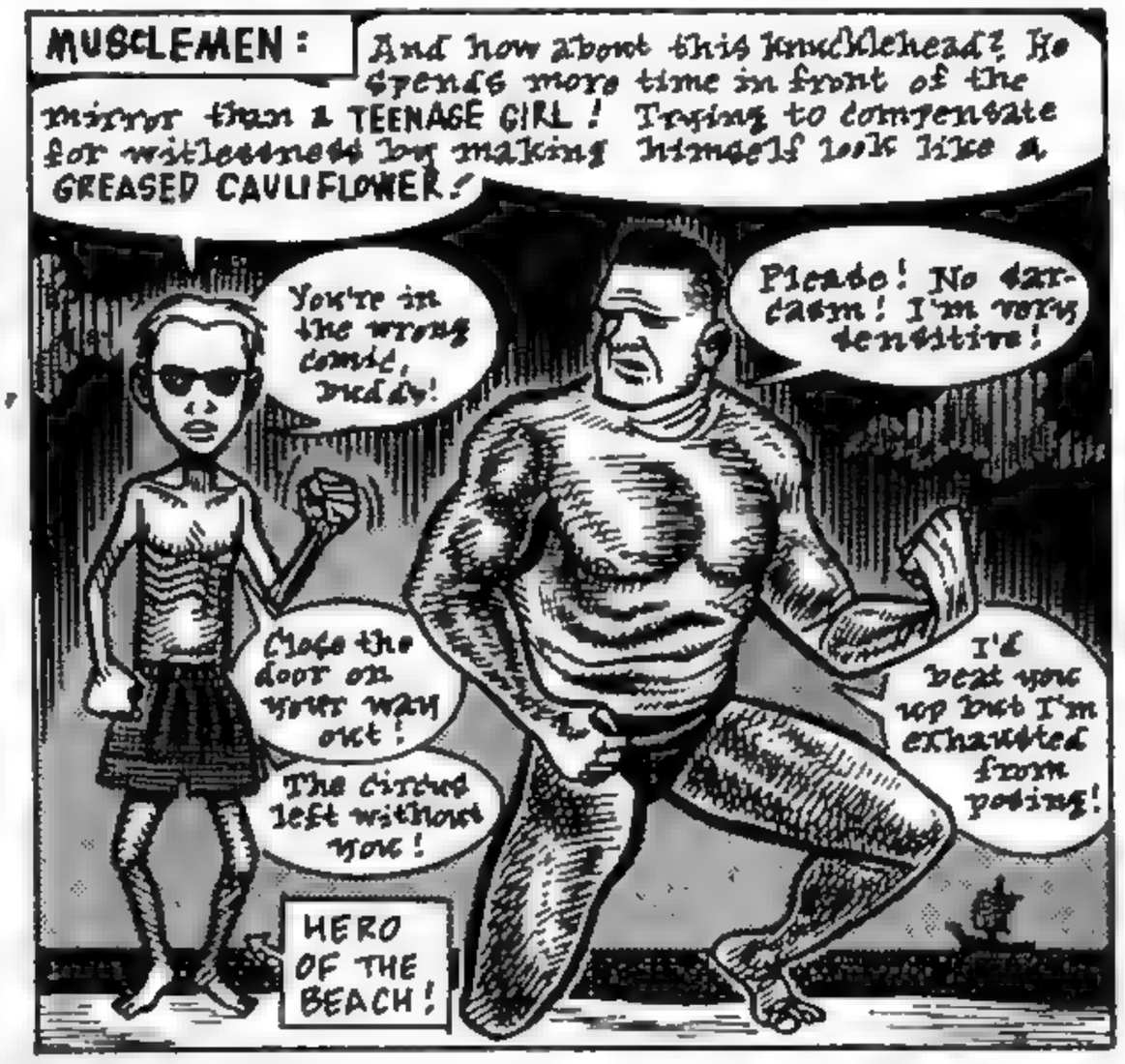
...I bought these cigarettes in the lobby this mor--
BRAAP!

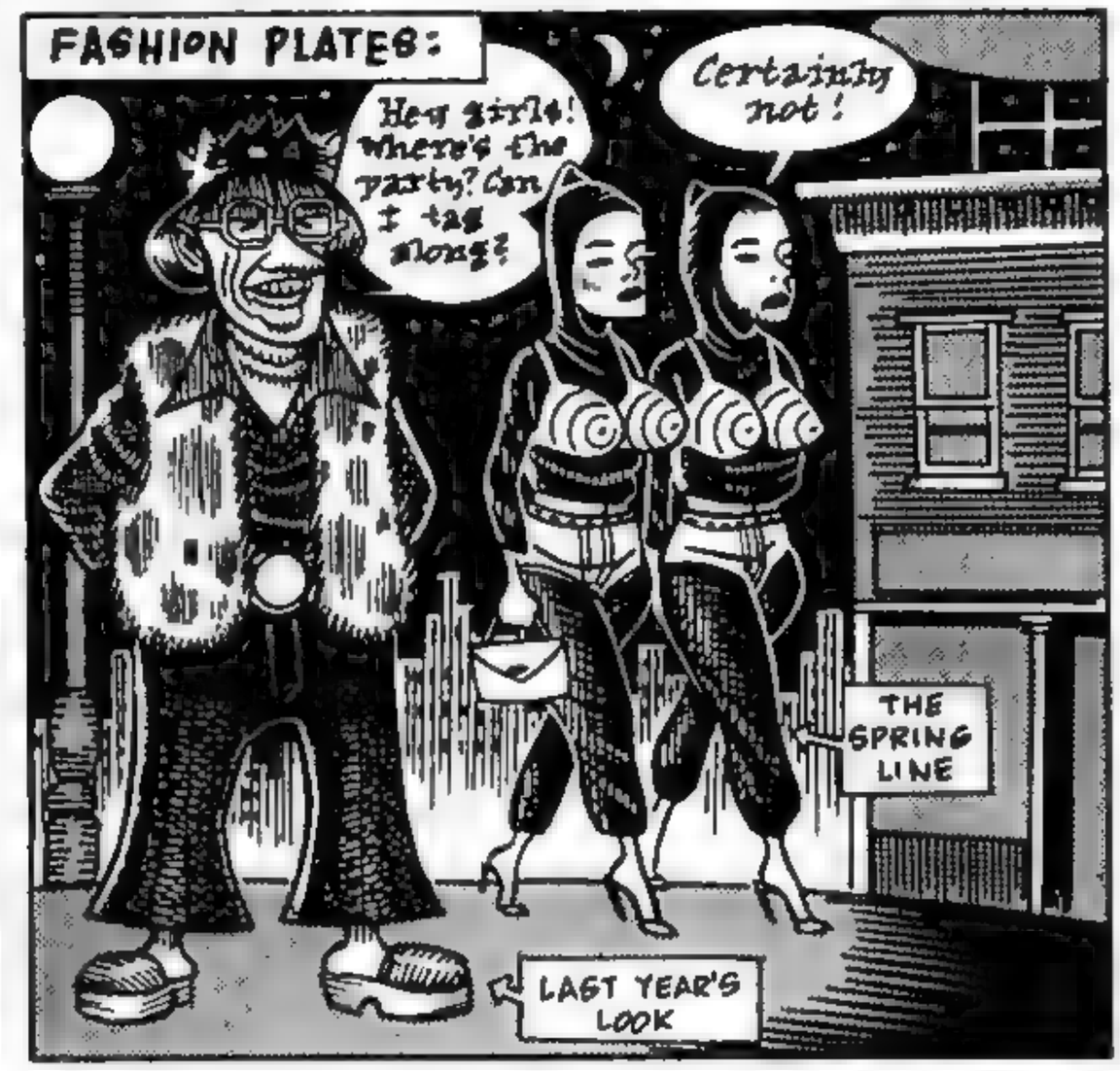
I HATE YOU DEEPLY

By Young Dan Clowes 1989

If you're like me, or if you want me to like you, you'll hate these things too:







Oh GHOD! How IMMATURE! I HATE practical jokers!
H-How did that get there?

I'm not in the mood to play games, fella! Just leave me alone, okay!?
I swear to you--I don't know what's going on... I just--
PTU!! EW!

Very Funny! Ve-e-e-ery funny! If I wasn't a lady I'd dump this on your ★$#@& head!
CLACK CLACK CLACK

B-But I didn't... h-h-honest... I'm not a practical joker...
I'M HORNY
BLINK!
POP!
KISS me in the DARK Baby

GET LOST!
OMIGOD!

HA HA HA
KISS me in the DARK Baby

HA HA HA HA

Watered-down Nostalgia-Hounds:

This Lloyd Llewellyn comic is gear-fab!

Ginchy!

♫ LOOOVE AMERICAN STYLE ♫

Do the Hully-Gully!

LIFE IS A ROCK AND THE RADIO ROLLS ME...

KIDNEY SHAPED

DONNY MOST

LAVA LIGHT

Occultists, New Agers and anyone seeking simple catch-all solutions to unanswerable questions:

I don't care because I know that Jesus is Lord!

Lowest common denominators:

KISS MY GRITS!

HAW HAW HAW HAW!

Actors, Models and/or anyone who places disproportionate importance on that kind of glorified service job:

I'm not really an asshole... it's just part of an exercise for my Drama Workshop!

Gotta hone that craft!

People who hide behind cartoon characters to espouse their unpopular opinions:

Hey Clowes!...A little gift from us LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATORS!

BANG BANG BANG

Don't worry, boss... I'm here!

British Musicians:

♫ FE-RRY CROSS THE MERSEY ♫

Hmm... If I manage these vulgar mortops perhaps I'll stand to meet some exciting young men!

♫ MISSUS BROWN YOUVE GOT A LOVELY DAUGHTER... ♫

BRIAN EPSTEIN

♫ E-LEC-TRICKAL BANANA IS GONNA BE A SUD-DEN CRAZE... ♫

I say! Let's imitate various Black American R&B acts and, by virtue of our Surly, Pseudo-Satanic demeanor, reap millions and eventually become absurd, middle-aged Rock-dinosaur junkies!

Good Show!

Anyone involved in Insurance, Medicine, Law or Real Estate:

I will cynically profit from your insecurity!

I will profit from your pain and weakness!

I will profit from your misery or aid you in inflicting misery on others!

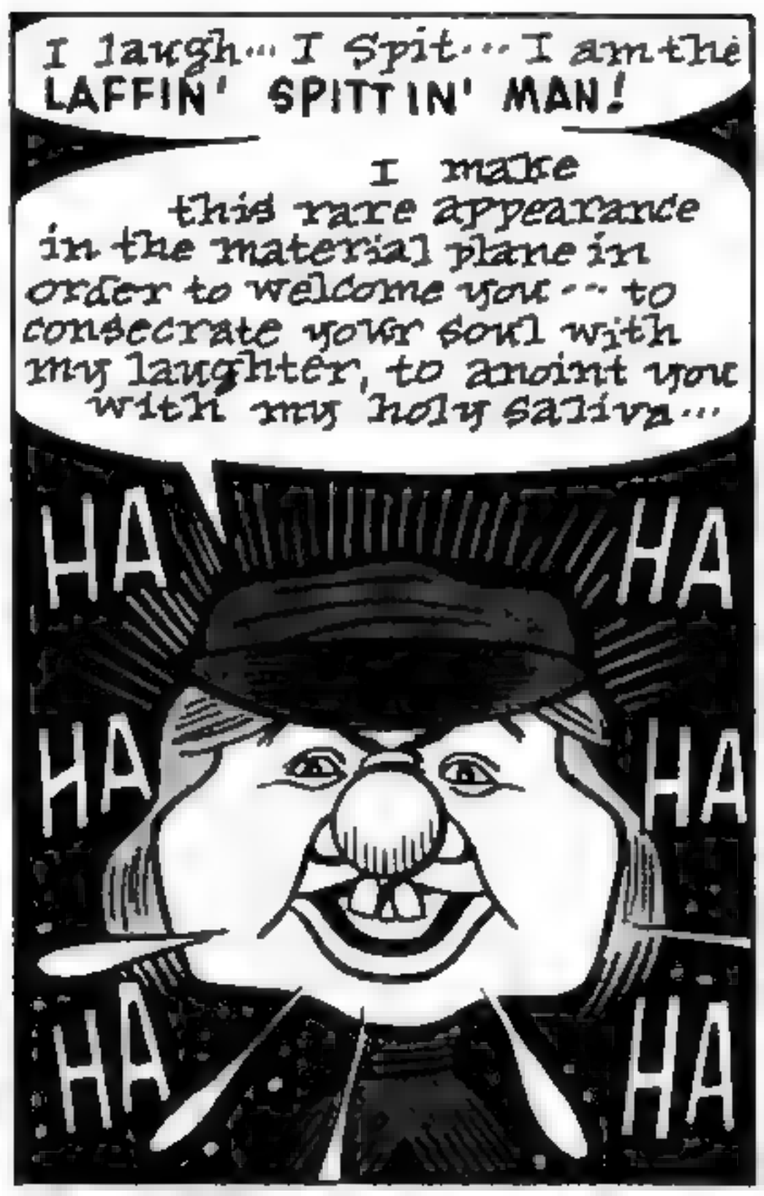
I will simply profit, using loathesome and reproachable tactics if it is my whim to do so!

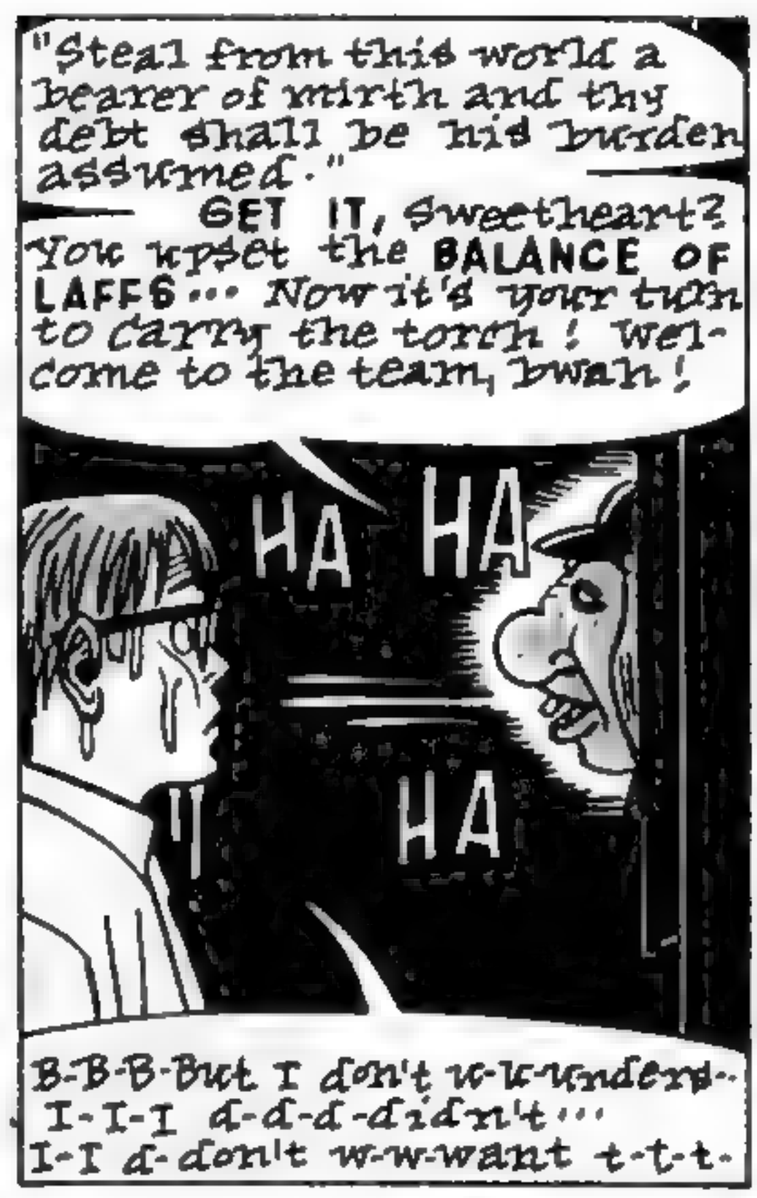
NO CANDY

LAW

OBITUARIES

HA HA HA
YAAA!


I laugh... I Spit... I am the LAFFIN' SPITTIN' MAN!
I make this rare appearance in the material plane in order to welcome you... to consecrate your soul with my laughter, to anoint you with my holy saliva...
HA HA HA HA HA HA

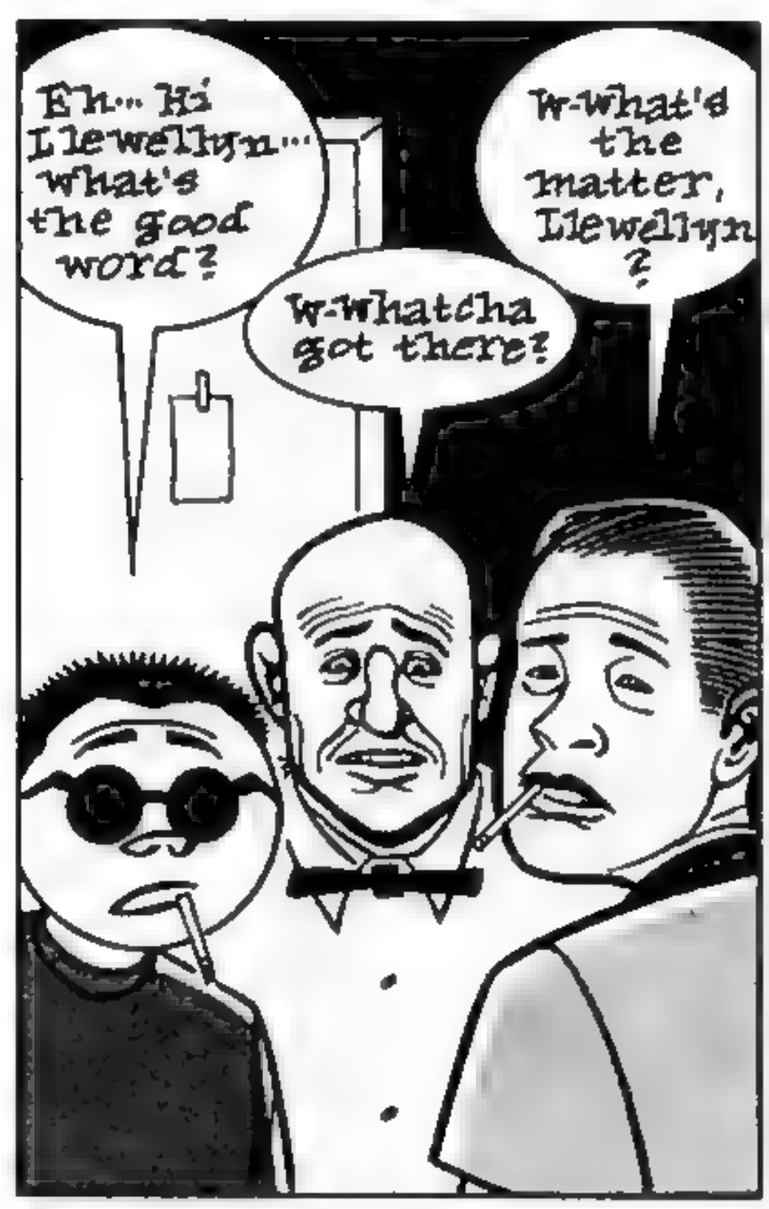

"Steal from this world a bearer of mirth and thy debt shall be his burden assumed."
GET IT, Sweetheart? You upset the BALANCE OF LAFFS... Now it's your turn to carry the torch! Welcome to the team, bwah!
HA HA HA
B-B-B-But I don't u-u-understand... I-I-I d-d-d-didn't... I-I d-don't w-w-want t-t-t-

YOU DON'T WANT TO? TOO LATE, PAL! YOU SHOULDA THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU KILLED HIM! LOOK AT YOUR HAND!
HA HA HA
KISS me in the

...B-B-B-But I d-d-d-didn't k-k-k-kill him...
GO ON-- LOOK AT IT!
HA HA HA
KISS me in the

YAAAA!
HA HA

Several days later...
Hey, willya look who's comin' this way!
It's Llewellyn!
I haven't seen him in... Hey... he looks kinda ...funny...


Eh... Hi Llewellyn... what's the good word?
W-Whatcha got there?
W-What's the matter, Llewellyn?

Can I interest you... in... some NOVELTIES?
End.

Urban Attention-seekers:

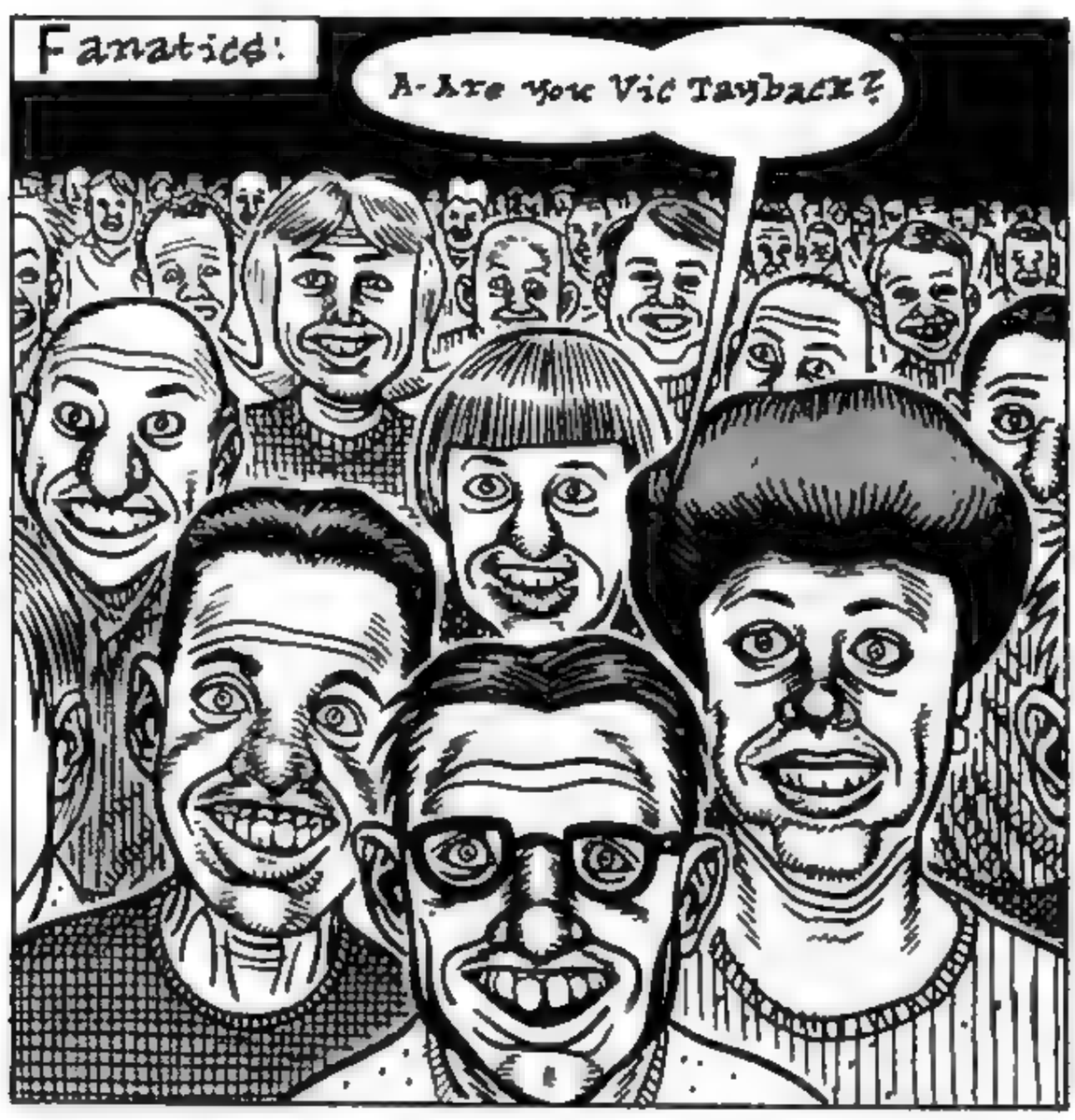
Guys with short hair on top and long hair in back:

People who don't capitalize their name:

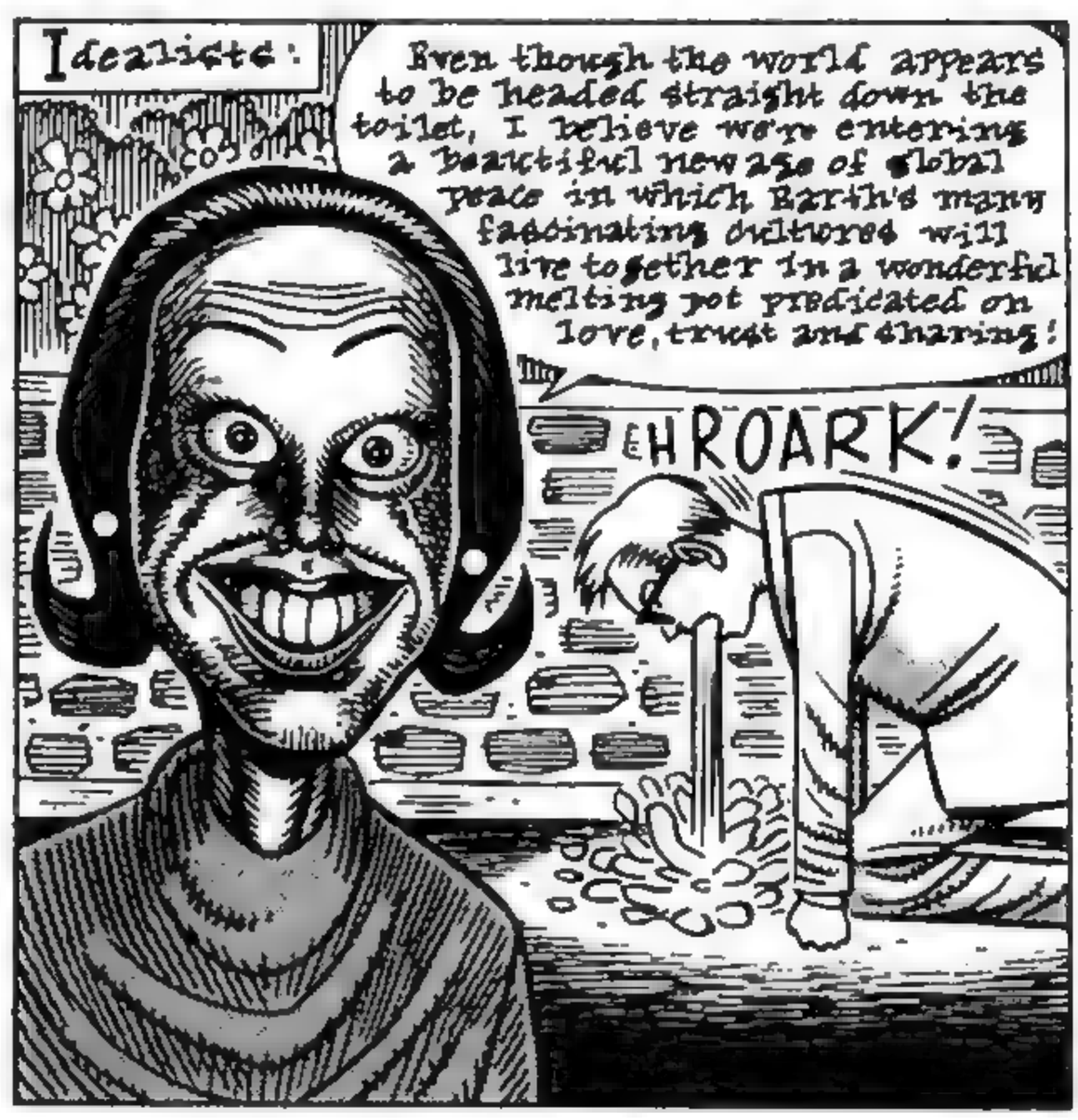
AND Americans who use the "English spelling" of words to make themselves appear cultured and eccentric:

People with personality, magnetism and charisma:

Fanatics:



Idealists:



HOW TO FORMULATE OPINIONS:

1. Find someone you hate:

2. Wait for him/her to hold forth an opinion:

3. Form your opinion accordingly:

Here are some more people I can't stand:

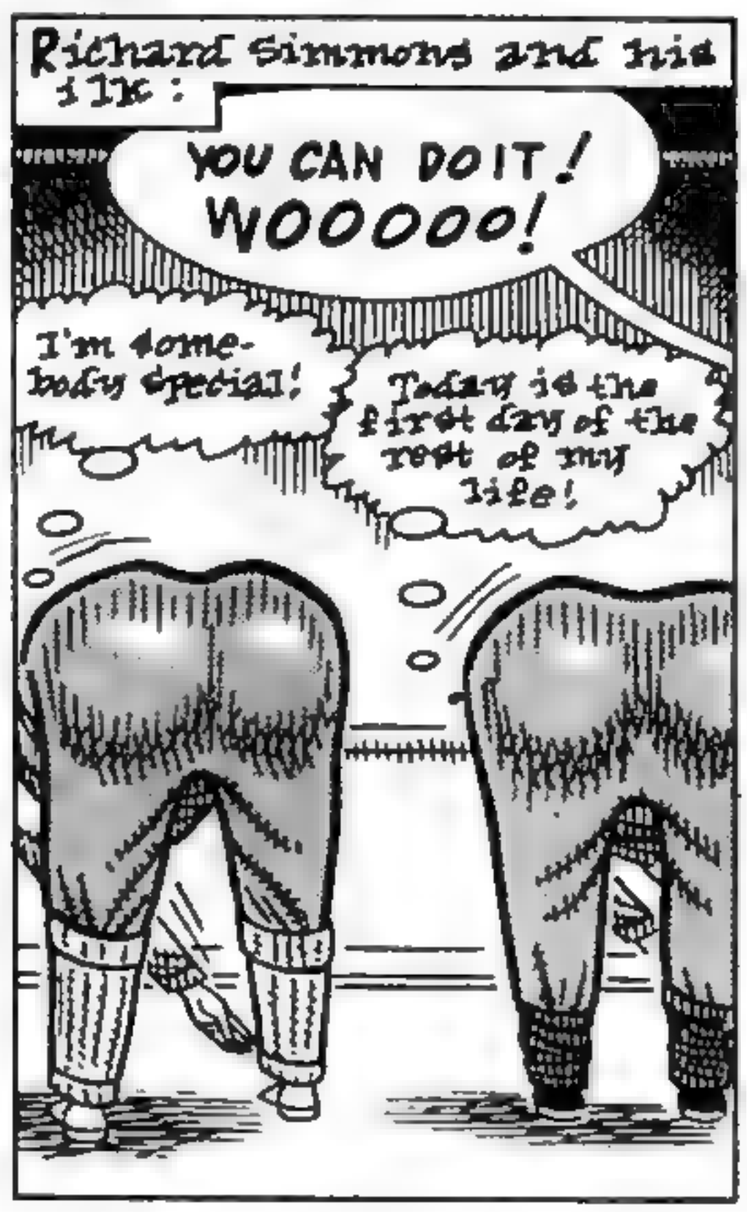
Humorless Cartoonists:

Collegiate Creeps:

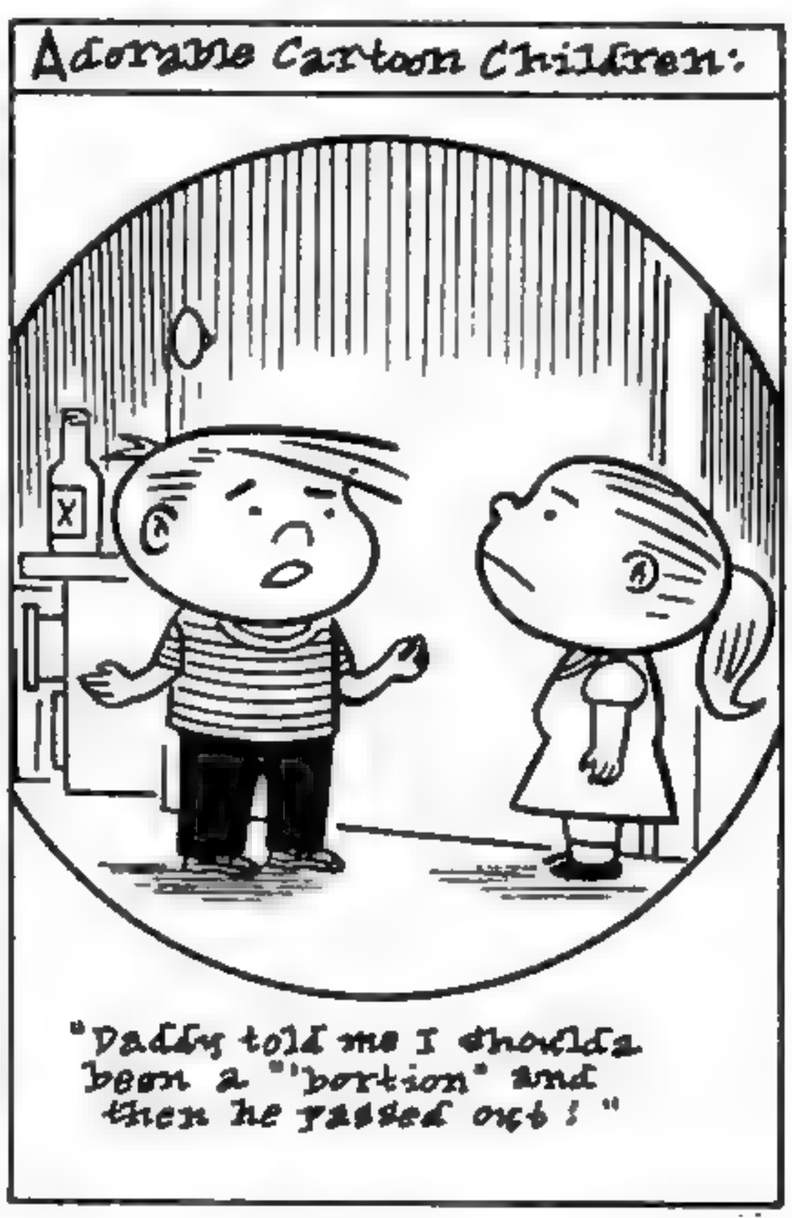
Bothersome Pests:

State-of-the-Art Techno-logical Bores:

Richard Simmons and his ilk:



Adorable Cartoon Children:



Crybabies, Whiners and Sensitive People:

I read the story "I Hate You Deeply." It was funny but, as a body-builder, I must point out that not all of us are such bad guys. It is a gross generalization to--

Is it a "gross generalization" to hate all NAZIS? Or CHILD MOLESTERS?

Wealthy Children who attempt to buy in to the inherent "hipness" of the economic underclass:

Yo Homeboy!

Whussup?

Noisy people, crowded elevators, negative peopl--

Oh wait... those are my "turn-offs."

GIRLS: If you understand this, you are a lesbian.

Amateur Psychiatrists:

Come now, Lloyd... You don't really hate me... It's simply a matter of sublimated Oedipal conflicts that come to the surface when you feel yourself threatened or perhaps irritated by, for example, an empty-headed buffoon or a foolish, overbearing, pretentious cretin.

CLIP ON

GOT A "C+"

Talentless self-proclaimed "Artistes":

Pathetic fools! When I'm dead they'll be sorry they ignored me!

1500$ A MONTH "GARRET" PAID FOR BY TRUST FUND.

In fact, I guess I hate just about everybody... everybody except YOU, dear reader...

You and a small group of friends and loved ones...

BAD VIBES

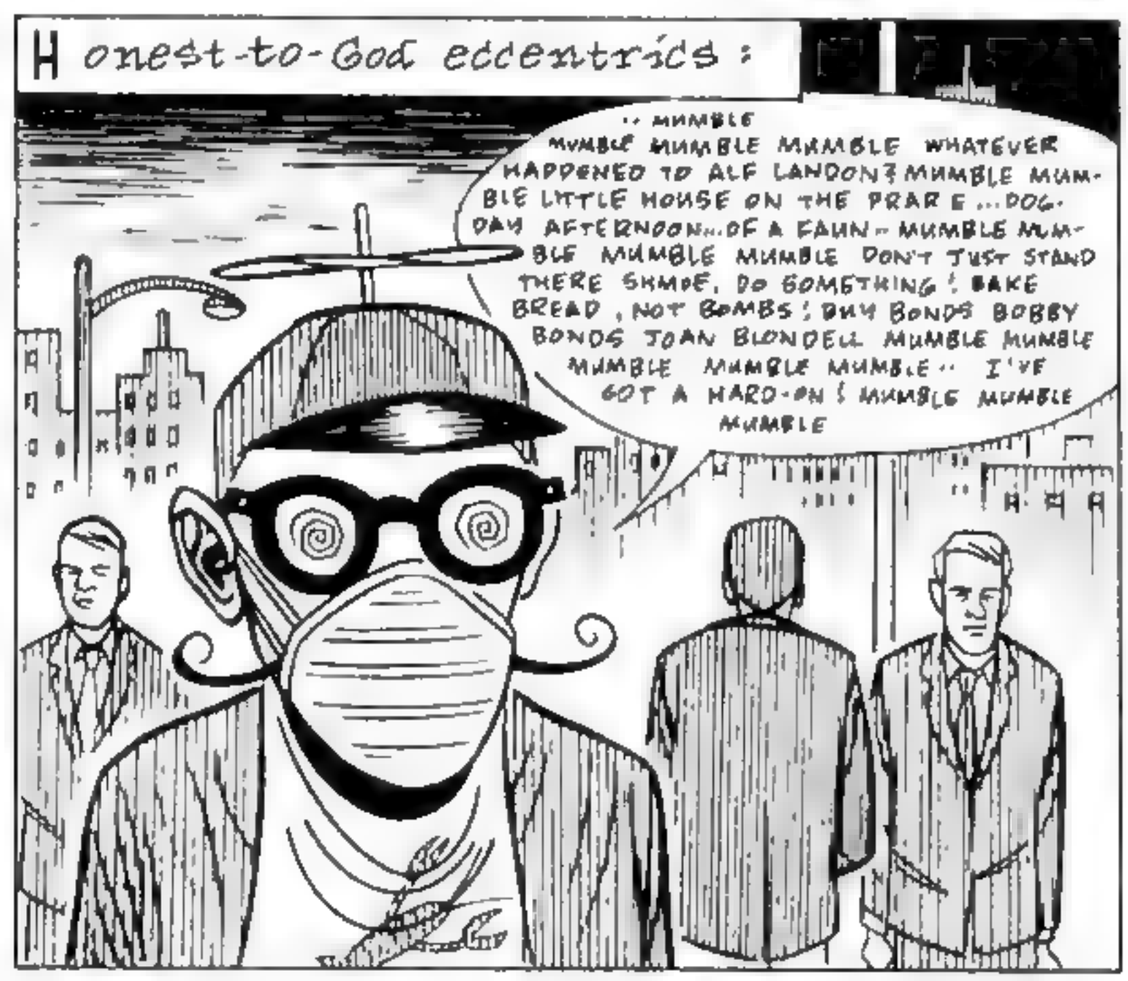
And remember this: It's a proven fact that haters make the best lovers... It's a Yin/Yang kind of thing...

Ciao!

End.

Back in EIGHTBALL number Two I appeared in a little filler-story called I HATE YOU DEEPLY which seemed to draw the ire of some of my more sensitive readers. I was accused of being a one-sided cynic and a whining, impossible-to-please pessimistic mope! Please! It was certainly not my intention to offend! And especially not YOU of all people, dear reader! Please accept the following few pages (all that my benevolent creator would allow) as an apology of sorts, a testament to my positive intentions and an expression of goodwill toward ALL HUMAN BEINGS and ESPECIALLY YOU, my CHERISHED READER!

Despite the inaccurate impression given in that forementiond "Hate" story, your humble narrator is a well-rounded creature, equally (if not moreso) capable of expressions of love. The following are just a few of the great many things / people / ideas held dear to this heart...



Wimps, dweebs and fuckups:

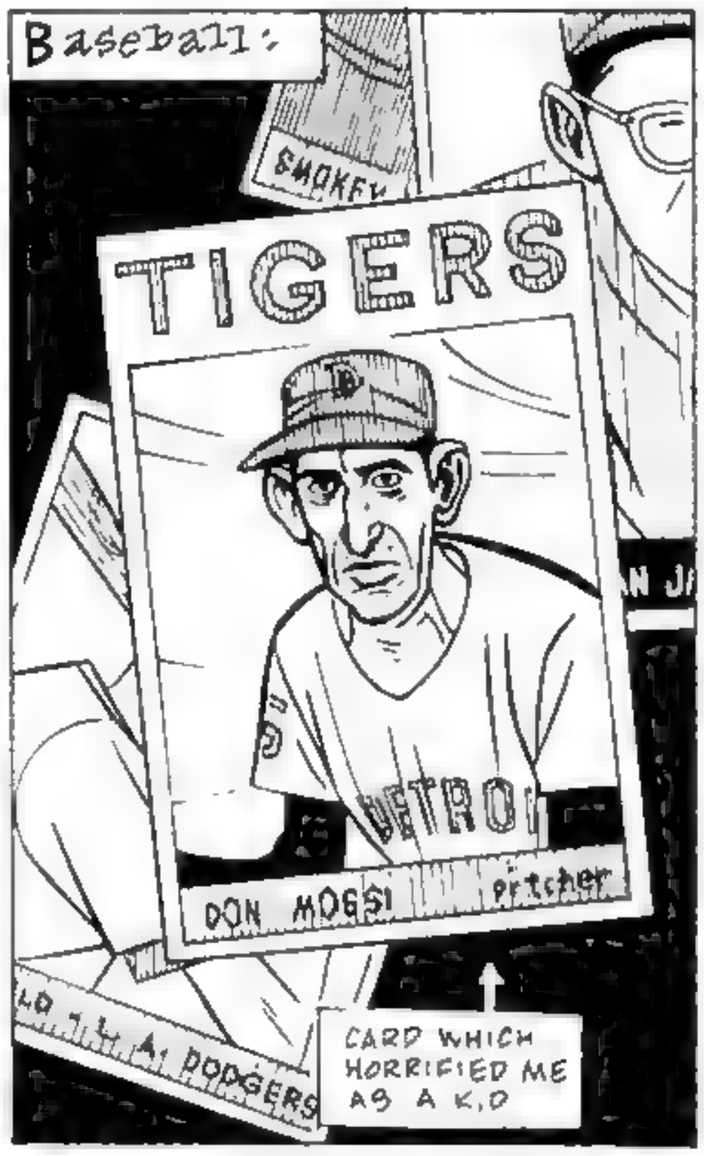
See, I'm not such a bad guy! I love lots a things-- like f'r instance:

Sleeping:

Wandering aimlessly:

Driving at night:

Baseball:



Sitting around for hours doing nothing:

Eh, excuse me... sorry to disrupt the flow of the story but I'd like to add one thing to the "Baseball" panel before I go any farther-- It **REALLY** gets on my nerves when people make intellectual excuses for liking baseball-- like they say they appreciate "the Grand symmetry" or "the beautiful geometry of the game" or something..

Maybe now would be a good time to get this out of the way-- Thanks in part to you readers I've come across a few things that were left out of "I Hate You Deeply" and I'd just like to touch briefly on those for a moment...

To begin with:

Fat, slob dorks who are grossed-out by overweight women:

Hippie Businessmen like Ben & Jerry and The Grateful Dead:

OUR FIRST-QUARTER EARNINGS ARE DOWN DUE TO UNEXPECTED SATURATION OF THE TRIPPED-OUT TIE-DYED T-SHIRT MARKET.

BUMMER.

ANNUAL REPORT FISCAL YR 1990

SSUCK

WHAT LUCKY GUYS. THEY HAVE IT BOTH WAYS!

The Protestant Work Ethic:

I'M DAMN PROUD THAT I'VE SPENT THE LAST FORTY YEARS ATTACHING DOO-HICKYS TO WIDGETS ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE! SOON I CAN RETIRE AND DEVOTE FULL TIME TO MY HOBBIES-- ALCOHOLISM AND BITTERNESS!

HATE

WITHOUT HIM WE'D BE IN BIG TROUBLE!

God, I can't stand the typical goose-stepping American, stuck on the consumer treadmill...

WHIRRR

NEW

CONSUME ME

BUY ME

THIS IS IT!

EAT ME

A PRODUCT

I ♡ ECOLOGY!

...Ready to follow any stupid fad or to buy any useless product as long as it's shoved down their throat with enough authority!

"BELLY BONGOS"

BAP BAP

BAP BAP

The marketplace is controlled by truly hateful, mean guys... Their only "responsibility" is to make a profit and as a result the general public has very little choice beyond blockbusters and big-sellers...

Thanks to this system there's plenty of stuff all over the place for us to hate (C'mon, be on my side) like, f'r instance...

Crudav Bestsellers:

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG DEAL

BOOKS ON TAPE

MOTHER-IN-LAW FROM HELL

STEPHEN KING

THE GROANING

10-Day Order

Horrible, pandering, irrelevant magazines:

KAZ

FOP

ENTERTAINMENT Gestapo

WATCH WHAT WE TELL YOU TO WATCH

WORLD'S SEXIEST HUNK

NEW MEN'S FASHION TRENDS

ME

ALL ABOUT YOU

YOU, YOU!

LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR

TRAILER TIPS

EPHEMERAL CELEBRITY ROUND-UP

TOMORROW'S HAS-BEENS TODAY!

Formulaic "action" movies:

THEATRE 41

DATE RAPE HOSPITAL VI

the Final Chapter

Dull, derivative, watered-down "music":

♫ I'M A BI-SEXUAL... WHEN I WANT SEX, I GOTTA BUY IT... ♫

BOOM BOOM BOOM

HOW MEANINGFUL AND SENSITIVE!

HOW POETIC, POIGNANT AND TOUCHING!

Tedious, time-wasting television programming:

...And tonight on AMERICA UNDER GLASS we take a look at "The Studs and Sluts of Spring break" and pay a visit to the set of TV's popular drama VIGILANTE JUSTICE...

And, needless to say, the only comics your average Joe is likely to see are boring, inconsequential, unreadable and virtually indistinguishable from one another...

HAS HEARD THAT COMICS AREN'T JUST FOR KIDS ANYMORE

LOOK KIDS, COMICS!

ALPHA BETS

GAMMA FORCE

LOOK WHO'S SMILING

DELTA TROOP

OMEGA SQUAD

EPSILON LEGION

Think about it... Didn't you have to go to a lot of trouble to find this comic?

welcome to THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

WHORES

ROTAI MEET TVESH

Underground COMICS

EIGHTBALL

Just about anything that represents a personal, singular vision, whether high art or obscene pornography like EIGHT-BALL, has been effectively disenfranchised from the mainstream and removed from the marketplace...

HVP

EIGHT BALL

Instead we have widely-distributed, commitee-manufactured, "marketable," diluted gruel for the masses!

YOU KNOW... HE'S RIGHT!

YOU TELL 'EM!

Grrr It burns me up!

ME TOO!

AND ME!

IT RANKLES ME!

IT'S HIGH TIME WE DID SOMETHING!

LET'S BAND TOGETHER!

FORM A LYNCH MOB!

BURN AMERICA TO THE GROUND!

RITE OWAN!

POWUH TO THE PEOPLE!

DO IT, MUH MAN!

I would, except for one thing...

WHAT'S THAT?

I'm a pussy.

THE END

LLOYD LLEWELLYN IN #$@&!

By Daniel Clowes

PART ONE

HEY! How about that time I snuck up and kissed that girl that I didn't even know at the 8-Ball Room and slipped out before her boyfriend had a chance to beat me up!... Remember that? THAT'S a good story...

Nah.

EXIT

Okay then, how about when I wore those funny shoes into that restaurant that one time... that was a RIOT!

No!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

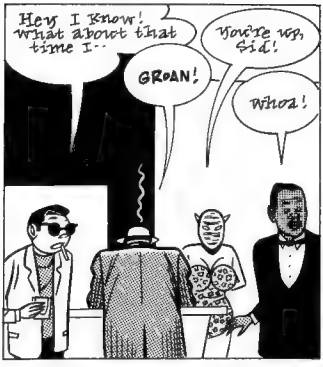
Hey Bird-Dawg -- tell him about the time you shot a man in Reno just to watch him DIE!

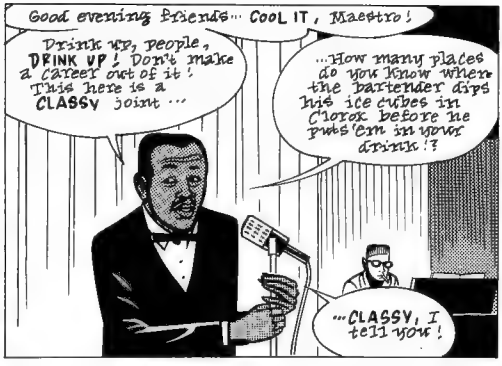
Hey Sid -- Llewellyn's putting together a book of his greatest adventures and he won't put me in it! ME! HIS BEST PAL!

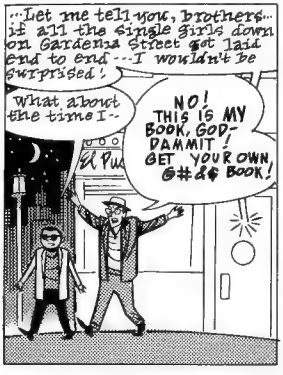
Hey man... you gonna put me in your book? I've had lots of adventures! Just ask them ladies in the back! HA HA HA

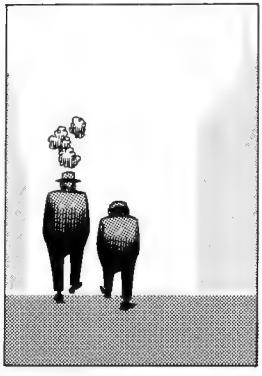
I'd rather read HIS book, Llewellyn... Yours is going to be STUPID!

GRUMBLE

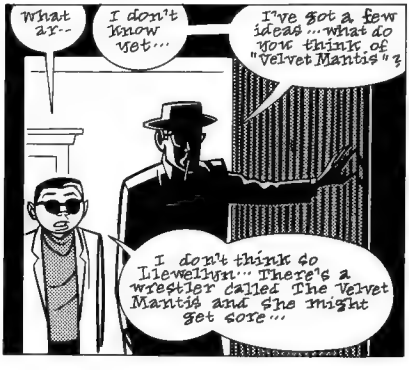

Hey I know! What about that time I--
You're up, Sid!
GROAN!
Whoa!


Good evening friends... COOL IT, Maestro!
Drink up, people, DRINK UP! Don't make a career out of it! This here is a CLASSY joint...
...How many places do you know where the bartender dips his ice cubes in Clorox before he puts 'em in your drink!?
...CLASSY, I tell you!


...Let me tell you, brothers... if all the single girls down on Gardena Street got laid end to end...I wouldn't be surprised!
What about the time I--
NO! THIS IS MY BOOK, GOD-DAMMIT! GET YOUR OWN, @#&$ BOOK!



What are you going to call your book, Llewellyn?
WHAT ?!
14-X

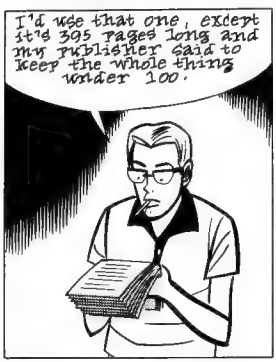

What ar--
I don't know yet...
I've got a few ideas...what do you think of "Velvet Mantis"?
I don't think so Llewellyn...There's a wrestler called The Velvet Mantis and she might get sore...

Allright...how about "The Hangover Generation"?
Wasn't that the title of that old Dan Duryea movie? Yeah sure...remember? Where he has those hallucinations and they send him to a detox center and..
=SIGH=
2

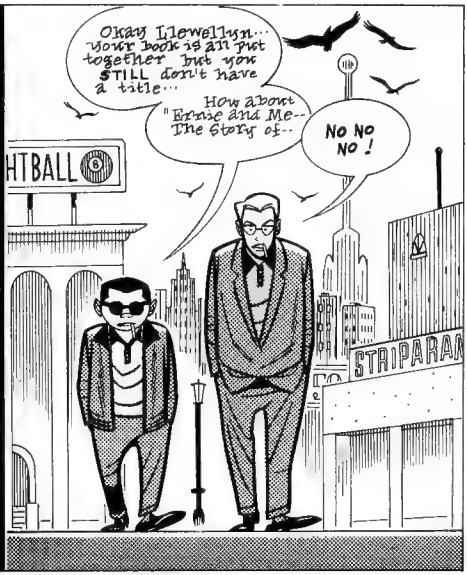
Okay then MR. SMARTYPANTS what about this one: "The Salty Taste of Death, The Briny Smell of Love"?
Very good Llewellyn, but that's the name of the first cut on Les Baxter's "Mayan Death Ritual" album.
BOOM
HMF! "The Button-Down Roughneck"?
...Collection of short stories by Simon Beane, Grove Press.
"Pussycat Blacktop"?
...Truck stop on I-69.
#@&$! FORGET IT!
BAP!
What're you doing now, Llewellyn?
...Going over these press releases. I'm trying to decide which adventures to include in this book...
How about the time you contracted a social disease from that stripper and had to--
Say! Here's a good one... MISTER SISTER!
HOLY HERM-APHRODITE!
"A tense, psychological thriller in which our hero enlists the aid of MISTER SISTER, a strange character with the unique ability to assume the form of either man or woman. Lloyd persuades his gender-shattering pal to infiltrate the all-female MAN-HATERS CLUB in order to convince one of their members to go out with him. Mr. Sister falls for her himself and winds up being made an example of!"
MAN HATERS
THE ENEMY
3.

" A famous psychologist and author of several self-improvement books, DR. LEON VISCOTTI, decided to add a sense of urgency to his popular catchphrase "SMILE--IT'S CONTAGIOUS!" by embarking on a didactic murder spree in which crudely-carved happy-faces were etched onto the dour, cheerless faces of his victims. After discovering the body of an old friend, "Gloomy" Gus Gilroy, a hungover and belligerent Lloyd Llewellyn becomes the self-appointed avenger of the cynical, the socially uncomfortable and the hopelessly un-perky."

Here it is... "Lloyd is pursued by a pair of self-styled holy commandos called **THE GOD SQUAD.** Mistakenly believing our hero to be **THE ANTI-CHRIST** (Due to misinterpretation of Bible prophecy and some hyperbolic claims made by his pal Ernie) the righteous duo attempt to elevate Lloyd to a position as leader of the Western world while simultaneously initiating all-out global chaos in order to set the gears in motion toward the **COMING APOCALYPSE.**"



S.G. + C.B.
SUG SHAVES
#$@&!
For A GooD time Call 555
PART TWO
By Dan Clowes
POST NO BILLS
J.T.C. WAS HERE

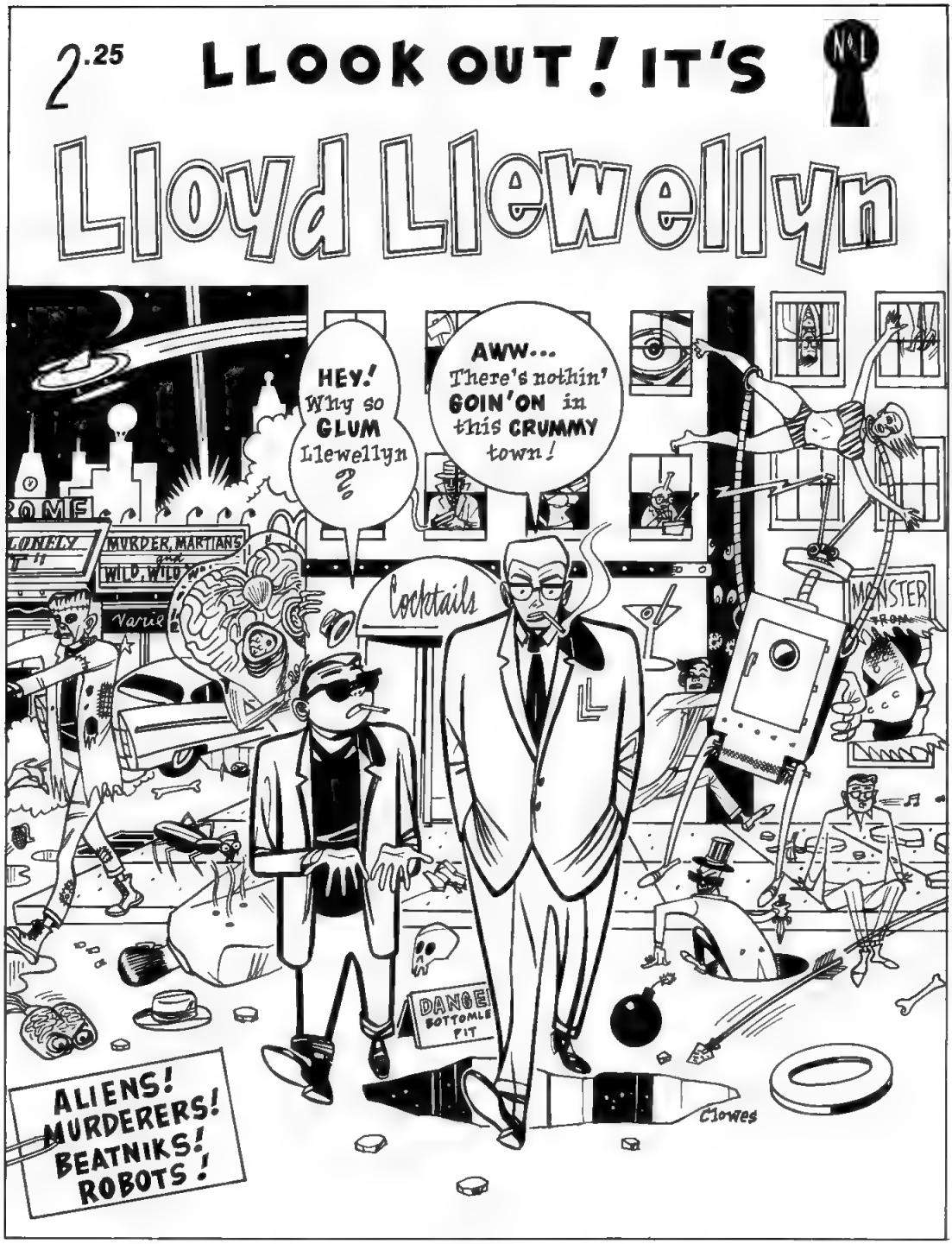

Okay Llewellyn... your book is all put together but you STILL don't have a title...
How about "Ernie and Me-- The Story of--
NO NO NO!
HTBALL 8
STRIPARAN

Look Ernie... I spent three months making this list of titles -- there's GOT to be one on here that hasn't been used before!

I mean, has it gotten to the point where every combination of words has been printed or quoted or copyrighted somewhere!? Isn't there anything ORIGINAL left to say?!
Gee! Don't talk like that, Llewellyn! Of course there is!

Okay, okay...
How about... "I Hate You Deeply"?
Oop! No go, Llewellyn... There's an Italian Jack Elam Western called that...

SIGH... Okay... How about "Cough it up"?
Hey! That's a GOOD ONE! Yessir! I think you've got something there, Llewellyn!
You really like it? I mean, it does have a nice ring to it! I think it--
Uh! Waitaminit Llewellyn... come to think of it, the original title of "Great Expectorations" was "Cough it Up" ...sorry...
"Thunderbird Gulch"?
Nope. Instrumental B-side to "Tapioca Tango" by Arthur Zubrick and the Wowerville Octet.
"...Rogue's Retreat"?
Nope. "Tales of the Uncanny" episode.
MUMBLE MUMBLE DOD GAM FUTHER MUCKING MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE.
Huh? What was that, Llewellyn?
#$@&!
Oh come on now, Llewellyn... only an IDIOT would buy a book with a title like that!
End


2.25
LLOOK OUT! IT'S
Lloyd Llewellyn
HEY! Why so GLUM Llewellyn ?
AWW... There's nothin' GOIN'ON in this CRUMMY town!
Cocktails
MURDER, MARTIANS and WILD, WILD W...
LONELY
MONSTER FROM
DANCE BOTTOMLE PIT
ALIENS! MURDERERS! BEATNIKS! ROBOTS!
Clowes

MORE THAN JUST A MAN...HE'S

LLOYD LLEWELLYN

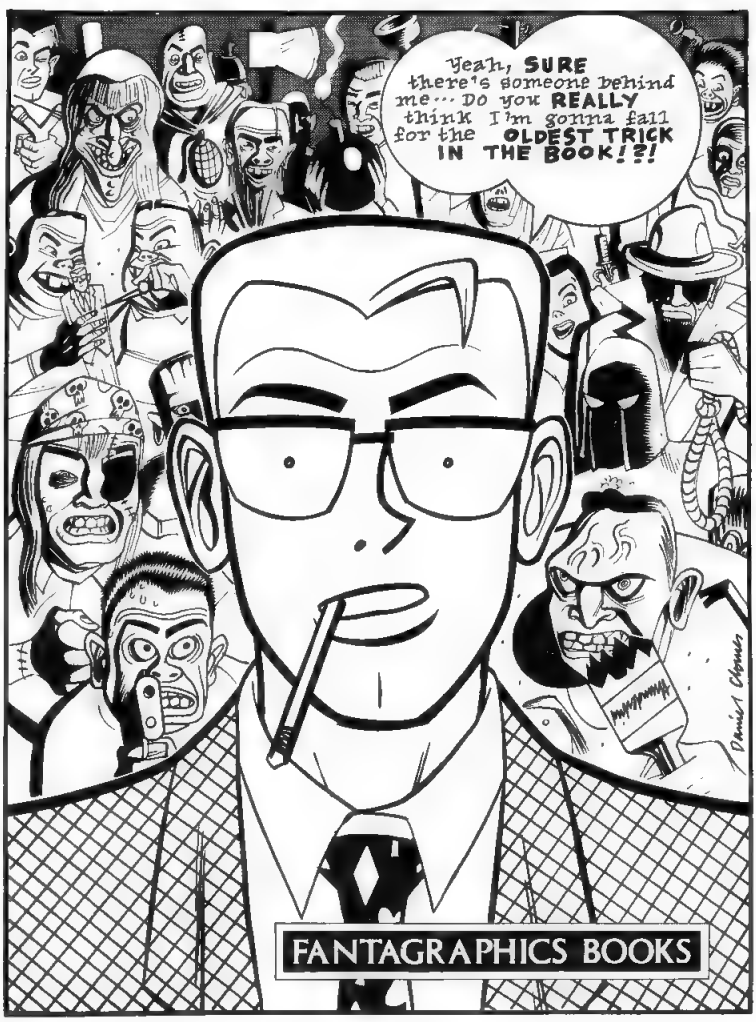
Featuring:

MONSTERS!

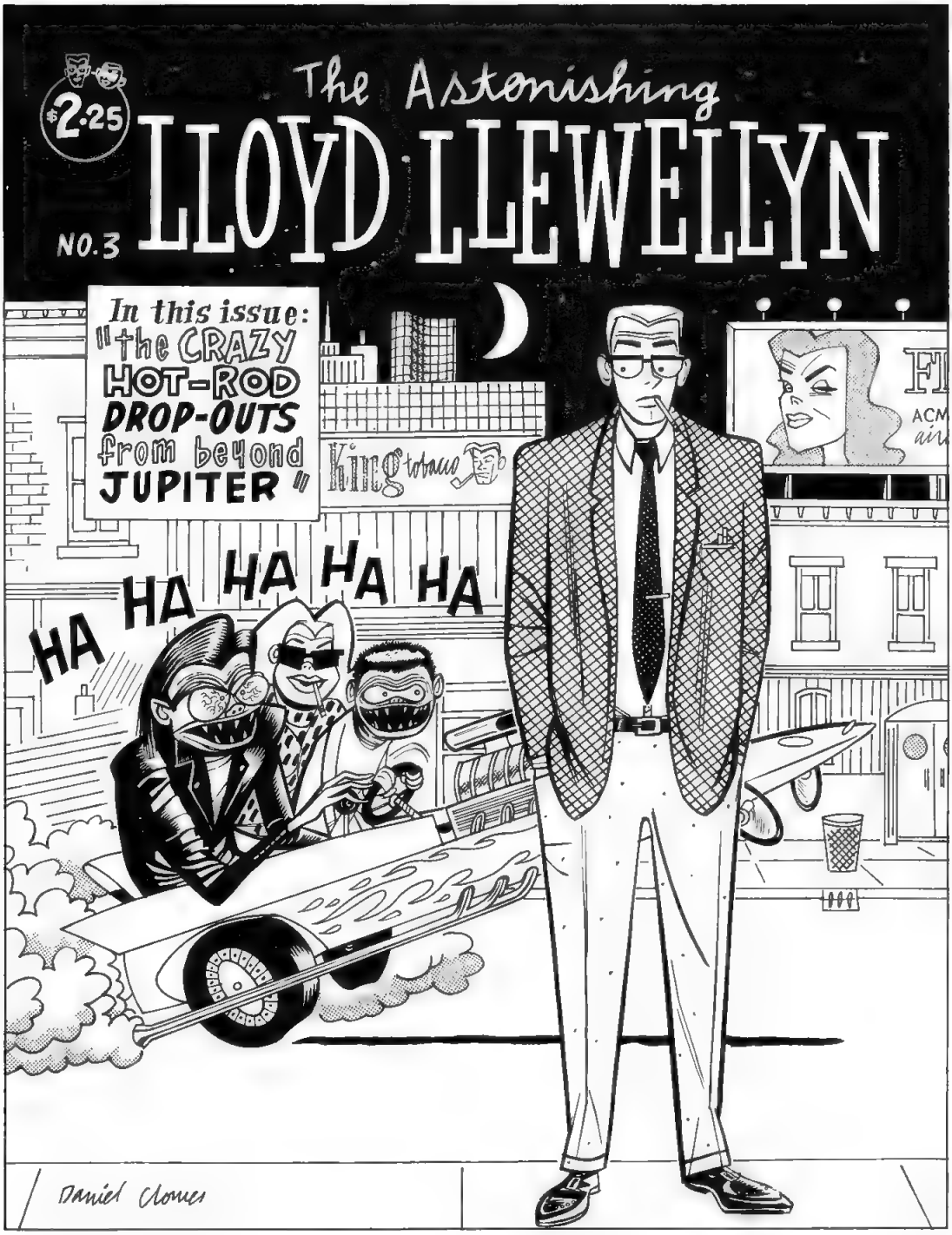
MUTANTS!

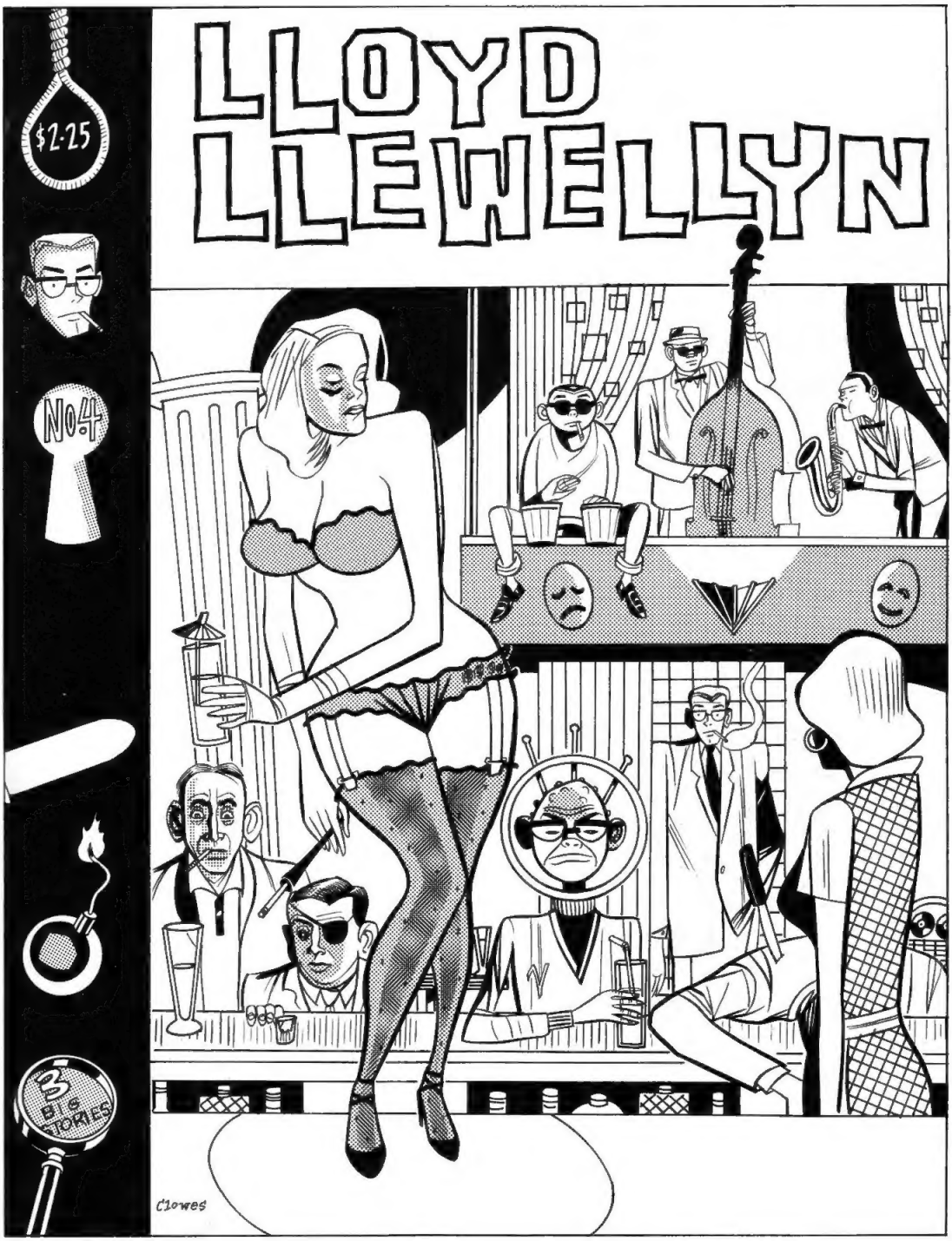
HILLBILLIES!

WEIRDOS!



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS


$2.25
The Astonishing
LLOYD LLEWELLYN
NO.3
In this issue:
"the CRAZY HOT-ROD DROP-OUTS from beyond JUPITER"
King tobacco
HA HA HA HA HA
Daniel Clowes


LLOYD
LLEWELLYN
$2.25
No4
3
BIG
STORIES
Clowes

FIFTH ISSUE

WARNING: NOT FOR SISSIES

6 ALL-NEW STORIES

$2.25

LLOYD LLEWELLYN

Introducing

MAIDEN JAPAN

The WORRY BIRD

The EATNIKS

The BATTLIN' AMERICAN

...and more SURPRISES!

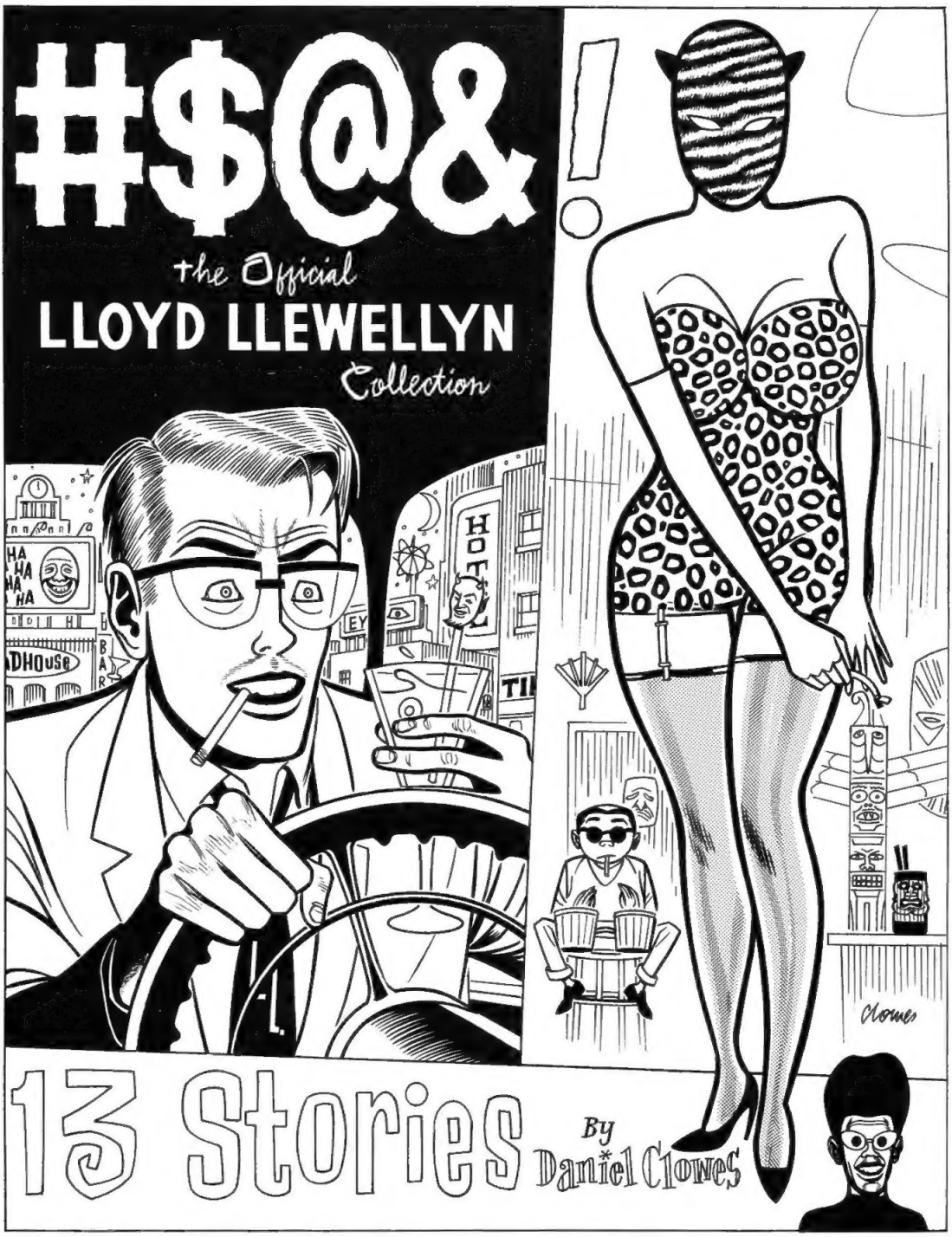
Daniel Clowes '86

$2.25

LLOYD LLEWELLYN

Number 6

IN THIS ISSUE:


#$@&!
the Official
LLOYD LLEWELLYN
Collection
13 Stories
By
Daniel Clowes